

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.

JUNE, 1882.

NO. 2.

AROUND CAPE HORN.

AFTER rambling for several months among the rivers and mountains of California, observing and sketching its scenery and people, I found myself in San Francisco again. This was now to be my starting-point for a journey which was to take me to Europe, where I proposed to continue my art studies. The two most obvious ways which lay open before me for reaching New York, whence I could take steamer for England, were either to go across the Isthmus of Panama,—a pleasant but somewhat tedious route,—or to proceed across the continent by rail. Having already taken this time-saving but wearisome overland journey, I had about decided to cross the Isthmus, when my attention was accidentally attracted to a route, formerly the only one, but now scarcely taken by any passengers except those who seek the most sea air for the least expense. I refer to the passage around Cape Horn. To me the idea had in it something racy and novel, for I always preferred a voyage in a sailing-ship when not pressed for time, and as the ship proposed to me was to sail for Liverpool direct, I engaged passage at once, and, after laying in a supply of winter clothing and sundry knickknacks, was on board with my traps twenty-four hours after.

The voyage proved to be a fairly representative one as regards incident and adventure. As those who merely cross the Atlantic in the superb saloons of the steam-liners running between New York and Liverpool,—who grumble if they are out over eight days, or if the *menu* is ever below the standard of Delmonico's,—know very little about life in a sailing-ship, I make no apology for giving them a *résumé* of the voyage of the clipper ship *Three Brothers* around Cape Horn, the sole passengers being Mrs. Hammond, wife of the captain, and one George Walden,

artist, and seeker after adventure by land and sea. The ship *Three Brothers* was formerly the famous steamer *North Star*, in which the late Commodore Vanderbilt made his trip to Europe in 1853. Presented by him to the United States Government, she was turned into a sailing-ship after the war, and proved to be one of the largest and fastest clippers afloat. It was on the 17th of March that I bade farewell to the hospitable friends I had met at San Francisco. The noble ship was lying out in the stream, well freighted down with grain. The weather was fine, and, with a long "Heave-oh, boys, o-o-o-oh!" the crew brought the anchor afloat. Amid an apparently inexplicable tangle of ropes and blocks and a bewildering confusion of voices and actions, order nevertheless reigned. A controlling mind regulated all, and it was marvelous to see how soon the vast fabric of masts and spars loomed up white against the sky, as sail after sail was cast loose from the yards by the nimble mariners, and unfolded, wing-like, in the rosy light of the setting sun. After slipping gracefully through the Golden Gate and over the bar, the pilot left us, and, heading south, we were alone on the Pacific, with a prospect of perhaps four months of solitude before we should again set foot on land. I confess it seemed very odd to me to be going around such a vast angle to the very ends of the earth, to reach a point exactly as far north of the Equator as Cape Horn is south of it. We passed the Farallon Isles at sunset, and, for some time after the last land we were to look upon for many a long day had faded out of sight, the gleam of the lighthouse was seen in the gathering gloom of night.

After supper, "sail ho!" rang through the ship, and a dark mass loomed mysteriously

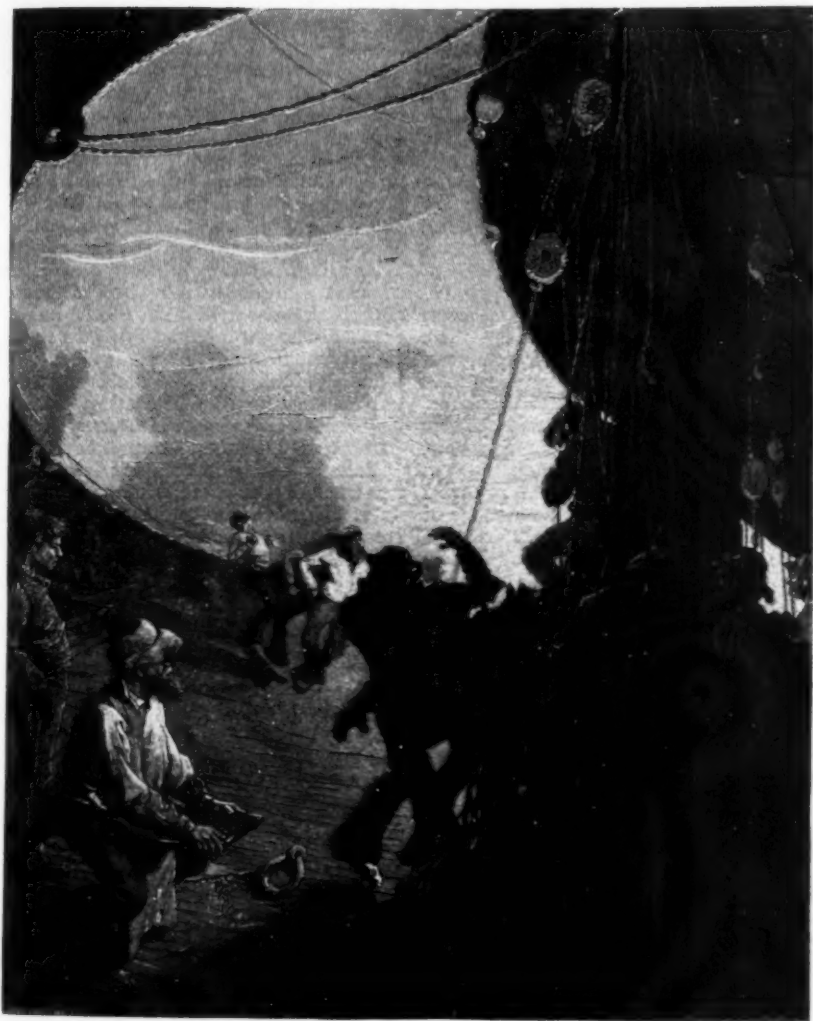
out of the gloom. It was a ship heading north. This was the last vessel we were destined to see for nearly two months. At eight bells all hands were summoned on deck. We had shipped a new crew, and the first and second mates were now to divide them into the starboard and the port or captain's watches. The men before the mast numbered forty-six, and were a motley set, from nearly every quarter of the globe. As their names were yet unknown, the mates called them out rapidly in turn, by some peculiarity they noticed in them. "Step out there, you fatty!" "You fellow with a big jib, come here!" or the like. Including Captain Hammond and his wife, the three mates, the cook and steward and their assistants, the carpenter and his mate, and myself, we numbered fifty-eight souls on board, destined to "share and share" alike whatever fate might have in store for the good ship *Three Brothers*, while she sailed her solitary course of eighteen thousand miles.

A sailing-ship bound across the seas will generally contrive to leave port, as we did, on a Saturday. Sunday is a poor day in port, as no work can be done in loading the vessel; if the cargo is all in on Thursday, the ship will be detained a day on some pretext or other, in order to avoid sailing on the dreaded Friday. The following Sunday is employed in cleaning up the decks, and the crew take an account of stock, as they did on our first Sunday. All performed unusual ablutions, and most of them dressed for the day and idled about in the sun, sleeping, mending their clothes, or chatting in the desultory manner in which a score or two of people who have never known each other before gradually find their affinities, and adjust themselves to the little world in which they are to live together for a few months. The reckless, thriftless character of the sailor is the natural result of the life to which he is doomed. Going to sea before he has the remotest idea of what kind of a career life in the fore-castle must inevitably be, he learns to live in the present, and that fact alone tends to produce recklessness. Every voyage separates him from those he likes and introduces him to a new set of beings, tossed in a hap-hazard fashion in his path, and from whom in a few weeks he is destined to separate, never to see them again. Any storm is likely to be his last; every time he goes aloft he is liable to fall to his death. Deep reflection on the character of his destiny or the prospects of bettering his career can only result in suggestions of suicide or despair. He is, therefore, always like an overgrown boy in his mind, offering strange alternations of simplicity and cunning: now tender as a woman, now

callous and cruel as a tiger—a medley of astounding contradictions of character, moved more by the impulse of the moment than by settled convictions, and easily swayed by a mind or a will stronger than his own.

In the afternoon the crew overhauled their sea-chests. Everything was emptied on deck, and an extraordinary hodge-podge it was of clothing, trinkets, dog-eared dime novels, jack-knives, pipes, ditty boxes, cheap looking-glasses, greasy cards, sou'-westers, photographs, plugs of tobacco, and limp hats and caps without end, the latter being in excess of every other object, because the wind makes sad havoc with head-coverings at sea. The experience one has had in sea-voyaging may be fairly gauged by the number of hats and caps he stows in his baggage when starting on a voyage. With boyish eagerness each of the men now surveyed the stock of the others. An active barter was started, and before it struck six bells half the contents of the sea-chests had changed owners, either by trade or theft. The trading was enlivened by characteristic gibes and jokes, more or less caustic, but generally taken in good part. After supper, in the dog-watches, when a lovely twilight drew its star-embroidered veil over the heaving expanse of ocean, one of the crew produced from his chest an accordion, on which he played with considerable effect. A number of the crew, possessed of full, rich voices, aided the music with a fine chorus. In the meantime, the noble ship was steadily pursuing her majestic, rhythmic march over the billows toward the South Pole, blending the steady sonorous roll of the foam around her bow with the chorus of the crew.

After the music came the spinning of yarns. The "Irish Lad," as he was called, got the deck, and proved to be a very Arabian in imagination and volubility. He developed an inexhaustible capacity for romancing, which, on this evening and many subsequent ones, held the crew spell-bound. But, on a sudden, the course of one of his most startling yarns was broken by the shrill yell of the mate, ringing out: "Stand by the sky-sail halliards!" The men sprang to their feet and to the ropes in a wink; as the rattle of the blocks and canvas broke on the night, the motions of the crew were quickened by the commands following in rapid succession: "Clew up the royals! Sky-sail men, aloft! Lively there, boys! Clew up the mizzen-royal stay-sail! Let go your top-gallant halliards!" As soon as the orders were given they were obeyed; and in a few brief moments the upper spars were stripped of canvas, the top-gallant yards being down on the caps, and the great ship was almost in fighting trim under



DIVERSION IN THE DOG-WATCHES.

top-sails. On the weather-bow an impenetrable blackness could be seen rapidly rising and approaching. From the upper stratum dark, fluffy masses were constantly being detached, blown across the stars in advance by the fury of the hurrying tempest, as the arrows of an army precede the onset of a mailed host. At rapidly increasing intervals the inky gloom of the wall of cloud was riven by the intense glow of a thunderbolt. Across the surface of the sea, like the rolling of vast balls over a cav-

ern, pealed the boom of the aerial battle; and even through the darkness the agitation of the distant water was plainly visible—a wrathful white, hissing as it drew nearer. Around us for the moment reigned a portentous calm; the heaving sea was sullen and glassy. Suddenly a few heavy drops fell on the deck like lead.

“When the rain comes before the wind,
Then your top-sail halliards mind,”

says the sailor. In an instant, as it seemed,

the heavens overhead became livid, and a burst of wind struck the ship with terrific violence. Having no headway to break the force of the blow, the vessel was hove down on her beam-ends. The pale green lightning flashed incessantly, the thunder pealed with appalling rapidity, and the beat of the rain, which fell in a continuous sheet, and the shriek of the wind made it impossible to hear the orders. The sailors groped over the sloping deck, "hanging on by their eyelids," and finding the ropes by instinct. It was a fearful moment. The upper top-sails were taken in, but until the ship began to pay off before the wind, it seemed as if the masts would go or the vessel founder. But there came a moment, in the midst of the uproar, when one was conscious that the squall had reached its extreme limit. Gradually wind, thunder, lightning, and rain ceased, passing off to leeward, to work destruction elsewhere. The stars came forth once more, the sails were set again, the watch turned in, and I sought my bunk to dream of the first day of the voyage.

Variable winds, calms, and strong breezes succeeded during the remaining days of March. The heat grew intense; although rarely over ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit, yet its steadiness, aided by the reflection from the water, made it very exhausting. The crew often went about with nothing on but trousers. Every day the engineer wet them down with the hose worked by the donkey-engine. The water grew more phosphorescent at night, and the bonitos and sharks which constantly followed us clove the dark deep after nightfall, lambent, like fishes of flame, leaving meteor-like wakes of silver fire. Flying-fish by the million swarmed over the sea, and were washed on deck on the flashing crest of luminous billows. But the steady broiling of the sun as we approached the line, while it weakened one's energies, at the same time exasperated the blood. Fifty men thrown fortuitously together under such circumstances, brutish and unreasoning, without hopes, or aspirations, or lofty motives, or thoughts—without a single bond of union save that of mutual self-preservation, and the awe inspired by the authority of the master, aided by superior intelligence and weapons, are very uncomfortable and inflammable materials to coop under a tropic sun in a narrow ship—especially if one considers that the usual antagonistic elements of a sailing-ship were also at work on board the *Three Brothers*. The officers took every means to prevent the crew from obeying them through any liking or respect. Authority was asserted only by force; a command was often followed by a blow.

The captain and the mate were, as usual, out of harmony; it was the old story of the ins and the outs. The mate, Mr. Evans, was a Herculean Down-easter; his frame was awkward and angular, and the tight muscles were strained down to the hardness of steel. His arms were almost the length of a baboon's, and his enormous paws reached well-nigh to the knees. When he was excited, he swung these ungainly members about like flails. There was, with all this coarseness, a vivid brilliance of imagination combined with great fluency of language, excepting the paucity of adjectives common with seamen and others of the same rank in life, ashore. The elastic adjective which Mr. Evans ingeniously contrived to fit to every condition was the word "bloody." But these gifts had developed in this worthy son of Neptune a capacity for relating episodes in his precious experience which threw the tame annals of Munchausen into the shade.

Entirely lacking in tact, this hard-headed, iron-fisted, limber-jawed worthy contrived to be at loggerheads with the captain and the crew by turns, while he also condescended at times to such familiar terms with them as to bring ridicule upon himself. Then his ponderous wrath would be aroused, and fist, rope, and belaying-pin would be brought into active play.

Signs of insubordination would also crop out sometimes among the crew, hardly to be wondered at, however, under the circumstances. For no apparent cause, one of the men loitered aloft one day, after he was ordered down.

"Come down from there, you — — —!" the mate roared, frantically waving his arms.

"I'll come when I'm ready!" growled the fellow from aloft.

"You'll come when you are ready, will you?" cried the captain. "We'll see about that."

Stepping below for his revolver, he came on deck again, and, taking aim, fired at the man. The ball missed him and lodged in the mast. Another shot also failed to hit, but started the now frightened seaman down the rigging on the run. When he reached the deck, the captain, concluding the man had been sufficiently alarmed, contented himself with hurling a belaying-pin at him, and, as eight bells rang out, sent him below with his watch.

Occasionally a bit of rough horse-play or rollicking fun relieved the monotony and put the crew into good humor for awhile, or the very brutality of the officers was tinged by a certain grim Plutonian humor. One day, the fowls all broke out of their coop and scattered over the deck. Two flew overboard; a boat

was lowered, and, after a long pull, one was brought back. The carpenter was put on short allowance for a week on account of his carelessness in fastening the coop. Another day, "Shavings," the mate of "Chips," the carpenter, had a row with the cook, and flew at him with a block of salt beef. The cook had a plucked goose in his hand, ready to go into the stove. He belabored "Shavings" about the head with it until the belligerents were separated. The goose was then cooked, and the captain declared he never tasted a more tender *morceau*! On another occasion, the cabin-boy stole the steward's plum-duff. The steward larded the boy from head to toe for punishment, but was in turn forced by the captain to pay for the luxury of revenge by having the cost of the lard deducted from his wages. The cook made a pretty little sum selling pumpkin-seeds to the crew, who took a certain pleasure in eating them, like gallery gods feasting on pea-nuts in the old Bowery Theater. But a wag bored holes in the pumpkins and extracted all the seeds; in consequence, for some days the atmosphere around the galley was blue with the blasphemous wrath of the cook. The fun of this protracted "heated term" culminated in the sudden and unexpected demise of a pig, whose fair proportions had aroused the admiration of the crew. That a pig should die a natural death was so remarkable an event, it was universally conceded that it should be marked by appropriate ceremonies. On a serene evening in the dog-watches, the men gathered in the forecabin and appointed "Slim Joe," a solemn, lantern-jawed, clerical-looking tar, to act the part of clergyman on this melancholy occasion. The ritual services were then performed with the formality and seriousness accorded to a deceased mariner, and the body of the pig, sewed up in canvas shroud and shotted, was consigned to the deep.

Mrs. Hammond, when not overcome by the heat, sometimes interested herself in the welfare of the crew, and repeatedly made them a batch of mince-pies. She also sent them, one Sabbath morning, a supply of religious tracts and stories which had been given to the ship by the Tract Society. But the men's taste had been so pampered by highly seasoned dime novels that they could not relish the homely fare of the church. The books were, therefore, returned to Mrs. Hammond. But the captain regarded this as a slight to his wife, and ordered the men to keep the books. Finding they could not get rid of them otherwise, the crew amused themselves by tearing them to pieces.

During these equatorial days the captain spent his enforced leisure in an occupation

exceedingly common at sea, and in which seamen often display extraordinary skill. He busied himself with joinery work of the most exquisite character, such as making an inlaid chest of mahogany and ivory for his charts; when that was done he began the model of a ship, in which every detail was wrought in hard woods, silver, and brass.

The birds in those latitudes accompanied us in vast multitudes; but it was a singular fact that regularly every afternoon, about four o'clock, they mysteriously and simultaneously disappeared. At ten in the morning they would return. Where did they go during the interval?

On the 5th of April we slipped quietly across the Line. Neptune did not come on board, owing to the extreme heat, nor was there any outward evidence that we had accomplished a great feat in physics. But the mind seemed to acknowledge the fact, and one had a sensation something like the feeling we experience when, after climbing to the crest of a mountain, we begin to descend on the other side. We were now heading directly for Pitcairn's Island, about south-and-by-west. Great anticipations were enjoyed by all on board of soon sighting the island, and obtaining a supply of fresh provisions from the thrifty descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*.

"Sooty," the engineer, got up steam on the 10th of April, in order to condense fresh water for the laundry. A sudden escape of steam with a terrible hissing summoned all hands to the engine-room, but the steam rushed forth in such dense volumes no one dared to enter, although the engineer was in there, probably scalded to death.

"Sooty!" cried some one, in a half-inquiring, half-kindly tone.

"Aye, aye, sir!" cheerfully replied this sea salamander, coming on deck with face and arms peeled and parboiled by the steam.

"Shut off the steam!" said the mate.

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied Sooty, and plunged into the hissing steam again apparently with the utmost unconcern. After getting things to rights he went on with his work with a coolness that was almost incredible. There is no question that the extraordinary indifference to physical suffering displayed by seamen, savages, and others hardened by early or constant exposure, enables them to appear to advantage when those of finer organization, but equal temper, suffer excruciating torment.

The albatrosses which followed the ship at this time were a perpetual source of wonder. As if attached to it by invisible cords, with calm, fixed gaze they kept suspended but a few feet over the stern, like the poisoning form of



IN A HEAVY SEA.

Apollo with his mantle protecting the corpse of Hector as Achilles dragged it round the walls of Troy. Their enormous pinions seemed not even to vibrate, and when they chose to beat up against the wind, they would cleave their arrowy course in the very teeth of the raging tempest, without any apparent exertion. The mysterious manner in which the albatross navigates the air has been a matter of much speculation, but as yet no adequate explanation has been found.

As the days of April wore on, preparations were made for the weather we must expect to encounter as we drew toward the Horn. We should be in its vicinity about the season when the sub-equatorial winter begins, and must prepare to encounter very heavy weather. The summer suit of sails was unbent and stowed below, and a new suit was bent on the yards, able to stand the strain of gales and hurricanes. There is something heroic in the determined resolution with which the mariner in the plain exercise of his duty goes forth to battle with the elements, and encounters fearful hardships and perils, without even the expectation of credit or record in return.

Those harbingers of evil, the stormy petrels, the wandering Arabs of the sea, now began to appear constantly, and the wind sang in the rigging with the long, low, requiem wail which always precedes bad weather at

sea. No wonder that they who go down to the sea in ships are superstitious, and fancy wraiths and mermaids riding on the white sea-horses of the storm!

On April 16th we were in the neighborhood of Pitcairn's Island, but the strong breeze then blowing headed us off, and we did not even see that or any other of the neighboring isles, to our great mortification. We had a heavy, jumping sea and fresh, variable breezes, indicating a general disturbance of the elements. Frequent squalls forced us often to clew up the "kites," and the horizon for days at a time had a brooding and uncanny aspect, showing what sailors call a greasy sky. In one squall, the thunderbolts pierced the water within a few yards of the ship. On the 21st of April we struck the north-west trades, and on the night of the 22d the foul weather we had been expecting attacked us "butt-end on," as the sea phrase goes. We shortened sail when the middle watch turned out, and a long, heavy job it was. At dawn—and what a fearful dawn!—a hurricane was tearing the sea to foam. The ship was hove to, under close-reefed fore and main topsails and fore and main stay-sails. A tremendous, tumultuous sea was running, the wind fairly blowing the gray crests of the seas off, and driving the spoon-drift, or salt stinging sleet, in a dense sheet across the ship, almost burning the skin

of
no
qu
qu
we
ni
ma
da
sec



REEFING THE TOPSAIL.

off one's face. The ship labored heavily, and, notwithstanding her great size, shipped vast quantities of water. The wind shifted frequently with great rapidity, and thus, while we were hove to at one time, we were running on our course at another. This naturally made the waves much more "hubbly" and dangerous. In a tremendous squall on the second morning, the reefed foresail was blown

out of the bolt-ropes, flying off to leeward like a vapor, and several of the furled sails were actually torn out of the gaskets. It was a very anxious time, and for two days Captain Hammond did not dare to leave the deck to eat or sleep. We took a prodigious green sea over the quarter, which swept away the binnacle and washed off one of the men at the wheel. The ship would have broached to

if the captain had not sprung to the wheel and aided in putting the helm up. The "sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to look out for the life of poor Jack" was nodding at the time, and so we lost poor Jim Davis, for he was swept out of sight in a moment, like a feather tossed on the froth of raging billows. As eight bells tolled wildly over the surging waste of waves on the second night of the storm, there came an ominous lull. It was considered the precursor of a shift of the wind, and all hands were sent to the braces, to be ready to meet the emergency in the event of the ship being taken aback. But the lull continued so long that it seemed as if the storm had fairly blown itself out. In the meantime, the ship so rolled on the vast surges that we feared the masts would go out of her. In order to steady her, a reef was cautiously shaken out of the upper topsails. As the calm continued, Captain Hammond served out grog all round, and the first watch were sent to their bunks, exhausted; the captain then went below, but not to sleep, leaving word to be called on the slightest change in the weather. But he was so weary he fell into a deep slumber as soon as he sat down in his arm-chair by the table, notwithstanding the violent lurching of the ship and the thunder of the wet sails as they flapped against the masts.

Suddenly, without warning, there came a flash that whitened the whole ocean, accompanied by an appalling crash, which shook every timber in the ship. The captain leaped to his feet, and on the instant the topsails thrashed against the masts with a burst of wind that caused the vessel to quiver like a frightened steed as she was driven stern on against the mountain walls of water.

"She's taken aback, by God!" yelled the captain, as he made one bound for the deck. The most terrible crisis which can overtake a sailing-ship had arrived.

"Call the watch!" shouted Captain Hammond. "Starboard fore and main braces! Pull for your lives, now, my lads!" rang out in wild frenzy above the storm. The canvas was flattened like boards against the masts, and no effort would avail to get it in before the ship would go down, stern foremost, under the hungry seas that even now towered over the taffrail. Only one maneuver could avail. That was to get the head-yards around—a tremendous task with the pressure on them. Fifty men pulled on the braces as they never pulled before, and aided their efforts by a wild chorus—perhaps their last, like the death-song of an Indian brave. Already the seas had begun to boil over the quarter, as the yards finally yielded to the strain on the

braces. Relieved of the pressure, the ship began to fall off and gather way. For the time, at least, we were saved! But as the noble *Three Brothers* came broadside to the wind, she heeled over to her scuppers, and would have gone on her beam-ends with the terrific pressure of the cyclone, now at its height, if the upper topsails and jib (new canvas) had not split to rags. Toward dawn the fiery horn of the moon, now in its last quarter, clove the scurrying clouds low down near the horizon for a few moments, and tinged the sloping hollows of the sea like liquid flame. Of all the wild aspects of ocean, I know of none more eery and awful than the waning moon in a night like this.

The storm blew itself out before the following evening, and the sun appeared once more, setting glorious in the serene western sky, but it was days before the turbulence of the sea was allayed. It was characteristic of sea-faring life that, beyond an occasional allusion, neither the storm nor the great danger we had escaped were mentioned after they were passed. The sailor's life, like the soldier's in war, would be melancholy indeed if he allowed himself to dwell on his hardships and perils. He meets them heroically when they come, but returns to reckless hilarity when they are over. This is practical philosophy.

But the weather after this continued boisterous, and the cold increased rapidly as we made our southing. On the 15th of April the temperature was ninety-five degrees, and on the 1st of May it was down to zero. This forced the crew to draw largely on the captain's stock of supplies. Every Saturday, Captain Hammond opened what is called a slop-chest, in the cabin, and traded with the men. Improvident or too poor to lay in a supply sufficient for their needs on a long voyage, the crew of a sailing ship must largely depend on the master, who sells to them on account. Until we crossed the Line, tobacco and thin clothes were what they chiefly required. But now they eagerly sought warmer clothing. The cabin, as the goods lay spread out, resembled the cheap clothing and variety shops one sees on the water-streets of a seaport. Saturday was the regular day for the fair, but the cold was so severe on Friday, the 27th of April, they crowded into the cabin and made a general demand for woollen shirts, mittens, stockings, boots, tippets, and sou'-westers, clinching the request with "and two pounds of tobacco, sir."

Captain Hammond sat at the head of the table with his spectacles on, demanding in a peremptory tone which awed his customers, "And what's your name, and what do you

want?" In most cases the men seemed entirely ignorant of the state of their account, relying upon the honesty of the captain. Thus, one inquired for a pair of boots worth twelve dollars, and was surprised to learn that he had only twenty-five cents to his credit. It was also a psychological study to observe the struggle between shrewdness and simplicity, or between vanity and practical sense which alternately swayed these tawny, uncouth sons of the sea. Bill Symes wavered some time between a crimson shirt, which he did not need, but fancied for its color, and a heavy cap and tippet which he needed sorely. Strange fits also resulted from this ill-assorted medley of wares. Thus one of the crew, diminutive in size, purchased an enormous pair of pantaloons. A day or two after, he appeared in a complete suit, including a cap, and double thickness across the knees, made out of the single pair of pantaloons, aided by contributions from an older pair! Another, who stood six feet four in his stockings, was forced to lengthen out his woollen breeches by a strip of canvas four inches wide.

Baffling and variable winds with squalls retarded our progress, as we neared Cape Horn. A sullen sky brooded over the sea day after day, as if the Antarctic Pole, never yet visited by man, was determined not to allow us to approach any nearer to the secrets of its impenetrable domain. The cold was excessively keen, and yet frequent lightning gleamed across the horizon. It was now dark at four and sunrise at eight. The long nights of gloom made the vast solitude oppressive, and we seemed to be wandering alone over the unexplored waters of an uninhabited planet. But on the afternoon of the forty-fifth day out the strange cry "Sail ho!" from aloft called every one on deck. The vessel was so distant, however, it could only be discerned from the mast-head. May 2d, we took a slant from the westward, which bowled us east by south on our course at the rate of twelve knots. We ran three hundred and six knots, or near three hundred and fifty miles, and were then seven hundred miles from the redoubtable Cape. Notwithstanding the exceedingly unwholesome appearance of the weather, the fair wind put every one for the nonce into good spirits. The captain, who had boasted of the extraordinary paces of the clipper ship *Three Brothers*, had been in very bad humor for some days. On one occasion he exhibited it, by throwing the second mate into irons after badgering him into insolence. At another time Gawky Pete was found sleeping in his middle watch and was compelled to sit astride the stanchion beam for eight hours.

Considering the enormity of the misdemeanor, the punishment was not excessive, although this perch was far from comparing favorably with a bed of roses, for the wind and sleet nearly froze him to the marrow. On the 6th, a Cape hen, one of the most important denizens of this hyperborean region, made its appearance. It is a species of gull the color of a raven. On the 7th the glass fell below 28, and a long-threatening gale opened its wrath on our ship. She was reduced to close-reefed topsails and reefed foresail. The night was so dark one could not see his hand at arm's length. Dense, driving snow fell at intervals and the cold was intense. Grog was served out to all hands at six bells. A lull of one day was succeeded by a second and fuller edition of the gale. The violent lurching and heavy seas coming on board caused several casualties. The man on the lookout was dashed into the lee scuppers and broke his leg, and the cook and his assistant were thrown to leeward and suffered severe contusions when bringing the dinner to the cabin. Such accidents, singular as it may seem, are more liable to occur in a large than a small ship. As we came off the pitch of the Cape, the seas became larger and the plunging of the ship proportionately dangerous.

On the morning of the 9th of May the wind had moderated, but the decks were covered with snow and ice, requiring great caution in moving about the ship. Toward noon the wind began to pipe up again, and at six bells in the evening, ocean and sky were rent by the fury of a raging hurricane. During a temporary lull, a green sea, towering twenty feet above the bulwarks, burst over the ship fore and aft, setting the decks afloat. The starboard quarter-boat, the binnacle, the skylight, the man at the wheel, were carried away; the latter, fortunately, caught in the rigging, and was saved. Through the skylight and the doors the deluge of water burst into the cabin and washed above the lower berths, and as it quenched the fire in the stove, the cabin was filled with steam. The after hatch was burst in, and a quantity of provisions were spoiled. A cry arose that the rudder had also been carried away, but happily this proved to be a false alarm.

This was not a very encouraging outlook. And when the wind returned, although it steadied the ship, matters did not improve, for both wind and sea were more violent than any we had yet encountered, and many on board never expected to see another dawn.

We did not see Cape Horn after all, for we passed it in the night of May 10th. But on

the eleventh day, or the fifty-seventh from San Francisco, land was sighted from aloft, dimly discernible twenty miles away. It proved to be the jagged peaks of the Diego Ramirez Islands. Never before was I more impressed with the heroism of the first navigators who dared to penetrate the unknown wastes beyond Cape Horn. After passing the straits which bears his name, Magellan sailed one hundred and ten days in a direct

rolling in a dead calm off the Falkland Islands. The chief phenomena were fogs and whales. The warmer atmosphere thawed the spirits of the crew. Some of them indulged in a Sunday shave; the boatswain bloomed out in a blue velvet smoking-cap, and the first skylarking seen for many a day filled the fore part of the ship with boisterous mirth.

We had a heavy southwest blow on the 18th of May. The wind was for the most

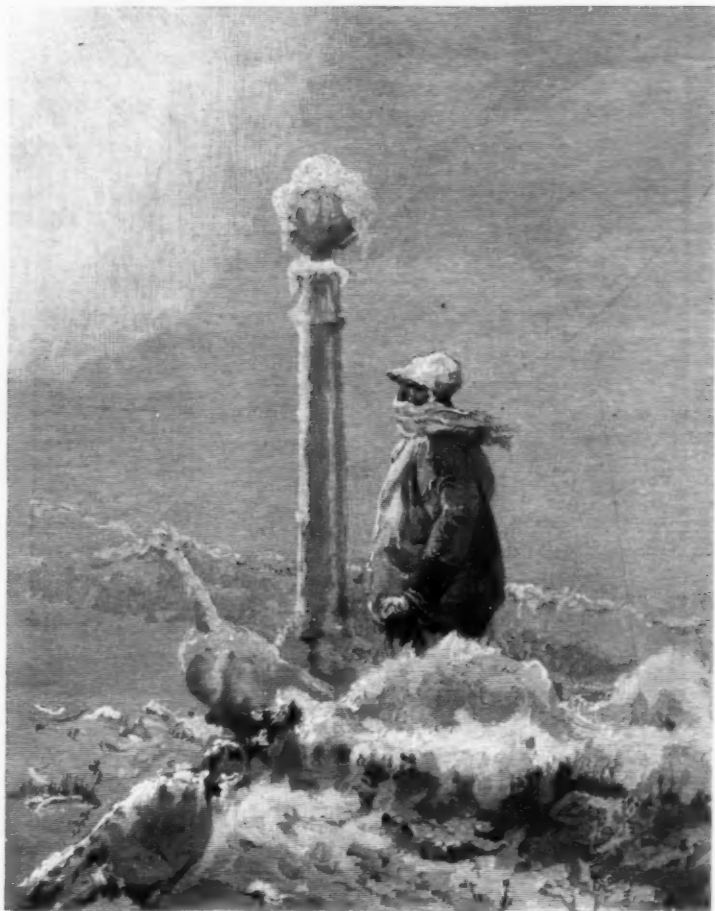


SAILORS SKYLARKING.

line on an unknown sea, before sighting land.

Our course was now changed from east by south to north by east. There was a prodigious, following swell, but the night proved fine, with a fair breeze, and the constellations were seen unclouded in their glory the first time for weeks. The Southern Cross and the Magellan clouds gleamed directly overhead at night. The 12th of May was ushered in with a noble sunrise. Several ships were in sight, one near enough to signal us, and the lofty peak of Cape St. John, on Staten Island, was sighted on the weather-bow in the course of the day. We were now fairly on the Atlantic racing before a ten-knot breeze for the North and Old England. But the weather continued cold and then became thick and a gale came on. Although it was in our favor, Captain Hammond kept the ship under short sail, as we were liable at any moment to encounter ice. On the 17th of May we found ourselves

part free, but attended by a dangerous cross-sea. As the gale moderated we spread all sail, and flew at the rate of fifteen miles an hour for a steady twenty-four hours, reeling off three hundred and sixty miles from dawn to dawn. "The girls at home have got hold of the tow-rope this time, and no mistake," observed the bos'n, hitching up his main backstays, as he called his suspenders. We were now off the Rio de la Plata, where we had to keep our eyes peeled for pamperos, the well-known hot gales which spring out of that region upon passing ships, like the simoon upon the traveler of the desert. We were in the spot where the captain had lost the mainmast out of his ship on a previous voyage. Nor were we to escape without a touch of what a pampero is capable. It commenced to blow on the evening of the 23d of May, when we were in latitude 34.05, and longitude 32.83. First came a clear moonlight, then a succession of sou'west



ON THE LOOKOUT.

squalls, each harder than the previous one, as if the gale were pouncing on us with the rapid springs of a beast of prey. Then, with a long, steady scream, the pampero smote us in force, tearing away the foresail and mizzen-topsail, and almost suffocating us with the dry heat of the Pampas from whence it came. Fortunately, the wind was in our favor, and we flew before it at a prodigious rate. But the mountainous seas, whipped to a mass of shapeless foam, grey as a snow-clad waste from horizon to horizon, chased us amain, towered over the taffrail, and boiled over the rail on every side. The sea was all aflame with phosphorus. No language can describe the sight at night. The waves tumbled on

board like masses of white, boiling lava; the men as they waded over the drenched decks walked in molten silver, and when they raised their feet, flakes of white fire dropped from their legs. The spars, meantime, were tipped with phosphorescent lights. It was an awful and magnificent sight. The greatest force of the pampero lasted four hours.

On the 24th of May the captain and the mate had a serious controversy, as the latter did not obey orders. However, the quarrel was quieted for the time. Heavy and variable winds accompanied us as we approached the tropics again, but the weather grew warmer every day, and one by one winter garments were discarded for summer linen. On the



LAID UP FOR REPAIRS.

sixty-ninth day out there occurred another difficulty between the captain and the mate. The latter insulted his superior officer, who summoned witnesses to sign a paper he drew up on the subject, and threatened the next time to throw the mate in irons.

Never were the balmy breezes of the tropics more grateful than to us, tossed as we had been over stormy seas, amid the rigors of a polar winter. In less than two months we had passed through a tropical summer into a polar winter, and from that into summer again. Being fairly in the region of good weather once more, the crew were set to the usual task of overhauling the ship before she arrives in port. Boatswain's chairs were rigged out, and the spars and rigging were scraped, oiled, painted, and tarred from the main-truck to the dolphin striker. The standing rigging was set up anew, the shrouds rattled down, and, perched on planks swung over the side of the ship, the men painted the weather-worn sides of the *Three Brothers*.

On the 29th of May a somewhat dramatic and thoroughly nautical scene agitated all on board. It originated in some of the men jeer-

ing the mate when he came on deck. The mate, being unable to ascertain who were the offenders, referred the matter to the "old man," as the captain is called by the crew when he is out of ear-shot. Summoning all hands aft, Captain Hammond addressed the men from the capstan as if it were a pulpit, and laid down the law to them. Either, said he, the men who hooted should stand out manfully and acknowledge the fault, or the whole watch should stay on deck twelve hours without food or sleep. One of the men boldly stepped out and replied that they had heard the mate use insulting language before the crew regarding the captain, and claimed that if he could go unrebuked, they were entitled to the same right. The point was well-taken, and the captain accordingly dismissed the men without further parley. But the breach between the two officers was, after this, irremediable. May 26 we caught the south-east trades, and, on the 31st, were wafted into the south-west trades.

June 8 we entered the Sea of Sargasso, a vortex whither a vast quantity of seaweed collects, floating on the water in such dense quantities sometimes as to impede the prog-

ress of the ship. On the 11th the quarrel between the captain and the mate came to a climax. The insolence and insubordination of the latter reached such a point that Captain Hammond ordered him to his stateroom. He then caused the window to be boarded up and the door locked. Once in four hours the mate was permitted to walk on deck for fifteen minutes under guard, and he was served with the common fare of the crew. Considering the very great and continued provocation he had received, Captain Hammond's conduct on this occasion was remarkably moderate, and could scarcely have been less rigorous without risking his authority.

Passing in the vicinity of the Cape Verd and the Azore Islands, and holding a north-

east course thence for England, attended by southerly and westerly winds, we sighted the coast of Great Britain June 27. It was a welcome sight to all, and the sailors' songs were cheery indeed as they gave the finishing touches towards completing the holiday appearance of the noble ship, drew the cable on deck from the chain-lockers, or rigged out the fish-tackle and swung the anchors from the catheads. We sighted the Skerries light the night of June 28. A pilot-boat loomed up alongside out of the darkness, and a bluff, hearty British pilot sprang aboard and welcomed us to Old England. A tug took us in tow at sunrise, and the good ship *Three Brothers* entered the magnificent docks of Liverpool one hundred and five days out from San Francisco.

JEWESS.

My dark-browed daughter of the sun,
Dear Bedouin of the desert sands,
Sad daughter of the ravished lands,
Of savage Sinai, Babylon,—
O Egypt-eyed, thou art to me
A God-encompassed mystery!

I see sad Hagar in thine eyes.
The obelisks, the pyramids,
Lie hid beneath thy drooping lids.
The tawny Nile of Moses lies
Portrayed in thy strange people's force
And solemn mystery of source.

The black abundance of thy hair
Falls like some twilight sad of June
Above the dying afternoon,
And mourns thy people's mute despair.
The large solemnity of night,
O Israel, is in thy sight!

Then come where stars of freedom spill
Their splendor, Jewess. In this land,
The same broad hollow of God's hand
That held you ever, outholds still.
And whether you be right or nay,
'Tis God's, not Russia's, *here* to say.

Joaquin Miller.





HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I.

"HIGH as my heart!" Orlando answered thus,
 In careless Arden, Arden green to-day,
 Parrying with gallant wit the question gay
 Touching his lady's stature. When of us
 Lips yet to be, in years lying yet before,
 Make question of the stature of thy fame,
 The words that we shall answer are the same:
High as our hearts he stood.

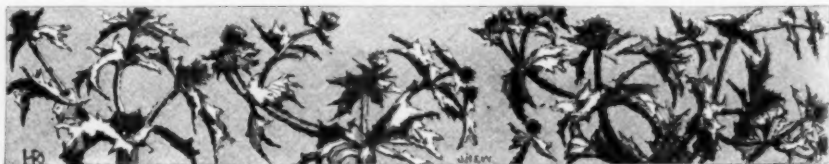
What man would more?

Wide-sunned with love thy last late winter days,
 Whose blue mild morns were memories of the spring.
 To thee spring voices had not ceased to sing,
 Nor ever closed to thee fresh woodland ways
 Where underneath old leaves the violets are,
 And, shy as boyhood's dream, spring beauties like a star.

II.

Thou wast not robbed of wonder when youth fled,
 But still the bud had promise to thine eyes,
 And beauty was not sundered from surprise,
 And reverent, as reverend, was thy head.
 Thy life was music, and thou mad'st it ours.
 Not thine, crude scorn of gentle household things;
 And yet thy spirit had the sea-bird's wings,
 Nor rested long among the chestnut-flowers.
 Spain's coast of charm, and all the North Sea's cold
 Thou knewest, and thou knewest the soul of eld,
 And dusty scroll and volume we beheld
 To gold transmuted—not to hard-wrought gold,
 But that clear shining of the eastern air,
 When Helios rising shakes the splendor of his hair.

Helen Gray Cone.



THE STREET OF THE HYACINTH.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON,

Author of "Rodman the Keeper," "Anne," etc.

IN TWO PARTS:—II.

THE events of Raymond Noel's life, after he left Rome that spring, were various. Some were pleasant, some unpleasant; several were quite unexpected. Their combinations and results kept him from returning to Italy the following winter; and the winter after that he spent in Egypt. When he again beheld the dome of St. Peter's, he remembered that it lacked but a month of two full years since he had said good-by to it; it was then April, and now it was March. He established himself in some pleasant rooms, looked about him, and then began to take up, one by one, the old threads of his Roman life, such, at least, as remained unbroken. He found a good many. Threads do not break in Rome. He had once said himself that the air was so soft and historic that nothing broke there,—not even hearts. But this was only one of his little speeches. In reality he did not believe much in the breaking of hearts; he had seen them stretch so!

It may be said with truth that Noel had not thought of Miss Macks for months. This was because he had had other things to think of. He had sent her the books from Paris, with an accompanying note, a charming little note—which gave no address for reply. Since then, his mind had been otherwise occupied. But, as he never entirely forgot anything that had once interested him, even although but slightly (this was in reality a system of his; it gave him many holds on life, and kept stored up a large supply of resources ready for use when wanted), he came, after a while, on the canvas of his Roman impressions to the figure of Miss Macks. When he came to it, he went to see her; that is, he went to the street of the Hyacinth.

Of course, she might not be there; a hundred things might have happened to her. He could have hunted up Horace Jackson; but, on the whole, he rather preferred to see the girl herself first, that is, if she was there. Mrs. Lawrence, the only person among his acquaintances who had known her, was not in Rome. Reaching the street of the Hyacinth, he interrogated the old woman who acted as portress at the lower door, keeping up at the same time a small commerce in

fritters; yes, the Americans were still on the fourth floor. He ascended the dark stairway. The confiding little "Ettie" card was no longer upon the door. In its place was a small framed sign: "Miss Macks' school."

This told a story!

However, he rang. It was the same shrill, ill-tempered little bell, and when the door opened, it was Miss Macks herself who opened it. She was much changed.

The parlor had been turned into a school-room,—at present empty of pupils. But, even as a school-room, it was more attractive than it had been before. He took a seat and spoke the usual phrases of a renewal of acquaintance with his accustomed ease and courtesy; Miss Macks responded briefly. She said that her mother was not very well; she herself quite well. No, they had not left Italy, nor indeed the neighborhood of Rome; they had been a while at Albano.

The expression of her face had greatly altered. The old direct wide glance was gone; gone also what he had called her overconfidence; she looked much older. On the other hand, there was more grace in her bearing, more comprehension of life in her voice and eyes. She was dressed as plainly as before; but everything, including the arrangement of her hair, was in the prevalent style.

She did not speak of her school, and therefore he did not. But after a while, he asked how the painting came on. Her face changed a little; but it was more in the direction of a greater calm than hesitation or emotion.

"I am not painting now," she answered.

"You have given it up temporarily?"

"Permanently."

"Ah,—isn't that rather a pity?"

She looked at him, and a gleam of scorn filtered into the glance.

"You know it is not a pity," she said.

He was a little disgusted at the scorn. Of course, the only ground for him to take was the ground upon which she stood when he last saw her; at that time, she proposed to pass her life in painting, and it was but good manners for him to accept her intentions as she had presented them.

"I never assumed to be a judge, you know,"

he answered. "When I last had the pleasure of seeing you, painting was, you remember, your cherished occupation!"

"When you last had the pleasure of seeing me, Mr. Noel," said Miss Macks, still with unmoved calm, "I was a fool."

Did she wish to go into the subject at length? Or was that merely an exclamation?

"When I last had the pleasure of seeing you, you were taking lessons of Mr. Jackson," he said, to give a practical turn to the conversation. "Is he still here? How is he?"

"He is very well, now. He is dead."

(She was going to be dramatic then, in any case.)

He expressed his regret, and it was a sincere one; he had always liked and respected the honest, morose Englishman. He asked a question or two. Miss Macks replied that he had died here in the street of the Hyacinth; in the next room. He had fallen ill during the autumn following Noel's departure, and, when his illness grew serious, they—her mother and herself—had persuaded him to come to them. He had lived a month longer, and had died peacefully on Christmas Eve.

"He was one of the most honest men I ever knew," said Noel. Then, as she did not reply, he ventured this: "That was the reason I recommended him, when you asked me to select a teacher for you."

"Your plan was made useless by an unfortunate circumstance," she answered, with an evident effort.

"A circumstance?"

"Yes; he fell in love with me. If I did not consider his pure, deep, and devoted affection the greatest honor of my life, I would not mention it. I tell you, because it will explain to you his course."

"Yes, it explains," said Noel. As he spoke, there came across him a realization of the whole of the strength of the love such a man as Horace Jackson would feel, and the way in which it would influence him. Of course, he saw to the full the imperfection of her work, the utter lack of the artist's conception, the artist's eye and touch; but probably he had loved her from the beginning, and had gone on hoping to win her love in return. She was not removed from him by any distance; she was young, but she was also poor, friendless, and alone. When she was his wife, he would tell her the truth, and in the greatness of his love, the revelation would be naught. "He was a good man," he said. "He was always lonely. I am glad that at the last he was with your mother and you."

"His goodness was simply unbounded.

If he had lived, he would have remained always a most faithful, kind, and respectful son to my dear mother. That, of course, would have been everything to me." She said this quietly; yet her tone seemed to hold intention.

For a moment, he thought that perhaps she had married the Englishman, and was now his widow. The sign on the door bore her maiden name; but that might have been an earlier venture.

"Had you opened your school at that time?" he asked. "I may speak of it, since, of course, I saw the sign upon the door."

"Not until two months later; I had the sign made then. But it was of little use; day-schools do not prosper in Rome; they are not the custom. I have a small class twice a week; but I live by going out as day-governess. I have a number of pupils of that kind; I have been very successful. The old Roman families have a fancy for English-speaking governesses, you know. Last summer I was with the Princess C——, at Albano; her children are my pupils."

"Her villa is a delightful one," said Noel; "you must have enjoyed that."

"I don't know that I enjoyed; but I learned. I have learned a great deal in many ways since I saw you last, Mr. Noel. I have grown very old."

"As you were especially young when you saw me last, it does not matter much," he answered, smiling.

"Yes, I was especially young." She looked at him soberly. "I do not feel bitterly toward you," she continued. "Strange! I thought I should. But now that I see you in person, it comes over me that, probably, you did not intend to deceive me; that not only you tried to set me right by selecting Mr. Jackson as my teacher, but again you tried when you sent me those books. It was not much to do! But, knowing the world as I now know it, I see that it was all that could have been expected. At first, however, I did not see this. After I went to Mr. Bellot, and, later, to Mr. Salviati, there were months when I felt very bitterly toward you. My hopes were false ones, and had been so from the beginning; you knew that they were, yet you did not set me right."

"I might have done more than I did," answered Noel. "I have a habit of not assuming responsibility; I suppose I have grown selfish. But, if you went to Bellot, then it was not Jackson who told you?"

"He intimated something when he asked me to marry him; after that, his illness came on, and we did not speak of it again. But I did not believe him. I was very obstinate.

I went to Mr. Bellot the first of January; I wished him to take me as pupil. In answer, he told me that I had not a particle of talent; that all my work was insufferably bad; that I better throw away my brushes and take in sewing."

"Bellot is always a brute!" said Noel.

"If he told the truth brutally, it was still the truth; and it was the truth I needed. But even then I was not convinced, and I went to Mr. Salviati. He was more gentle; he explained to me my lacks; but his judgment was the same. I came home; it was the tenth of January, a beautiful Roman winter day. I left my pictures, went over to St. Peter's, and walked there under its bright mosaics all the afternoon. The next day, I had advertisements of a day-school placed at the bankers', and in the newspapers. I thought that I could teach better than I could sew." All this she said with perfect calm.

"I greatly admire your bravery, Miss Macks. Permit me to add that I admire, even more, the clear, strong, good sense which has carried you through."

"I had my mother to think of; my—good sense might not have been so faithful otherwise."

"You do not think of returning to America?"

"Probably not; I doubt if my mother could bear the voyage now. We have no one to call us back but my brother, and he has not been with us for years, and would not be if we should return; he lives in California. We sold the farm, too, before we came. No; for the present, at least, it is better for us to remain here."

"There is one more question I should like to ask," said Noel later. "But I have no possible right to do so."

"I will give you the right. When I remember the things I asked you to do for me, the demands I made upon your time, I can well answer a few questions in return. I was a miracle of ignorance."

"I always did you justice in those respects, Miss Macks; all that I understood at once. My question refers to Horace Jackson: I see you appreciated his worth—which was rare—yet you would not marry him."

"I did not love him."

"Did any of his relatives come out from England?" he said after a moment of silence.

"After his death a cousin came."

"As heir to what was left?"

"Yes."

"He should have left it to you."

"He wished to do so. Of course, I would not accept it."

"I thank you for answering. My curiosity was not an idle one." He paused. "If you

will permit me to express it, your course has been very brave and true. I greatly admire it."

"You are kind," said Miss Macks.

There was not in her voice any indication of sarcasm. Yet the fact that he immediately thought of it, made him suspect that it was there. He took leave soon afterward. He was smarting a little under the sarcasm he had divined, and, as he was, it was like him to request permission to come again.

For Raymond Noel lived up with a good deal of determination to his own standard of what was manly; if his standard was not set on any very fine elevation of self-sacrifice or heroism, it was at least firmly established where it did stand, and he kept himself fairly near it. If Miss Macks was sarcastic, he had been at fault somewhere; he would try to atone.

He saw her four times during the five weeks of his stay in Rome; upon three other occasions when he went to the street of the Hyacinth, she was not at home. The third week in April he decided to go to Venice. Before going he asked if there was not something he could do for her; but she said there was nothing, and he himself could think of nothing. She was well established in her new life and occupations, and needed nothing, at least nothing that he could bestow.

The next winter he came back to Rome early in the season, before Christmas. By chance, one of the first persons he encountered was Mrs. Lawrence. She began immediately to tell him a piece of American news, in which he, as an American, would of course be interested; the news was that "the brother of the Princess C——, that is Count L——, you know—is determined to marry Ettie Macks. You remember her, don't you? I introduced you to her at the Dudley reception, three years ago."

Noel thought that probably he remembered her better than Mrs. Lawrence did, seeing that that lady had never troubled herself to enter the street of the Hyacinth. But he did her injustice. Mrs. Lawrence had troubled herself—lately.

"It seems that she has been out at Albano for two summers, as governess to his sister's children; it was there that he saw her. He has announced his determination to the family, and they are immensely disturbed and frightened; they had it all arranged for him to marry a second cousin down at Naples, who is rich,—these Italians are so worldly, you know! But he is very determined, they say, and will do as he pleases in spite of them. He hasn't much money, but of course it's a great match for Ettie Macks. She will be a countess, and now, I suppose, more American

girls will come over than ever before! Of course, as soon as I heard of it, I went to see her. I felt that she would need advice about a hundred things. In the beginning she brought a letter of introduction to me from a dear cousin of mine, and, naturally, she would rely upon me as her chief friend now. She is very much improved. She was rather silent; but, of course, I shall go again. The count is willing to take the mother, too, and that, under the circumstances, is not a small matter; she is a good deal to take. Until the other day I had not seen Mrs. Spurr! However, I suppose that her deficiencies are not apparent in a language she cannot speak. If her daughter would only insist upon her dressing in black! But the old lady told me herself, in the most cheerful way, that she liked 'a sprinkling of color.' And at the moment, I assure you, she had on five different shades of red!"

Noel had intended to present himself immediately at the street of the Hyacinth; but a little attack of illness kept him in for a while, and ten days had passed before he went up the dark stair-way. The maid said that Miss Macks was at home; presently she came in. They had ten minutes' of conversation upon ordinary topics, and then he took up the especial one.

"I am told that you are soon to be a countess," he said, "and I have come to give you my best good wishes. My congratulations I reserve for Count L——, with whom I have a slight acquaintance; he is, in my opinion, a very fortunate man."

"Yes, I think he is fortunate; fortunate in my refusal. I shall not marry Count L——."

"He is not a bad fellow."

"Isn't your praise somewhat faint?" This time the sarcasm was visible.

"Oh, I am by no means his advocate! All I meant was that, as these modern Romans go, he was not among the worst. Of course I should have expressed myself very differently if you had said you were to marry him."

"Yes; you would then have honored me with your finest compliments."

He did not deny this.

"Shall you continue to live in Rome?" he asked.

"Certainly. I shall have more pupils and patronage now than I know what to do with; the whole family connection is deeply obliged to me."

They talked awhile longer.

"We have always been unusually frank with each other, Miss Macks," he said toward the end of his visit. "We have never stopped at conventionalities. I wonder if you will tell me why you refused him?"

"You are too curious. As to frankness, I have been frank with you; not you with me. And there was no conventionality, simply because I did not know what it was."

"I believe you are in love with some one in America," he said laughing.

"Perhaps I am," answered Miss Macks. She had certainly gained greatly in self-possession during the past year.

He saw her quite frequently after this. Her life was no longer solitary. As she had said, she was overwhelmed with pupils and patronage from the friends of the Princess C——; in addition, the American girl who had refused a fairly-indorsed and well-appearing count, was now something of a celebrity among the American visitors in Rome. That they knew of her refusal, was not her fault; the relatives of Count L—— had announced their objections as loud and widely as the count had announced his determination. Apparently neither side had thought of a non-acceptance. Cards, not a few, were sent to the street of the Hyacinth; some persons even climbed the five flights of stairs. Mrs. Spurr saw a good deal of company; and enjoyed it.

Noel was very fond of riding; when in Rome he always rode on the Campagna. He had acted as escort to various ladies, and, one day, he invited Miss Macks to accompany him; that is, if she was fond of riding. She had ridden in America, and enjoyed it; she would like to go once, if he would not be troubled by an improvised habit. They went once. Then a second time, an interval of three weeks between. Then, after a while, a third time.

Upon this occasion an accident happened, the first of Noel's life; his horse became frightened, and, skilled rider though he was, he was thrown. He was dragged, too, for a short distance. His head came against some stones, and he lost consciousness. When it came back, it did not come wholly. He seemed to himself to be far away, and the girl who was weeping and calling his name, to be upon the other side of a wide space like an ocean, over which, without volition of his own, he was being slowly wafted. As he came nearer, still slowly, he perceived that in some mysterious way she was holding in her arms something that seemed to be himself, although he had not yet reached her. Then, gradually, spirit and body were reunited, he heard what she was saying, and felt her touch. Even then, it was only after several minutes that he was able to move and unclothe his heavy eyes.

When she saw that he was not dead, her wild grief was at once merged in the thought

of saving him. She had jumped from her horse, she knew not how; but he had not strayed far; a shepherd had seen him, and was now coming toward them. He signaled to another, and the two carried Noel to a house which was not far distant. A messenger was sent to the city; aid came, and before night Noel was in his own rooms at the head of the Via Sistina, near the Spanish steps.

His injuries proved to be not serious; he had lost consciousness from the shock, and this, with his pallor and the blood from the cuts made by the stones, had given him the look of death. The cuts, however, were not deep; the effect of the shock passed away. He kept his bed for a week under his physician's advice; he had a good deal of time to think during that week. Later his friends were admitted. As has been said before, Noel was a favorite in Rome, and he had friends not a few. Those who could not come in person sent little notes and baskets of flowers. Among these, Miss Macks was not numbered. But then she was not fashionable.

At the end of two weeks the patient was allowed to go out. He took a short walk to try his strength, and, finding that it held out well, he went to the street of the Hyacinth.

Miss Macks was at home. She was "so glad" to see him out again; and was he "really strong enough;" and he "should be very prudent for a while;" and so forth and so forth. She talked more than usual, and for her, quite rapidly.

He let her go on for a time. Then he took the conversation into his own hands. With few preliminaries, and with much feeling in his voice and eyes, he asked her to be his wife.

She was overwhelmed with astonishment; she turned very white and did not answer. He thought she was going to burst into tears. But she did not; she only sat gazing at him, while her lips trembled. He urged his point; he spoke strongly.

"You are worth a hundred of me," he said. "You are true and sincere; I am a dilettante in everything. But, dilettante as I am, in one way I have always appreciated you, and, lately, all other ways have become merged in that one. I am much in earnest; I know what I am doing; I have thought of it searchingly and seriously, and I beg you to say yes."

He paused. Still she did not speak.

"Of course I do not ask you to separate yourself from your mother," he went on, his eyes dropping for the moment to the brim of his hat which he held in his hand; "I shall be glad if she will always make her home with us."

Then she did speak. And as her words came forth, the red rose in her face until it was deeply colored.

"With what an effort you said that! But you will not be tried. One gray hair in my mother's head is worth more to me, Mr. Noel, than anything you can offer."

"I knew before I began that this would be the point of trouble between us, Faith," he answered. "I can only assure you that she will find in me always a most respectful son."

"And when you were thinking so searchingly and seriously, it was *this* that you thought of,—whether you could endure her! Do you suppose that I do not see the effort? Do you suppose I would ever place my mother in such a position? Do you suppose that you are of any consequence beside her, or that anything in this world weighs in my mind for one moment compared with her happiness?"

"We can make her happy; I suppose that. And I suppose another thing, and that is that we could be very happy ourselves, if we were married."

"The western girl, the girl from Tuscolee! The girl who thought she could paint, and could not! The girl who knew so little of social rules that she made a fool of herself every time she saw you!"

"All this is of no consequence, since it is the girl I love," answered Noel.

"You do not. It is a lie. Oh, of course, a very unselfish and noble one; but a lie, all the same. You have thought of it seriously and searchingly? Yes, but only for the last fourteen days! I understand it all now. At first I did not, I was confused; but now I see the whole. You were not unconscious out there on the Campagna; you heard what I said when I thought you were dying, or dead. And so you come—come very generously and self-sacrificingly, I acknowledge that—and ask me to be your wife." She rose; her eyes were brilliant as she faced him. "I might tell you that it was, only the excitement, that I did not know or mean what I was saying; I might tell you that I did not know that I had said anything. But I am not afraid. I will not, like you, tell a lie, even for a good purpose. I did love you; there, you have it! I have loved you for a long time, to my sorrow and shame. For I do not respect you, or admire you; you have been completely spoiled and will always remain so. I shall make it the one purpose of my life from this moment to overcome the feeling I have had for you; and I shall succeed. Nothing could make me marry you, though you should ask me a thousand times."

"I shall ask but once," said Noel. He had risen also; and, as he did, he remembered the time when they had stood in the same place and position, facing each other, and she had told him that she was at his feet. "I did

hear what you said. And it is of that I have been seriously thinking during the days of my confinement to the house. It is also true that it is what you said which has brought me here to-day. But, the reason is, that it has become precious to me—this knowledge that you love me. As I said before, in one way I have always done you justice, and it is that way which makes me realize to the full now, what such a love as yours would be to me. If it is true that I am spoiled, as you say I am, a love like yours would make me better, if anything can." He paused. "I have not said much about my own feelings," he added; "I know you will not credit me with having any. But I think I have. I think that I love you."

"It is of little moment to me whether you do or not."

"You are making a mistake," he said, after a pause, during which their eyes had met in silence.

"The mistake would be to consent."

She had now recovered her self-possession. She even smiled a little.

"Imagine Mr. Raymond Noel in the street of the Hyacinth!" she said.

"Ah,—I should hardly wish to live here; and my wife would naturally be with me."

"I hope so. And I hope she will be very charming, and obedient, and sweet." Then she dropped her sarcasms, and held out her hand in farewell. "There is no use in prolonging this, Mr. Noel. Do not think, however, that I do not appreciate your action; I do appreciate it. I said that I did not respect you, and I have not until now; but now I do. You will understand, of course, that I would rather not see you again, and refrain from seeking me. Go your way, and forget me; you can do so now with a clear conscience, for you have behaved well."

"It is not very likely that I shall forget you," answered Noel, "although I go my way. I see you are firmly resolved. For the present, therefore, all I can do is to go."

They shook hands, and he left her. As he passed through the small hall on his way to the outer door, he met Mrs. Spurr; she was attired as opulently, in respect to colors, as ever, and she returned his greeting with much cordiality. He glanced back; Miss Macks had witnessed the meeting through the parlor door. Her color had faded; she looked sad and pale.

She kept her word; she did not see him again. If he went to the street of the Hyacinth, as he did two or three times, the little maid presented him with the Italian equivalent of "begs to be excused," which was evidently a standing order. If he wrote to her, as he did more than two or three times, she

returned what he wrote, not unread, but without answer. He thought perhaps he should meet her, and was at some pains to find out her various engagements. But all was in vain; the days passed, and she remained invisible. Toward the last of May he left Rome. After leaving, he continued to write to her, but he gave no address for reply; she would now be obliged either to burn his letters or keep them, since she could no longer send them back. They could not have been called love-letters; they were friendly epistles, not long,—pleasant, easy, sometimes amusing, like his own conversation. They came once a week. In addition he sent new books, and occasionally some other small remembrance.

In early September of that year there came to the street of the Hyacinth a letter from America. It was from one of Mrs. Spurr's old neighbors at Tuscolee, and she wrote to say that John Macks had come home,—had come home broken in health and spirits, and, as he himself said, to die. He did not wish his mother to know; she could not come to him, and it would only distress her. He had money enough for the short time that was left him, and when she heard, it would be only that he had passed away: he had passed from her life in reality years before. In this John Macks was sincere. He had been a ne'er-do-well, a rolling stone; he had not been a dutiful son. The only good that could be said of him, as far as his mother was concerned, was contained in the fact that he had not made demands upon her small purse since the sum he took from her when he first went away. He had written to her at intervals, briefly. His last letter had come eight months before.

But the Tuscolee neighbor was a mother herself, and, doing as she would be done by, she wrote to Rome. When her letter came, Mrs. Spurr was overwhelmed with grief; but she was also stirred to an energy and determination which she had never shown before. For the first time in years she took the leadership, put her daughter decisively back into a subordinate place, and assumed the control. She would go to America. She must see her boy (the dearest child of the two, as the prodigal always is) again. But even while she was planning her journey, illness seized her—her old rheumatic troubles, only more serious than before; it was plain that she could not go. She then required that her daughter should go in her place,—go and bring her boy to Rome; this soft Italian air would give new life to his lungs. Oh, she should not die! Ettie need not be afraid of that. She would live for years just to get one look at him! And so it ended in the daughter's departure, an efficient nurse being left in charge; the physician said

that although Mrs. Spurr would probably be crippled, she was in no danger otherwise.

Miss Macks left Rome on the fifteenth of September. On the second of December she again beheld the dome of St. Peter's rising in the blue sky. She saw it alone. John Macks had lived three weeks after her arrival at Tuscolee, and those three weeks were the calmest and the happiest of his unsuccessful—unworthy it may be—but also bitterly unhappy life. His sister did not judge him. She kissed him good-by as he lost consciousness, and soon afterward closed his eyes tenderly, with tears in her own. Although he was her brother, she had never known him; he went away when she was a child. She sat beside him a long time after he was dead, watching the strange, youthful peace come back to his worn face.

When she reached the street of the Hyacinth, a carriage was before the door; carriages of that sort were not often required by the dwellers on the floors below their own, and she was rather surprised. She had heard from her mother in London, the nurse acting as amanuensis; at that time, Mrs. Spurr was comfortable, although still confined to her bed most of the day. As she was paying her driver, she heard steps on the stairway within. Then she beheld this: The nurse, carrying a pillow and shawls; next, her mother, in an invalid-chair, borne by two men; and last, Raymond Noel.

When Mrs. Spurr saw her daughter, she began to cry. She had not expected her until the next day. Her emotion was so great that the drive was given up, and she was carried back to her room. Noel did not follow her; he shook hands with the new-comer, said that he would not detain her, and then, lifting his hat, he stepped into the carriage which was waiting and was driven away.

For two days Mrs. Spurr wished for nothing but to hear, over and over again, every detail of her boy's last hours. Then, the excitement and renewed grief made her dangerously ill. After ten days she began to improve; but two weeks passed before she came back to the present sufficiently to describe to her daughter all "Mr. No-ul's kind attentions." He had returned to Rome the first of October, and had come at once to the street of the Hyacinth. Learning what had happened, he had devoted himself to her "most as if he was my real son, Ettie, I do declare! Of course, he couldn't never be like my own darling boy," continued the poor mother, overlooking entirely, with a mother's sublime forgetfulness, the small amount of devotion her boy had ever bestowed; "but he's just done everything he could, and there's no denying that."

"He has not been mentioned in your letters, mother."

"Well, child, I just told Mrs. Bowler not to. For he said himself, frankly, that you might not like it; but that he'd make his peace with you when you come back. I let him have his way about it, and I *have* enjoyed seeing him. He's the only person I've seen, but Mrs. Bowler and the doctor, and I'm mortal tired of both."

During Mrs. Spurr's second illness, Noel had not come in person to the street of the Hyacinth; he had sent to inquire, and fruits and flowers came in his name. Miss Macks learned that these had come from the beginning.

When three weeks had passed, Mrs. Spurr was back in her former place as regarded health. One of her first requests was to be taken out to drive; during her daughter's absence, Mr. Noel had taken her five times, and she had greatly enjoyed the change. It was not so simple a matter for the daughter as it had been for Mr. Noel; her purse was almost empty, the long journeys and her mother's illness had exhausted her store. Still she did it. Mrs. Spurr wished to go to the Pincio. Her daughter thought the crowd there would be an objection.

"It didn't tire me one bit when Mr. No-ul took me," said Mrs. Spurr, in an aggrieved tone; "and we went there every single time,—just as soon as he found out that I liked it. What a lot of folks he does know, to be sure! They kept him a-bowing every minute."

The day after this drive, Mr. Noel came to the street of the Hyacinth. He saw Miss Macks. Her manner was quiet, a little distant; but she thanked him, with careful acknowledgment of every item, for his kind attentions to her mother. He said little. After learning that Mrs. Spurr was much better, he spoke of her own health.

"You have had two long fatiguing journeys, and you have been acting as nurse; it would be well for you to give yourself entire rest for several weeks, at least."

She replied, coldly, that she was perfectly well, and turned the conversation to subjects less personal. He did not stay long. As he rose to take leave, he said:

"You will let me come again, I hope? You will not repeat the 'not at home' of last spring?"

"I would really much rather not see you, Mr. Noel," she answered, after hesitating.

"I am sorry. But of course, I must submit." Then he went away.

Miss Macks now resumed her burdens. She was obliged to take more pupils than she had ever accepted before, and to work harder. She had not only to support their little house-

hold, but there were now debts to pay. She was out almost the whole of every day.

After she had entered upon her winter's work, Raymond Noel began to come again to the street of the Hyacinth. But he did not come to see her; his visits were to her mother. He came two or three times a week, and always during the hours when the daughter was absent. He sat and talked to Mrs. Spurr, or rather listened to her, in a way that greatly cheered that lady's monotonous days. She told him her whole history; she minutely described Tuscolee and its society; and, finally, he heard the whole story of "John." In addition, he sent her various little delicacies, taking pains to find something she had not had.

Miss Macks would have put an end to this if she had known how. But, certainly, Mr. Noel was not troubling *her*; and Mrs. Spurr resented any attempt at interference.

"I don't see why you should object, Ettie. He seems to like to come, and there's but few pleasures left to me, I'm sure! You oughtn't to grudge them!"

In this way two months passed, Noel continuing his visits, and Miss Macks continuing her lessons. She was working very hard. She now looked not only pale, but much worn. Count L——, who had been long absent, returned to Rome about this time. He saw her one day, although she did not see him. The result of this vision of her was that he went down to Naples, and, before long, the desirable second cousin with the fortune was the sister of the Princess C——.

One afternoon in March, Miss Macks was coming home from the broad, new, tiresome piazza *Indipendenza*; the distance was long, and she walked with weariness. As she drew near the dome of the Pantheon, she met Raymond Noel. He stopped, turned, and accompanied her homeward. She had three books.

"Give them to me," he said, briefly, taking them from her.

"Do you know what I have heard to-day?" he went on. "They are going to tear down your street of the Hyacinth. The Government has at last awakened to the shame of allowing all those modern accretions to disfigure longer the magnificent old Pagan temple. All the streets in the rear, up to a certain point, are to be destroyed. And the street of the Hyacinth goes first. You will be driven out."

"I presume we can find another like it."

He went on talking about the Pantheon until they entered the doomed street; it was as obstinately narrow and dark as ever. Then he dropped his pagan temple.

"How much longer are you going to treat me in this way, Faith?" he said. "You

make me very unhappy. You are wearing yourself out, and it troubles me greatly. If you should fall ill, I think that would be the end. I should then take matters into my own hands, and I don't believe you would be able to keep me off. But why should we wait for illness? It is too great a risk."

They were approaching her door. She said nothing, only hastened her steps.

"I have been doing my best to convince you, without annoying you, that you were mistaken about me. And the reason I have been doing it is that I am convinced myself. If I was not entirely sure last spring that I loved you, I certainly am sure now. I spent the summer thinking of it. I know now, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I love you above all and everything. There is no 'duty' or 'generosity' in this, but simply my own feelings. I could perfectly well have let the matter drop; you gave me every opportunity to do so. That I have not done it should show you—a good deal. For I am not of the stuff of which heroes are made. I should not be here unless I wanted to; my motive is the selfish one of my own happiness."

They had entered the dark hall-way.

"Do you remember the morning when you stood here, with two tears in your eyes, saying 'Never mind; you will come another time'?" (Here the cobbler came down the stairs.) "Why not let the demolition of the street of the Hyacinth be the crisis of our fate?" he went on, returning the cobbler's bow. (Here the cobbler departed.) "If you refuse, I shall not give you up; I shall go on in the same way. But—haven't I been tried long enough?"

"You have not," she answered. "But, unless you will leave Rome, and—me, I cannot bear it longer."

It was a great downfall, of course; Noel always maintained that it was.

"But the heights upon which you had placed yourself, my dear, were too superhuman," he said, excusingly.

The street of the Hyacinth experienced a great downfall, also. During the summer it was demolished.

Before its demolition, Mrs. Lawrence, after three long breaths of astonishment, had come to offer her congratulations, in a new direction this time.

"It is the most fortunate thing in the world," she said to everybody, "that Mrs. Spurr is now confined to her bed for life, and is obliged to wear mourning."

But Mrs. Spurr is not confined to her bed; she drives out with her daughter whenever the weather is favorable. She wears black, but is now beginning to vary it with purple and lavender.

THE STORY OF THE ALCÁZAR.

It was told by Captain John to a boy from the main-land, who was spending the summer on the Island, as they sat together, one August evening, at sunset, on a broken bowsprit which had once been a part of the *Alcázar*.

It was dead low water in South-west Harbor, a land-locked inlet which nearly cut the Island in two, and was the gate-way through which the fishing-craft from the village at the harbor head found their way out into the great Penobscot Bay. There were many days during the stern winter and bleak spring months when the gate was blocked with ice, or veiled in fog, but nature relented a little toward the Island folk in the fall, and sent them sunny days for their late, scant harvesting, and steady winds for the mackerel-fishing, to give them a little hope before the winter set in, sharp, with the equinoctial. Now, at low tide, the bright gate-way shone wide open, as if to let out the waters which rise and fall ten feet in the inlet. You could look far out beyond the light-house on Greenlaw's Neck, and the islands that throng the mouth of the harbor, to the red spot of flame the sunset had kindled below the rack of smoke-gray clouds. The color burned in a dull gleam upon the water, broken by the dark shapes of shadowy islands; the sail-boats at anchor in the muddy, glistening flats leaned over disconsolately on their sides, in despair of ever again feeling the thrill of the returning waters beneath their keels; and the gray, weather-beaten houses crowded together on the brink of the cliff above the beach looked like a group of hooded old women watching for a belated sail, as if they had caught the expression of their inmates' lives. At high tide the hulk of the *Alcázar* had been full of water, which was now pouring out through a hole in the plank-ing of her side in a continuous, murmurous stream, like the voice of a persistent talker in a silent company. The old ship looked much too big for her narrow grave, at the foot of the green cliff in which her anchor was deeply sunk and half-overgrown with thistles; her blunt bow and the ragged stump of the figure-head rose, dark and high, above the wet beach where Captain John sat, with his absorbed listener, on the bowsprit. There were rifts about her rail where the red sunset looked through. Her naked sides, that for years had been moistened only by the perennial rains and snows, showed rough and

scaly like the armor of some fabled sea-monster. She was tethered to the cliff by her rusty anchor-chain which swung across the space between, serving as a clothes-line for the draggled drift-weed left by the receding tide to dry.

"She was a big ship for these parts," Captain John was saying. "There wa'n't one like her ever come into these waters before. Lord! Folks come down from the Neck, and from Green's Landin', and Nor'east Harbor, and I don't know but they come from the main-land, to see her when she was fust towed in! And such work as they made of her name! Some called it one way and some another. It's a kind of a Cuban name, they say. I expect there aint anybody 'round here that can call it right. However 'twas, old Cap'n Green took and pried it off her star-board quarter, and somebody got hold of it and nailed it up over the blacksmith-shop-door, and there you see it now. The old Cap'n named her the *Stranger* when he had her refitted. May be you could make out the tail of an S on her stern if you could git around there. That name's been gone these forty year. Seem 's if she never owned to it, and it didn't stick to her. She was never called anythin' but the *Alcázar* long as ever I knew her, and I expect I know full's much about her as anybody 'round here. 'Twas a-settin' here, on this very beach, at low water, just's we be now, the old man told me fust how he picked her up. It took a wonderful holt on him; there's no doubt about that. He told it to me more'n once before the time come when he was to put the finish on to it; but, in a gen'ral way, the Cap'n wa'n't much of a talker, and he was shy of this partic'lar business, for reasons that I expect nobody knows much about. But a man most always likes to talk to somebody, no matter how close-mouthed he may be. 'Twas just about this time o' year, fall of '27—the year Parson Flavor was ordained—Cap'n Green had gone a-mack'rel-fishin' with his two boys off Isle au Haut, and they did think o' cruisin' out into Frenchman's Bay, if the weather hel' steady. They was havin' fair luck, hangin' 'round the island, off and on, for a matter of a week, when it thickened up a little and set in foggy, and for two days they didn't see the shore. The second evenin' the wind freshened from the south'ard and east'ard and drove the fog

in shore a bit, and the sun, just before he set, looked like a big yellow ball through the fog, and made a sickly kind of a glimmer over the water. They was a-lyin' at anchor, and all of a sudden, right to the wind'ard of 'em, this old ship loomed up, driftin' in with the wind and flood-tide. They couldn't make her out, and I guess, for a minute, the old Cap'n didn't know but it was the Flyin' Dutchman; but she hadn't a rag o' sail on her, and, as she got nearer, they could see there wa'n't a man on board. The Cap'n didn't like the looks of her, but he knew she wa'n't no phantom, and he and one of his boys down with the punt and went alongside. 'Twa'n't more'n a quarter of a mile to her. They hailed, and couln't git no answer. They knew she was a furriner by her build, and she must 'a' been a long time at sea, by her havin' barnacles on her nigh as big's a mack'el kit. Finally, they pulled up to her fore-chains and clum aboard of her. I never see a ship abandoned at sea, myself, but I aint no doubt but what it made 'em feel kind o' shivery when they looked aft along her decks and not a soul in sight, and everythin' bleached, and gray, and iron-rusted, and the riggin' all slack and white's though it had been chawed, and nothin' left of her sails but some old rags, flappin' like a last year's scarecrow. They went and looked in the fo'k'sel; there wa'n't nothin' there but some chists—men's chists—with a little old beddin' left in the bunks. They went down the companion-way; cabin-door unlocked; everything in there as nat'ral's though it had just been left, only 'twas kind o' moldy-smellin'. I expect the Cap'n give a kind of a start as he looked around. 'Twant no old greasy whaler's cabin, nor no packet-ship, neither. There wa'n't many craft like her on the seas in them days. She was fixed up inside more like a gentleman's yacht is now. Merchant-men, in them days, didn't have their Turkey carpets, and their colored wine-glasses jinglin' in the racks. While they was explorin' 'round in there, movin' 'round kind o' cautious, the door of the captain's state-room swung open with a creak, just's though somebody was a-shovin' it slow, like, and the ship gave a kind of a stir, and a rustlin', moanin' sound, as if she was a-comin' to life. The old man never made no secret but what he was scared when he went through her that night. 'Twa'n't so much what he said as the way he looked when he told it. I expect he thought he'd seen enough about the time that door blew open. He said he knowed 'twas nothin' but a puff o' wind struck her, and that he'd better be a-gittin' on to his own craft before he lost her in the fog. So he went back and got under way, and sent a line aboard of the

stranger and took her in tow, and all that night, with a good south-east wind, they kept a-movin' toward home. The old man was kind o' res'less and wakeful, walkin' the decks, and lookin' over the stern at the big ship follerin' him like a ghost. The moon-light was a little dull with fog, but he could see her, plain, a-comin' on before the wind, with her white riggin' and bare poles, and hear the water sousin' under her bows. He said 'twas in his mind more'n a dozen times to cut her adrift. You see he had his misgivin's about her from the fust, though he never let on what they were, but he hung on to her as a man will, sometimes, ag'in' feelin's that have more sense in 'em than reason, like as not. He knew everybody at the Harbor would laugh at him for lettin' go such a prize as that just for a notion, and it wa'n't his way, you may be sure. He didn't need no one to tell him what she was wuth. Anyhow, he hung to her, and next day they beached her at high water, right over there by the old ship-yard. He took Deacon S'lvin'e and his brother-in-law, Captain Purse—Pierce, they call it nowadays, but in the Cap'n's time 'twas Purse. That sounds kind o' broad and comfortable, like the Cap'n's wescoat; but the family's thinnin' down a good deal lately, and gettin' kind o' sharp and lean, and may be Pierce is more suitable. But's I was sayin', Cap'n Green took them two—cheerful, loud-talkin' men they was, both of 'em—aboard of her to go through her, for he hadn't no notion o' goin' into that cap'n's state-room alone, even in broad daylight; but 'twarm't *there* the secret of her lay; there wa'n't nothin' in there to scare anybody! She was trimmed up, I tell you, just elegant. Real mahogany—none of your veneerin', but the real stuff; lace-curtins to the berth, lace on the pillows, and a satin coverlid, rumbled up as though the cap'n had just turned out, and there was his slippers handy—the greatest-lookin' slippers for a man you ever saw! They wouldn't 'a' been too big for the neatest-footed woman in the harbor! But Lord! they was just thick with mold, and so was everythin' in the place, even to an old gittar with the strings most rotted off of it, and the picters of furrin-lookin' women on the walls—triflin'-lookin' creeturs, most of 'em. They hunted all through his desk, but couldn't find no log. 'Twas plain enough that whoever'd left that ship had took pains that she shouldn't tell no tales, and 'twa'n't long before they found out the reason.

"When they come to go below,—there was considerable of a crowd on deck by that time, standin' 'round while they knocked out the keys and took off the fore-hatch,—Cap'n

Green called on Cap'n Purse and the Deacon to go down with him; but they didn't 'pear to be very anxious, and the old man wa'n't goin' to hang back for company with everybody lookin' at him, so he lit a candle and went down, and the folks crowded 'round and waited for him. I was there myself, 's close to him as I be to that fish-barrel, when he come up, his face white's a sheet and the candle shakin' in his hand, and sot down on the hatch-combin'.

"Give me room!" says he, kind o' leanin' back on the crowd. "Give me air, can't you? She's full o' dead niggers! She's a slaver!"

"Now, 'twas the talk pretty gen'rally that the Cap'n had had a hand in that business himself, in his early days, and that it set uncomfortable on him afterward. It never was known how he'd got his money—he didn't have any to begin with. He was always a kind of a lone bird, and dug his way along up, somehow. Nobody knows what was workin' on him while he sot there; he looked awful sick! It was kind of quiet for a minute, but them that couldn't see him kep' pushin' for'ards and callin' out: 'What d'you see? What's down there?' And them close by wanted to know, all talkin' to once, why he thought she was a slaver, and how long the niggers had been dead. Lord, what a fuss there was! Everybody askin' the foolish questions, and crowdin' and squeezin', and them in front pushin' back, away from the hatchway, as if they expected the dead would rise and walk out o' that black hole where they'd laid so long. They couldn't get much out o' the old man, except that there was skel'tons scattered all over the after hold, and that he knew she was a slaver by the way she was fixed up. 'How'd he know?' folks asked among themselves; but nobody liked to asked the Cap'n. As for how long them Africans had been dead, they had to find that out for themselves, all they ever did find out, for 'the Cap'n wouldn't talk about it, and he wouldn't go down in her again—it 'peard 's if he was satisfied.

"Wal, it made a terrible stir in the place; as I tell you, they come from fifty mile around to see her; they had it all in the papers; some had one idea and some another about the way she come to be abandoned, all in good shape, and them human bein's in her hold. Some said ship-fever, some said mutiny; but when they come to look her over and found there wa'n't a water-cask aboard of her that hadn't s'runk up and gone to pieces, they settled down on the notion that she was a Spanish or a Cuban slaver, or may be a Portagee; got short o' water in the horse-latitudes; cap'n and crew left her in

the boats, and the niggers— Lord! it makes a body sick to think o' them! That was always my the'ry 'bout her—short o' water; but some folks wa'n't satisfied 'thout somethin' more excitin'—'twa'n't enough for 'em to have all them creetur's dyin' down there by inches; they stuck to it about some blood-stains on the linin' in her hold, but I tell you the difference between old blood-stains and rust that's may be ten or fifteen years old's might' hard to tell.

"Nobody knows what the old Cap'n was thinkin' about in them days. 'Twas three months or more 'fore he went aboard of her ag'in: he let it be known about that he wanted to sell her, but he couldn't git an offer even; nobody seemed to want to take hold of her. Winter set in early, and the ice blocked her in, and there she lay—the loneliest thing in sight! You never see no child'n climbin' 'round on her, and there was a story that queer noises, like moanin' and clankin' of chains, come out of her on windy nights; but it might 'a' been the ice, crowdin' as she careened over and back with the risin' and fallin' tide. But when spring opened, folks used to see the old Cap'n hangin' 'round the ship-yard, and lookin' her over at low tide, where the ice had cut the barnacles off of her.

"One night in the store, ne figgered up how much lumber she'd carry from Bangor, and 'twa'n't long 'fore he had a gang o' men at work on her. It seemed as if he was kind o' infatuated with her—he was 'fraid of her, but he couldn't let her alone. And she was a mighty well-built craft! Floridy pine and live-oak, and mahogany from the Mosquito coast—built in Cadiz, most likely. Look at her now—she don't look to home, here, does she? She never did. She's as much like our harbor craft as one o' them big, yellow-eyed, bare-necked buzzards is to one o' these here little sand-peeps. But she was a handsome vessel! Them live-oak ribs'll outlast your time if you was to live to be old."

The two faces looked up at the hulk of the *Alcázar*. The blanched, wave-worn messenger sent by the tropic seas into the far North, with a tale that had never been uttered—as if its horror had struck dumb the gray lips which were rotting with their secret untold—its shadow spread broad upon the beach, made the gathering twilight deeper. Out on the harbor the pale saffron light lingered, long after the red had faded. How many tides had ebbed and flowed since the old ship, chained at the foot of the cliff, had warmed in the waters of the Gulf her bare, corrugated sides, warped by the frosts, stabbed by the ice of pitiless northern winters!

Where were the fallow, dark-bearded faces that had watched, from her high poop, the brief twilights die on that "unshadowed main" which, a century ago, was the scene of some of the wildest romances and blackest crimes in maritime history—the bright, restless bosom that warmed into life a thousand serpents, whose trail could be traced through the hot, flower-scented Southern plazas and courts into the peacefullest white villages of the North!

"Sho! I'd no idee 'twas a-gittin' on so late!" said Captain John. "There aint anybody watchin' out for me. I kin put my family under my hat; but I don't know what your folks'll think's come o' you! Wal, the rest on't wont take long to tell: The old man had her fitted up in good shape by the time the ice was out of the river, and run her up to Bangor in ballast and loaded her there for New York. He had an ugly trip down the coast—lost his deck-load and three men overboard in a south-easter off Nantucket Shoals. It made the whole ship's company feel pretty solemn, but the old man took it the hardest of any of 'em, and from that time seems as if he lost his grip—the old scare settled back on him blacker'n ever. There wa'n't a man aboard of her that liked her. They all knew her story, and that she was the *Alcázar*, from nobody knows where, instead of the *Stranger*, from Newburyport,—the Cap'n had Newburyport put on to her because he was a Newburyport man, and all his vessels was built there,—and she hadn't more'n touched the dock in New York before every one on 'em left her, even to the cook. "No better than a floatin' coffin, anyway," they said of her, and I guess the Cap'n would 'a' left her right there, too, if it hadn't been for the money he'd put into her. I expect he was a little too fond of money, may be; but I've knowed others, just as sharp's the old Cap'n, that didn't seem to have his luck! The mate saw him two or three times while he was a lyin' in New York, and noticed he was drinkin' more'n usual. He come home light, and anchored off the bar, just as a south-easter was a comin' on. It wouldn't 'a' been no trouble for him to have laid there, if he'd had good ground-gear—but there 'twas ag'in, he'd been a little too savin'! He'd used the old cables he found in her. The new mate didn't know nothin' about her, and put out one anchor. The Cap'n had taken a keg o' New England rum aboard, and been drawin' on it pretty reg'lar all the way up, and as the gale come on he got kind o' wild, and went at it harder'n ever. About midnight, the cable parted. They let go the other anchor,

but it didn't snub her for a minute, and she swung, broadside to, on to the bar. The men climbed into the riggin' before she struck, but the old Cap'n was staggerin' 'round decks, kind o' dazed and dumb-like, not tryin' to do anythin' to save himself. The mate tried to git him into the riggin', seein' he wa'n't in no condition to look out for himself; but the old man struck loose from his holt, and cried out to him through the noise:

"Let me alone! I've got to go with her!"

"The mate just had time to swing himself back into the mizzen-shrouds before the sea broke over her, and left the decks bare. The old ship pounded over the bar in an hour or so, and drifted up here on the beach, where she is now. Every man on board was saved except the Cap'n. He went 'with her.' sure enough.

"There was talk enough about that thing before they got done with it, to 'a' made the old man roll in his grave! They raked up all the stories about his cruisin' on the Spanish main when he was a young man,—they wa'n't stories *he'd* ever told; he wa'n't much of a hand to talk about what he'd seen and done on his v'yages. They never let him rest, 'till 'twas pretty much the gen'ral belief—and is to this day—that he knew more about that slaver from the first than he ever owned to.

"I never had much to say about it, but 'twas plain enough to me. I had my suspicions the mornin' he towed her in. He looked terrible shattered. It 'peared to me he wa'n't ever the same man afterward. 'I've got to go with her!' Them was his last words. He knew that ship and him belonged together, same as a man's sins belongs to him. He knew she'd been a-huntin' him up and down the western ocean for twenty year, with them dead o' his'n in her hold,—and she'd hunted him down at last."

Captain John paused with this peroration; he dug a hole in the wet sand with the toe of his boot, and watched it slowly fill.

"'Twas a bait most any one would 'a' smelt of,—a six-hundred-ton ship, and every timber in her sound,—but you'd 'a' thought he'd been more cautious, knowin' what he did of her. She was bound to have him, though!"

"Captain John," said the boy, a little hoarse from his long silence, "what do you suppose it *was* he did? Anything except just leave them—the negroes, I mean?"

"Lord! Wa'n't that *enough*? To steal 'em, and then leave 'em there—battened down

like rats in the hold! However, I expect there aint anybody that can tell you the whole of that story. It's one of them mysteries that rests with the dead. The new mate—the young fellow he brought on from New York—he married the Cap'n's daughter. None o' the Harbor boys ever seemed to jibe in with her; I always had a notion that she was a touch above most of 'em; but she and her mother was as good as a providence to them shipwrecked men when they was throwed ashore—strangers in the place and no money; and it ended in Rachel's takin' up with the mate, and the whole family's leavin' the place. It was long after all the talk died away that the widow came back, and lived here in the same quiet way she always had, till she was laid alongside the old Cap'n. There wa'n't a better woman ever walked this earth than Mary Green, that was Mary Spofford!"

Captain John rose from the bowsprit, and rubbed his cramped knees before climbing the hill. He parted with his young listener at the top, and took a lonely path across the shore-pasture to a little cabin, where no light

shone, built on the edge of high-water mark, like the nest of a sea-bird.

On the gray beach below, a small, dingy yawl, with one sail loosely bundled over the thwarts, leaned toward the door-latch, as if listening for its click. It had an almost human expression of patient, though wistful, waiting. It was the poorest boat in the harbor; it had no name painted on its stern, but Captain John, in the solitude of his watery wanderings among the islands and channels of the bay, always called her the *Mary Spofford*. The boy from the main-land went home slowly, along the village street, toward the many-windowed house in which his mother and sisters were boarding. There were voices, calling and singing, abroad on the night air, reflected from the motionless, glimmering sheet of dark water below, as from a sounding-board. Cow-bells tinkled away among the winding paths along the low, dim shores. The night-call of the heron from the muddy flats struck sharply across the stillness, and from the outer bay came the murmur of the old ground-swell, which never rests, even in the calmest weather.

Mary Hallock Foote.

IN A CHINESE THEATER.

Of the objects of interest in the Chinese "quarter" of San Francisco which appeal most strongly to the stranger's curiosity, the theaters occupy a foremost place. Formerly play-houses were numerous, but an internecine strife among the rival companies lately reduced the number to two. These were installed in ordinary houses which had none of the appointments of an American theater. It occurred to an enterprising manager to build a spacious new house with a large auditorium, and to import "stars" from the Royal Theater of Peking. The venture was a success: these fresh dramatic attractions ruined one of the old play-houses, and brought the other to the verge of bankruptcy. As a last resort, one of the conservative managers also brought out a troupe of high-salaried actors and covered the dead walls with flaming placards, but his efforts were unavailing: his doors were closed, and his leading men went over to the hated rival. Dire threats of vengeance were uttered, and one night, when the new house was crowded, pots of burning phosphorus were thrown upon the stage from the sky-light, and fires were lighted in all corners of the place. Audience and actors vanished like magic, and the fire was only

extinguished with much effort. There was intense excitement for several days, but soon the theater was opened again, and now quiet reigns once more in this dramatic world.

The front of the new Chinese theater on Washington street resembles the gable end of a Pennsylvania Dutch barn. It is three stories in height, and has the architectural finish of a country variety store. In the front, on a level with the sidewalk, is a small room shut off with glass doors and windows. Here sit several delicate-featured Chinese repairing watches and jewelry, while about the window, where massive gold rings and ornaments for the hair are displayed, several sight-seers are always gathered, flattening their noses against the panes—metaphorically, of course, for the Mongol nose is beyond the power of man to flatten. To the left of the shop is the main entrance, over which is the sign in gilt letters, "Grand Theater," with four hieroglyphics a foot tall, which express the same thing in more florid style. It is Saturday night, and business is "booming." The box-office is besieged. The foreign barbarian pays "two bits" (twenty-five cents) to the American door-keeper. Opposite is the Chinese ticket-taker, who attends to

the moon-eyed patrons. Pass up a short flight of steps, push aside a thick cloth curtain, and one suddenly emerges into the theater itself. An ancient smell of things Chinese greets the nose before a glimpse is caught of a single pig-tail. Here is a moderate-sized amphitheater, with an open stage at the farther end, and the intervening space packed with Chinese. Packed is the proper word, for they are sitting on low benches, and each bench accommodates as many persons as the seats of a horse-car when the rush for home and dinner has set in. It is a dark-looking crowd, covered with black, low-crowned hats. Only four white hats may be counted, and these are the huge, umbrageous, cream-colored *sombreros* for which the Yuba Bills of California mountain roads show so strong a partiality. No line separates orchestra from dress-circle. The floor rises by regular gradations, and at the rear of the room two flights of steep stairs lead to the balcony. This is also packed, and with a crowd as like to the one below as one Chinese is to another—a strong comparison, for Dromios are numerous, and a "Comedy of Errors" could be arranged from Chinese life with very little trouble. On a level with the balcony, and running forward to the stage, are two narrow galleries, the private boxes. One of these is reserved for the women, of whom several are always in attendance, usually accompanied by venerable-looking children. To-night they are out in great force, and their bright dresses furnish the only relief to the prevailing somberness. One damsel is conspicuous by her position. She half reclines on the hard bench, with her bare feet tilted on the front rail and visible to the entire house, which gazes with approval upon the nonchalance of her attitude and the grace with which she throws out rings of cigarette smoke. It is a broad oriental caricature of the foreign conception of the American in dignified repose.

The upper balcony is a good place for a view of the house, but a bad place for comfort. The temperature is like that of the second hot room in a Turkish bath. The odor is more powerful than below; but by this time the sense of smell has become blunted, temporarily paralyzed. The manager says there are three thousand people in the house. They sit in stolid quiet, the greater number smoking cigars or cigarettes. In among them moves an old man with a tin dish on his head, its many compartments filled with oranges, limes, nuts, sweetmeats, bits of sugar-cane, and pea-nuts. He worms his way in and out between the rows of men, occasionally finding a customer, and shows by his skill that he is several grades above

the awkward species of the same nuisance who haunts the galleries of American variety theaters. There is continual conversation among the audience in a low tone, and continual restlessness among those standing at the rear of the room, while two streams of incoming and outgoing patrons keep pouring through the narrow door-way.

But over all the murmur of conversation and the shuffling of shoes on the bare floor rises the unearthly noise of the orchestra. The musicians, seven in number, are placed along the back of the stage, facing the audience. In the middle is the leader, a tall, gaunt Chinese, who plays a diminutive fiddle with one string. This string is composed of many strands of horse-hair, and over it is drawn a bow of similar material. The sound produced is as shrill and ear-piercing as the high notes of a bagpipe. The leader is usually the sole accompanist to a mournful chant. When the sad and sentimental "business" is on, he devotes himself to this instrument. When the action begins, he drops his fiddle and seizes a pair of cymbals as big as a wash-tub, and brings them together with a crash which shakes the theatrical firmament. Next to him sits a melancholy-looking man, who pounds mechanically a brazen gong, pendent by a wire cord and on a level with his head. Beyond him one musician beats a disk of burnished brass with a small metal drumstick, while another sits astride of a small hobby-horse and plays a tattoo upon its head of polished wood. On the other side of the leader are three men who "pick" diminutive banjos, and alternate this discord with performances on a species of horn. The latter produces the only sound that, to English ears, bears the remotest kinship to melody. The devoted musicians remain through the entire performance of six hours, unbroken by a single "wait," and for the greater part of the time they work like galley-slaves. The speeches are delivered to slow music; all the combats, counter-marching, and pantomime which fill out their interminable dramas have their musical accompaniments. The stormy tirades of rival potentates are emphasized by the clash of cymbals and the clangor of gongs, while in mortal combat the entire band aids in spurring on the warriors to deeds of valor. The orchestra smokes almost to a man. It is separated from the actors on the stage by a long table, which serves as a convenient block for decapitating an enemy after a ferocious combat. Both sides of the stage are fringed with spectators, who stand about, as was the custom in Shakspeare's time, and until Garrick asserted the right of actors to undisputed pos-

session of the stage. Occasionally the Russian who acts as stage-manager comes on the boards and forces back the eager crowd, in order to give the "supers" a better opportunity to go through with their evolutions.

There is no scenery, no stage illusion, save what may be effected by picturesque costumes. The actors enter at the right by a door-way which is covered with a curtain, and make their exits on the opposite side. All the female characters are personated by men, and the green-room and the dressing-rooms are comprised in one apartment, about thirty feet long by ten feet wide. The narrow space is half-filled with huge, iron-banded trunks, packed with many choice properties, while the walls are hung with costumes. High up on a row of pegs are hung the helmets and head-dresses of the "stars" who play the parts of mandarins and governors of provinces. Many of these look like the burnished copper kettles of the careful New England housewife. The flowing robes of rich silks and satins are heavily embroidered with beads, gilt, and spangles. The room is crowded with performers in all stages of undress. Near the right-hand door stand the actors who are soon to receive their cues, while a file of guards is ready to move upon the stage at the word of command. Other performers are naked to the waist, and are rummaging in the chests to find their costumes. Cigarette-smoking is general, and all seem to be talking at once to no one in particular. The din is tremendous, and is only exceeded by that of the orchestra, which makes the thin partition tremble. The leading tragedian is smoking a cigarette and indulging in some good-natured badinage with my American companion, who speaks Chinese like a native of the Flowery Kingdom. Suddenly, an actor bursts in, there is a wailing cry from the man at the stage door, the guards file upon the stage, with the cigarette-smoking hero at their head, and a moment after we hear his strong, resonant voice, between the crashes of the cymbals, breathing threats of vengeance against his foes.

The drama that was presented on this occasion is known as "The Dragon Disputing Pearls." It is a play of intrigue, in which diplomacy takes the place of love. In fact, the tender passion, which lends the main interest to the dramatic literature of other nations, is almost wholly ignored by the Chinese playwrights. The majority of the national dramas turn upon the quarrels of petty dignitaries, and the arbitration by which these differences are settled. The mimic combats on the stage form a delicate travesty of the national method of warfare—full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. They also serve to show

another Chinese trait, common also to Homer's warriors—the braggadocio of the combatants, the unconscionable amount of brave words exchanged before a blow is struck.

In the drama referred to, the scene opens on the household of an Emperor, who is blessed with two wives. Each spouse represents a favored province that has shared in the honors and rewards of the royal choice. Each wife has borne a son, but to the son by the first wife belongs the inheritance of the throne. The fierce jealousy between the partisans of the two wives is communicated to the two brothers, and in a quarrel the younger slays his elder brother, throws the body into the river, and gives out the report of an accidental drowning. The truth of this domestic tragedy reaches the ears of the Emperor. He summons the younger wife and her son. In the mother's presence he kills her boy, but not before she has bruised his forehead in her struggle to save the youth. Injury to the Emperor's person is a capital offense, and the wife escapes death only by declaring that she is with child. A short time after she gives birth to a boy. The Emperor has a great desire to get possession of this infant heir to the throne. He succeeds in palming off a spurious infant on the nurse. The mother detects the fraud, ascertains where the genuine child is hidden, dons male attire, and at the head of an armed force (six "supers") marches to the province and demands her child. A long parley is held with the governor of the province, but when the imperial flag is shown, this functionary delivers up the infant, and the militant mother returns in triumph. The Emperor is struck with her ability, recognizes the child as his heir, and peace broods over the imperial household.

The performance of this play—one of the shortest in the theatrical repertory—was begun at six o'clock and ended at midnight. It was relieved by not a single sparkle of wit, not a solitary gleam of humor. The nearest approach to pleasantry was furnished by the speech of the Emperor when he killed his child. The mother exclaimed, "Alas! you have slain our son." To which his answer is: "Well, console yourself: I'm not going to kill him again." This brought out a burst of laughter from the audience; all seemed to regard it as a finished bit of humor. They looked on unmoved, however, when the gory corpse rose and retired from the stage, while a member of the orchestra handed to the murderer a false head, which he apostrophized in blood-curdling terms. The only other expression of enjoyment was elicited by the disguise of the mother in man's attire. When she stroked her long false beard, several of the spectators

laughed heartily, while a ripple of smiles passed over the stolid faces of the others. The rôles of the two wives were played by Chinese men with fine soprano voices. One was a skillful actor, and imitated many peculiar feminine traits and gestures with much nicety. The leading man, who was brought over from Peking, and whose salary is \$10,000 a year, has a face brim-full of fun. He succeeds in leavening with a comic element some of the heavy plays, and his command of all the stage "business" is consummate. When engaged in combat with a foe he whirls about like a spinning dervish, crosses long spears with marvelous rapidity, and, at the end, accompanies his triumphal song with a jig that would do credit to the burnt-cork brethren.

The amount of exertion required of the leading actor is amazing. He plays seven days in the week, and the performance each day lasts from six to eight hours. The theater is open at two o'clock every day, and short farces and comedies are given during the afternoon to audiences largely made up of women and children. At seven o'clock begins the regular evening performance, which does not end until after midnight. Frequently the same actors appear in both performances. Chinese actors evidently do not believe in the effectiveness of subdued intensity in histrionic art. They rant like a Bowery tragedian in a "b-loody" border drama, filling the stage with bluster and braggart airs. Nearly all their speeches are delivered in sing-song chant, enforced with facial contortions and lavish gestures. Defiance is hurled against an adversary to the full power of the speaker's voice; his distended eye and ferocious frown typify the workings of inward rage; his mouth betrays a capacity undreamed of at a casual glance. After this tension of the facial muscles has been carried on for some time, one fears that the actor will never be able to

regain command of his features. But though he may disappear in a whirlwind of wrath, his face showing demoniac rage and his voice husky with strident bellowing, he will come back in a few moments with a placid smile on his flat face, gay, jaunty, debonair. A horrible expression is given to some faces by a coat of white paint, streaked with black, while others are covered with equally hideous masks. All the grades of official life are represented by costume or head-dress. Governors of provinces are provided with small flags fastened by sticks to their shoulders, which give them a resemblance to martial cherubs. From their helmets also hang two long, drooping plumes, looking as though they were the antennæ of some gigantic cricket. The American who attempts to learn the significance of all these decorations soon gets lost in a hopeless tangle.

The theatrical customs of Peking, dear to the heart of the exiled Chinese, are sadly restricted by the local authorities of San Francisco. It was the fashion several years ago to begin performances at nine o'clock at night, and protract them far into the small hours of the morning. But the Americans who live in the vicinity of the theaters did not relish this method of making night hideous. Their slumbers were rendered fitful and uneasy by the penetrating squeak of the one-stringed fiddle and the clamor of the gongs and cymbals. An ordinance was passed closing the doors of the theaters at midnight, to the deep disgust of the fashionable Chinese. For the American, however, two or three hours of the noisy spectacle are enough. One emerges from the smoke-laden atmosphere into the fresh night-air with the same sense of relief felt in escaping from a railway-car, after an entire day spent amid the dust and grime and clatter of the train. The confused sound of that awful orchestra still rings in the ears, and its barbaric strains tyrannize over one's dreams.

George H. Fitch.

WILHELMINA.

A PORTRAIT.

A PATIENT sadness in the lovely face,
That melts to tenderness within the eyes,
Now dark, now bright, as in the dew-drop lies
A shadow brightening in a sunny place;
Deep dimples in the cheeks that overflow
When laughter rises from the brimming heart;
Soft folds of lustrous hair; lips half apart,
As if a kiss escaped and left them so;
One fair hand thrown aside in careless gesture,
To grasp the rose down-fallen in her vesture:
The rose is passing sweet, yet lacks it grace
To keep me longer from that sweeter face!

Clifford Lanier.

OPERA IN NEW YORK. IV.



MARIO.

IN the season of 1854, after some miscellaneous performances of opera, by miscellaneous companies at miscellaneous places, New York was called upon to welcome two artists whose reputations had been more widely known, for ten or fifteen years, than those of any other two in the world. On the 4th of September, 1854, Grisi and Mario made their first appearance in America at Castle Garden, in "Lucrezia Borgia." Susini, who had a noble bass voice, and who looked as if he were what he had been, a colonel of cavalry, was the *Duke Alfonso*. The price of seats had been raised to three dollars, and the choice of them was put up at auction. The advent of these distinguished artists produced a very perceptible ripple upon the surface of society; but there was no great excitement. The audience was large, but the Castle was not thronged, as it had been for Jenny Lind. Grisi was very warmly welcomed; but there was a queer little misunderstanding between her and her audience. *Lucrezia* enters upon the scene

masked, and, as often as Grisi attempted to go on with the performance, such applause broke forth as made it impossible for her to do so. She had to curtsy again and again profoundly before her audience ceased this demonstration of welcome. The case was that the people who gave her such an unusual welcome thought that courtesy would dictate to her the removal of her mask one moment, that she might receive and acknowledge their greeting in her own person. The *début* was undeniably successful; but no very profound impression was produced on the musical public until, in the second week, Grisi appeared as *Norma*. The performances of the two distinguished artists were undeniably very fine. Grisi, although showing in person and in voice that she was past her prime, was superb, and Mario, who was in his prime, both of voice and person, sang exquisitely; but there was a certain degree of disappointment. This was due, in a great measure, to the fact that Grisi and Mario brought to the New Yorkers nothing remarkably new or striking, either in music or in its performance. They sang the old operas very admirably in the received style, and according to the received models, which they, indeed, had largely contributed to form. But for that very reason they gave their New York public no fresh sensation. Of Grisi's *Norma*, in which part she appeared on the 11th of September, I find the following appreciation in the "Courier and Enquirer" of the next morning:

"Madame Grisi's *Norma* differs in no respect, as to its conception, from several others that we have enjoyed before; it is only, in some respects, better in execution. We cannot remember a situation in the opera which she treated in a spirit at all new to us, except the scene in which she listened to *Adalzisa's* relation of the birth and growth of her love. Grisi stood with her back to the girl, and, as the tale was told, and the memory of the dawn of her own passion was awakened by the timid confession of her companion in guilt, the face of the Arch-Druidess beamed with tender joy; she clasped her trembling fingers timidly; her breathing was as gentle as a child's; her eyes were bright with the light of youthful love; and then, for the first time, we saw how lovely Grisi must have been. The scene which follows this was as grand as wrath and scorn hurled from female lips can be. The woman towered above her towering passion, which did not make her repulsive, but the object of it pitiable. Her eye flashed his doom upon him; her arms waved the vengeance of heaven down to him; she spurned him with her voice, as a man spurns with his foot the thing that he most loathes; she looked a beautiful Fury. Her vocalization of the passage which the composer has assigned to this situation was in-



GRISI.

comparably fine—brilliant, powerful, impetuous. Her voice seemed unrestrained by consciousness, and abandoned to the sway of her all-controlling rage. The notes flashed out like lightning, and when they were arrested with the same suddenness with which lightning vanishes into darkness, there was just an appreciable instant of utter silence; and then the thunder shook the house. Few who saw it will forget that scene. The finale, the pathos of which is so grand and so touching, she gave with all the dramatic power of which she is supreme mistress. One action was new, and may possibly have been a happy inspiration of the moment. As *Polliane* knelt at her feet repentant, and again her lover, but too late, there was a silent moment; one hand fell from her averted face upon his shoulder. She drew it gently but firmly away, and, as it passed across his head, it lingered for an instant, and its mute fingers told an agony of love and grief beyond the utterance of words. Her singing of 'Casta Diva' was valuable more as an indication of her conception of the music than as a remarkable execution of it. And yet, even thus rendered, it was a study for the lovers of art. The woman's style is so incomparably fine, so unexceptionably correct. As a mere vocalist, we are inclined to doubt her preëminence, even in the plenitude of her powers."

(Sontag, always kind and generous in her criticisms, said to me once: "Madame Grisi cannot sing"; and, judged by Sontag's standard, Grisi could not sing.)

After a few more performances, including "I Puritani," which was received with great favor, these eminent artists were withdrawn from Castle Garden, which had become most inconveniently remote from the habitat of opera-going New Yorkers, who then were obliged to drive between three and four miles down to the opera, and back again at a late hour. It had been happily thought that their

assistance would give distinction to an event of some importance in the musical annals of New York, one which brings me near to the end of my task—the opening of the Academy of Music. This took place on the 2d of October, 1854, the opera being "Norma." I find to my surprise, on referring to my contemporary record of the occasion, published the next morning, that the audience was neither very large nor very brilliant. At the Academy, Grisi and Mario repeated the operas which they had performed before; and added to them "La Favorita," "Don Giovanni," and "Lucia di Lammermoor." *Edgaro* is such a test part for a great operatic tenor that I shall not apologize for repeating here a criticism written when I was fresh from Mario's performance of it:

"Signor Mario, though not in perfect voice, vocalized the charming music of the two airs in the finale in a style quite worthy of his great reputation. His tones were full of tenderness and sorrow. He had tears in his voice,—gentle tears, however, discreetly measured, and daintily poured out. He sang '*Fra poco a me ricorro*' with such exquisite appreciation of light and shade, such a sustained and symmetrical flow of voice, such delicate inflections and modulations, and withal such a lachrymose expression, that it seemed as if nothing audible could be more exquisitely shaded, more symmetrical, delicate, or lachrymose, until he sang '*Tu che a Dio*,' which was the climax of his complainings, and of his vocal skill. But we confess that in the recitative which introduces this scene we missed that expression of the emotions of *Ravenwood* which it may be made to embody, and which, considering the dramatic requirements of the situation, is of far greater value than any exhibition of skill and taste in vocalization. Signor Allegri's pencil, charged with the hues of passion and of sadness, had in a measure performed the office of the two acts of the drama which find in this scene their culmination, and we looked for the entrance of a man whose visage and whose very gait told utter wretchedness, and the tones of whose voice were modulated by despair, and hate, and love. When he uttered:

'Tombe degli avi miei, l'ultimo avanzo
D'una stirpe infelice,
Deh raccogliete voi.'

our ears were eager for the accents of one who felt that he was the last of an unhappy race, and who came deliberately to lay himself and his weight of woe among those who were akin to him no less in fortune than in blood. When the next phrase fell from his lips,

'Cessa dell' ira
Il breve fuoco!—sul nemico acciaio
Abbandonar mi vo.'

we longed for the inflections and the tones of one who was so utterly bowed down with manly grief, so lonely and abandoned in his crushing sorrow, that he met his mortal enemy only to seek death from his sword. When he continued,

'Per me la vita
E' orrendo peso!—l'universo intero
E' un deserto per me senza Lucia!'

we wanted a voice that, whether we would or no, pierced our very heart of hearts, to make us feel that

to him life was in very deed a burthen, and that all the beauty of the earth and the glory of the heavens was naught to him. Above all did we demand that when he uttered '*Ingrata donna!*' he should do it in the tones and with the manner of a man who was stung to the soul by a cruel wrong; who was not merely grieving the loss of a beloved mistress, but who thought with bitterness that the last pang of a life of suffering was inflicted by the 'ungrateful lady' to whom he had sacrificed even the revenge which he had sworn upon his father's ashes. We looked for a *Ravenwood* the intensity of whose grief and wrath was tempered and dignified by manliness of mien and severe simplicity of manner; who bore about him the consciousness that he was the last of a proud and fallen race; and therefore when Signor Mario begged *Lucia* so pathetically to respect at least the ashes of him who died for her, we were not satisfied; we demanded an utterance which amid all its grief was less a prayer which she could not refuse to grant than a mandate which she would not dare to disobey. Nay, even in pathos, when pathos should have been grand, we found the great Mario wanting. We listened in vain for the heart-rending tones in which *Edgar*, knowing by premonition the answer he will receive, should exclaim:

'Di chi mai, di chi mai, di chi piangete?'

and in vain for that cry of anguish which is wrung from him when the question is answered. The one was a beautifully vocalized phrase, the other an exquisitely diminished note; but they were nothing more. Signor Mario has the sweetest tenor voice in the world, and is supreme master of all the delicate mysteries of *nuance*; he is the prince of romance singers; but there are effects that cannot be compassed by a sweet voice and *nuance*, and which are beyond, we will not say above, the reach of the romance singer. So at least we think; and we find that our demands are not altogether the requirements of an ideal standard, but reminiscences of past delights. Shall we ever see or hear a *Ravenwood* again—fierce, gloomy, passionate; abandoned alternately to his haughty pride, his implacable revenge, and his devoted love? Is it because we have grown a few years older and more world-worn that 'the music and the doleful tale' can thrill our hearts no longer? Or is it true that the breath from no other lips can so make music with our heart-strings?"

This criticism is filled with a reminiscence of *Edgar* as performed by Benedetti, of whom I have spoken in the second of these sketches. As a vocalist he was no more to be compared to Mario than a garnet is to a diamond; but he was red with warm blood. In the concert-room he appeared to little advantage; but on the stage his accents and his action alike stirred the heart to its very depths. After seeing and hearing his *Edgar* and Antognini's, Mario's was tame and puppet-like. He married Truffi, the magnificent, and took her to Italy.

And here, at the opening, by the two most distinguished artists in the world, of our fourth, and, as it has proved, our permanent opera-house, let us pause a moment. I have passed, lightly of necessity, and unsystematically by design, but with reasonable attention to the order of time, over a period of hardly

more than a quarter of a century; and we are still eight years from that landmark, the war. And yet we have seen, as the musical experience of New York in that remote twenty-five years, the enjoyment of the performances of such artists of the highest rank as Malibran, Signor Garcia, Caradori, De Begnis, Bosio, Jenny Lind, Alboni, Sontag, Grisi, and Mario; while of artists of the second and third rank, who yet were not without notable European reputations, there had been enough to make a chorus. The intelligent appreciation of all of these, shown equally by the complete and unhesitating recognition of such unknown artists as Malibran and Bosio, and the partial and discriminating admiration of such celebrities as Sontag, Grisi, and Mario, shows in New York audiences of former days a capacity of musical apprehension and an independence of judgment which, joined to the rich experience of those past years, should teach some critics, at home as well as abroad, whose acquaintance with New York was made "since the war," that neither her musical culture nor her familiarity with great operatic artists began with the dawning of their knowledge of the world and of music.

The opportune presence in New York of two such eminent artists as Grisi and Mario when the Academy of Music was finished was, however, due not to the managerial powers that ruled the destinies of the Academy, but to a speculative enterprise of the distinguished actor, Mr. James H. Hackett (father of the late Recorder Hackett), who brought the pair to the United States to make money by them. In this Mr. Hackett was successful; but it is probable that he and the great soprano and the great tenor were the only persons who profited by the undertaking. He received, as he admitted, some sixty thousand and odd dollars above all his expenses, including of course the sum which he had guaranteed to Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, without which guarantee they would not have crossed the Atlantic. It has been thus for more than a hundred years. Artists who have attained a position on the operatic stage will always find managers or speculators ready to engage their services, pay all their expenses and guarantee them large salaries. They do not sing without security; and whoever may lose—and somebody generally loses—by their performances, they do not. Mr. Hackett, making his contract with the managers of the Academy (a few New York gentlemen who had stepped in to sustain and conduct the new enterprise) was both the representative and the proprietor of Grisi and Mario, and therefore, like them, he was secured against loss. But notwithstanding the celebrity of the



LOUISA FYNE.

artists, the money received at their performances was not sufficient to meet the expense involved. It was found that even with a continued succession of the largest audiences which had yet been gathered in the Academy (and they had been large as well as brilliant), the management would be loser at the rate of *about two thousand dollars weekly*. Such losses are not uncommon in the conduct of opera. They fall upon the manager, the owners of the opera-houses, the tradesmen, and the artisans employed by them, and sometimes upon the poor chorus singers, and the orchestral performers; never, or very rarely, upon the principal artists.

The inevitable result of this condition of financial things at the Academy was that its managers closed their engagement with Mr. Hackett as soon as possible. The Academy was opened with Grisi and Mario on the 2d of October, 1854, with much flourish and high expectations; by the middle of December the virtual bankruptcy of the management was admitted, if not announced, and Mr. Hackett withdrew with his forces. After a brief visit to Boston, they returned to New York, and appeared at the Metropolitan Theater. Here they gave only three or four performances before they took their departure for Europe. The operas were "Norma," "La Favorita," "Don Giovanni," and "Semiramide." Grisi appeared to great advantage in all of these operas. She was, indeed, not quite equal to the lofty vocal style required for the style of "Don Giovanni"; and in "Non mi dir" and the trio in masks, her singing was of coarser quality than her music. And not only was she a notably mature-looking *Donna Anna*, but the costume of the part enhanced a certain defect in her carriage which that of other

parts palliated, and which at worst, strange to say, was not without its charm—a peculiarity in her gait which was certainly the most alluring awkwardness that ever caught the eye of man. Mario distinguished himself as *Don Ottavio* (a part in which great tenors are reluctant to appear, as they are in that of *Pollione*), and he sang "Il mio tesoro" with a purity and grace which seemed the perfection of vocalization. But Grisi never appeared to such advantage, in New York at least, as in "Semiramide." Her port and person suited the character of the semi-barbarous Assyrian queen, and the splendid costume with its trailing robes suited her. Indeed, the performance of "Semiramide" by the Grisi and Mario company was for several reasons an event of some mark in the history of opera in New York.

This, however, was less because of the intrinsic merit of the work than because of certain incidents of the occasion, as it was remarked immediately after the performance. Rossini's genius has rarely, indeed, found more brilliant manifestation than in some passages of "Semiramide"; and yet it is, both as a drama and as a musical composition, so incongruous, so monstrous, that, regarded in its entirety as a work of art, it is laughably absurd—only less so than "Die Zauberflöte," that mine of gems of melody and harmony. Its libretto treats a grand and tragic theme in a style which would justly provoke disparaging criticism in the nursery; and its music, never rising



BRIGNOLL.

even to true dignity, although sometimes to pompousness, vibrates between sensuous splendor and sensuous triviality. To situations truly awful, as, for instance, the scene immediately succeeding the apparition of

Ninus, the composer has awarded strains which ought to set the whole Assyrian court dancing, led off by Semiramis and the chief of the Magi, and brought up with the vigor



ROMCONI.

and unction of their race by the sable youths who bear the presents of the King of India; and for others dignified and solemn, as where the principal personages swear obedience to the Queen, he has written only graceful and pleasing melodies which can hardly be saved by a sustained pomp of utterance from dwindling into prettiness. But it was not Rossini's fault that he could not write tragic music; and, if the world must needs have tragic dramas furnished with lyric utterance by the popular composer of the day, the world must sometimes be content to hear the voice of Thalia issuing from the mask of Melpomene.

Grisi did all that could be done by mature beauty, by queenly bearing, and by singing which was grandiose, if not simply grand, to set off this music, and Mario appeared unwontedly in the minor tenor part, charming the female half of his audience by the beauty and quaint richness of his costume, one noted item of which was a pale green India shawl, so fine that it could have been drawn through a lady's bracelet, which he wore as a girdle.

On this occasion Signorina Vestvali burst upon the astonished gaze of New York, which as *Arsace*, the Assyrian commander-in-chief, she might have expected to take by storm. And rarely, indeed, had a more formidably handsome woman made that attack. Her contralto voice was fresh, full, sympathetic, and of unusual compass, but it had the happiness to dwell in a body of such entire and stately symmetry, and to be aided by a countenance so blooming with healthful beauty,

so radiant, and so expressive, that her singing could not be judged with exact and impartial justice, until her judges were smitten with blindness. She was the tallest woman that I ever saw upon the stage; I believe the tallest woman I ever encountered; but she was also one of the most beautifully formed. Indeed, as she moved so superbly about as the martial *Arsace*, her helmed head overtopping that of every woman on the stage, it seemed as if Britomart had stepped out of the pictured pages of the "Faerie Queen," or, "so proud were her looks yet sweet," as if, Argante-like, we saw the vision of Tasso's Clarinda in her panoply. For, in his own words, as they were translated two hundred and fifty years ago, by Fairfax:

"Like her it was in armor and in weed,
In statue, beauty, countenance, and face,
In looks, in speech, in gesture, and in pace."

She made, for the moment, a tremendous sensation; but it was soon discovered by her eye-charmed New York audience that this magnificent singing animal was a very incomplete artist; that her voice, although equal in all its register, had not been sufficiently worked to conceal its breaks, as it passed from one register to another, that her method was imperfect, that her style was always declamatory, and that she frequently sang out of tune. Moreover, magnificent as she was, she was too large. Of all which the consequence was that she soon disappeared from the opera boards of New York, and was no more heard of.

This performance of "Semiramide" was also graced by the appearance of another woman, the dark splendor of whose beauty still lights up the memory of those who had the good fortune to see her; and whose grace was



MARIA PICCOLOMINI.

not less charming than her beauty. This was the Señorita Soto, a young Spanish dancer, who united in their perfection all the personal charms which are assumed to be characteristically Spanish, but which are rarely seen in Spanish women. The alluring charm natural to her face was enhanced by a lazy coquetry, which ever and anon was enlivened by the flashes of her dark, bright eyes. She was as supple as a greyhound, and as lithe as a serpent. Her grace of carriage and of movement was so remarkable and so peculiar, that one morning, some weeks after she had left New York and was supposed to be in Mexico or Cuba, I, walking down Broadway with a friend, and observing a female figure somewhat in advance of us on the other side of the street, dressed in a rumpled brown linen traveling suit, with a fan in her hand, said, after looking a moment, "That is Soto." My friend laughed at my confident assertion of the identity of a woman of whose back only we had had a glimpse; but when we had quickened our pace a little and crossed the street, his laugh was changed to expressions of admiration of the beautiful Spaniard; for Soto it was. I think that I was aided in my diagnosis by the turn of her wrist as she opened and shut her fan. A well-trained Spanish woman performs this little feat with an unconscious, languid grace attainable by no other sort of woman in the world. On the evening in question the attractions of Grisi and Mario and Vestvali were supplemented by those of this splendid dancing woman, which made the occasion one of mark. For although it was somewhat at variance with the truth of history, about which there is so much talk of late years, for Semiramis and all the rank and fashion of Nineveh to stay a solemn ceremony, Anno 2180 B. C., that a handsome Spanish girl in a crimson bodice and short and flimsy skirt might dance "La Zingarella" before the image of Belus; still under the circumstances the severest critic had not the heart to find fault with the fair Iberian, either for being a trifle of three thousand years out of place or for not conforming her costume to the fashion of the country and the period in which she found herself.

The Academy of Music was reopened on the 19th of February, 1855, under the management of the very distinguished Norse violinist, Ole Bull, who leased that vast and splendid void for a short season. Among his artists were Clotilde Patti, Vestvali, Brignoli, and Badiali; and he offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best original grand opera by an American composer on an American subject; the copyright to be retained by the author—a vain proposal and an unwise

limitation. Music is not cultivated thus; neither by prize-giving, nor by efforts to elevate art and encourage native artists, and still less by insisting upon native subjects. The whole history of literature and of the fine arts is a rebuke to such folly. It was in keeping with this project that Ole Bull should go to ruin as a manager with greater speed than any of his predecessors. He did not last two months; and his short managerial career is worthy of this brief warning notice only because of his distinction as a violin virtuoso, and because in that capacity he had shown no less skill in manipulating public curiosity than in handling his instrument.

And now we pause for a while in following the course of Italian opera to glance backward briefly upon the career of an English prima donna of distinction who visited New York about this time. Miss Louisa Pyne made her first appearance in America at the Broadway theater, on the 9th of October, 1854, in "La Sonnambula." She came of a family which had already produced an artist of some note, the well-known English tenor Pyne being her father's brother. After singing in concerts she made her *début* in opera at Boulogne, in 1849, and from that time continued to grow in public favor. Her voice was a light soprano, of delicious quality, more than common compass, and very flexible. Her method was unexceptionally good, no Italian vocalist of her day being her superior in this respect except Albani, if a discrimination can be made between two perfections of the same sort. Her intonation was singularly certain, and her execution delicate and finished to the highest degree. Her style was good; never in violation of taste; but it was somewhat tame and colorless. In person, she was a little below the middle height, with light blue eyes and pale brown hair; but although this made her not a very effective figure on the stage, these rather negative traits were strengthened and enlivened by the intelligence and expressiveness of her countenance. Although her New York audience had been accustomed to see handsomer, or at least more impressive, women as primadonnas on their operatic boards, they were not slow to recognize the fine musical abilities of the new-comer, who at once took a high place in public favor. She added "The Bohemian Girl" and Wallace's "Maritana" to "Sonnambula," the composer himself conducting "Maritana." She remained in America two years and more, and left the country not only profited by her pecuniary success but benefited by the discipline of her American audiences. Her country-woman, Miss E. C. Clayton, who wrote a sketch of her life, re-



FARRERA ROSA.

marks that "it was noticed that Miss Pyne's transatlantic experiences had given her confidence and knowledge of the stage, both in singing and acting, while her voice, though it had lost somewhat of its power, had gained in mellowness and richness." In fact, Louisa Pyne was the great English vocalist of her day; and had she been more impressive in person and in manner, and the possessor of a more powerful voice, she would have been a great prima donna. In vocalization she had no superior but Jenny Lind and Alboni. She did much to cultivate the taste of the English opera-going public in America.

This sketch does not profess to give a complete list of performers or of performances, to read which would be as toilsome and barren a task as to write it; but the appearance of such an artist as the baritone Amodio must not be passed over, coincident as it was, too, with the first performance in America of Verdi's "Il Trovatore." This took place at the Academy of Music on the 30th of April, 1855. The opera at once became a favorite; and so, also, did the singer whom it introduced to the New York public. Amodio had one of the most beautiful baritone voices ever heard. It was of almost unexampled richness and sweetness,—a large, free-flowing voice, and seeming almost as flexible as that of a *tenore di grazia*. His vocalization was remarkably good and his style pleasing,—a serene, very simple, *cantabile* style. But he had little dramatic power, and his deficiency in this respect was emphasized by the unfitness of his person for the stage. He was fatter than Alboni, and no taller. He was *Falstaff* sing-

ing in Italian. When he appeared in a close and antique costume, with a little round hat upon his little head, he looked like a plum-pudding set upon sausages. And yet so beautiful was his voice and so pleasing his style, that he was the favorite baritone in New York for some years.

On the occasion of the production of "Il Trovatore," the *Leonora* was Signora Steffanone, the *Azucena*, Signorina Vestvali, who have been particularly spoken of before. The *Manrico* was Signor Brignoli, a tenor who took Benedetti's place for some years in New York, where he was a great favorite, chiefly with very young ladies. For the temper and the constitution of the New York audiences had changed; and the young woman of the period had elbowed her way much nearer the front as an arbiter in art and elegance. Her admiration of Brignoli was not greatly to the credit of her taste. He had one of those tenor voices that seem like the bleating of a sheep made musical. His method was perfectly good; but he sang in a very commonplace style, and was as awkward as the man that a child makes by sticking two skewers into a long potato; and he walked the stage, hitching forward first one side and then the other, much as the child would make his creature walk. But he was a very "nice" young man, was always ready to sing, and, *faute de mieux*, it became the fashion with very young ladies to like him. But there never was a tenor of any note in New York whose singing was so utterly without character or significance, and who was so deficient in histrionic ability. His high and long-continued favor is one of those puzzling popular freaks not uncommon in dramatic annals.

In the spring of 1855 there was "fat in the fire" at the Academy of Music. Incompetent management, jealousy between rival singers, furious strife between rival musical agents, and interference of influential newspapers combined to make Italian opera at that time in New York the most inharmonious and, indeed, actively discordant institution that could be found in the country. There was a three-cornered kind of duel in which, however, each party desired to destroy the other two, and for the moment it seemed as if each one would succeed in its wishes, with the disappearance of all as a consequence, and the closing of the Academy for an indefinite period. The details of such squabbles are utterly without interest when they have subsided; and it is only necessary to say here that this one was quieted by an arrangement for the appearance at the Academy of the La Grange company, so called from the name of its prima donna and principal artist. Madame



CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, IN AIDA.

de La Grange's voice was a soprano of extraordinary compass and very pleasing quality. It was not notably powerful, but it was very telling even in concerted music, and was heard through and above the din and clang of a finale, so penetrating were its vibrations. Withal she vocalized the most intricate passages with such delicately perfect execution as is attained only by the few among the leading singers of a generation. It is very rarely that the possessor of a voice and a vocal style of this kind has dramatic style or histrionic ability; but Madame La Grange possessed both. She did not, however, take a position among the great prima donnas—mainly, I am inclined to think, because of deficiencies purely personal. She was not an ugly woman, nor an ungraceful one; but her lean and lady-like figure was not attractive, nor was her voice or her manner what is called "sympathetic." Such various qualities

go to the making of that complex captivating creature, a great prima donna, and of this variety so much is purely personal—pertaining, that is, to the woman irrespective of the artist. Grisi, one of the most admired and petted among prima donnas, and one of those who reigned longest, was a notable instance of the superiority of the feminine to the artistic element of attraction.

With Madame de La Grange appeared a notably good tenor named Mirate. He was one of the handsomest men seen upon the New York operatic stage since the time of Fornasari. His voice was a pure, robust tenor, fresh and of a delicious sympathetic quality, and well delivered. His presence was noble, the very ideal of what a manly tenor should be; and his manner, although somewhat artificial, commanded attention if not always admiration. His defect was a heaviness of style in singing, and a lack of lightness and



ADELINA PATTI.

spirit upon the stage. He was much admired at first; but before long he began to be admired reluctantly, because he was found dull; and dullness is the one thing that dullness never can forgive. I do not remember (for I am

now writing from my own memory of musical events), nor discover that the favor of this tenor with the noble person and the noble voice lasted more than one season; and I believe that it endured hardly so long. I

remember how his singing was as *Don Ottavio* in "Don Giovanni"; and that he gave us the air "*Dalla tua pace*," which is rarely heard even in Europe, because first-rate tenors do not take the part; and even among first-rate tenors not all can easily compass this beautiful air which requires the most perfect cantabile style, and also a power of *sostenuto* in the upper register which is very rare.

On the 31st of December, 1855, the Academy was closed after a moderately successful season, in which Madame de La Grange, Amodio, and Brignoli were the principal attractions, and it was not opened again until March 1856, when the same artists re-appeared, reinforced at times by the always admirable and always admired Badiali, who had not yet won his European reputation nor even thought of going to London. As to the operas performed about this time, it is needless to specify them. They were the same that were performed all over the operatic world, in Paris, London, St. Petersburg, etc.,—Verdi, Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, with once in a while Rossini.

The winter season of 1857-58 introduced two artists of distinguished ability to the audiences at the Academy—Madame D'Angri and Carl Formes. Madame D'Angri was a contralto, endowed by nature with a full, rich voice and impassioned manner, which gave her, in a large degree, a certain kind of dramatic power. She had also a fine artistic sense. She was not attractive personally, and she made her principal success as the gipsy mother, *Azucena*, in "Il Trovatore." Yet, such are the demands of the stage and such the versatility, real and supposed, of artists, and such their ambition, that this large, strong, middle-aged woman appeared also as *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni." To see her play the coquette, and hear her sing "*Vedrai carino*," was like eating tough mutton with mint sauce.

Carl Formes lacked but two of the qualifications for a great lyric artist,—tact as an actor and true intonation as a singer. He had a grand stage presence, a voice noble in quality and in volume, a fine dramatic style of singing, with tragic power, and humor, too, although these were rather Germanish; and to all this he added, or rather into all this he inspired, that unnamable quality which interests, irrespective of skill and art, or even of personal appearance. He was very impressive, both as *Bertrand* in "Robert le Diable," and as *Leporello* in "Don Giovanni." But he sang out of tune so much that he as often gave as much pain as pleasure to sensitive hearers; and in his acting, with all its spirit and force, he so frequently passed the limits prescribed by the reserves of art that his brief career in America

resulted in failure, notwithstanding his European reputation.

This season of 1857-8, which was declared by the management to be "the longest and most prosperous season ever given at the Academy of Music," was closed by the production of Mr. William H. Fry's grand opera, "*Leonora*," the libretto of which was written by his brother, Mr. J. R. Fry. This opera had been previously produced in Philadelphia with great success. It was on the whole much admired in New York, and some of its airs became popular. Its composer was not only an accomplished musician and critic, but a man born with the creative musical faculty and also with fine perceptions in musical rhetoric and the requirements in this respect of the lyric drama. His opera, like the early work of all artists, was so colored by the tone of his predecessors as to seem almost an imitation, now of one and now of another; but it also showed a constructive power and a mastery of the resources of the opera, vocal and instrumental, which promised, with encouragement and time, to produce something of which musical Americans might have been proud. But he did not have encouragement, nor yet time; he soon fell ill of a decline, which went on steadily until his death.

In the spring of 1858, the Italian opera bloomed out again in its humble old nook in a very remarkable manner. At Burton's theater in Chambers street, (the old Palmo's Opera house,) there was a very short season, in which Ronconi made his first appearance in New York. It was as *Dr. Dulcamara* in "*L'Elisir d'Amore*." The *Adina* was Madame de La Grange; but the interest of all the more intelligent lovers of the lyric drama, was concentrated upon Ronconi. With them he at once took place as the greatest artist that had been seen on the operatic stage of New York, since a time whereof their memory ran not to the contrary. He appeared also in "*Il Barbiere*" and in "*Linda di Chamouni*." It might be said that he was equally great in all these dissimilar parts, if he had not been greatest in the last. *Dr. Dulcamara* is a part which pertains to broad farce; *Figaro* carries light comedy to the extreme possible on the lyric stage; *Antonio* is tragic, and in Ronconi's hands it became grandly tragic. He had performed *Dulcamara* with a rankness which would have passed the limits of the permissible but for the richness of his humor and his artistic tact; his *Figaro* was a ceaseless bubbling, sparkling flow of gaiety and fun; and with the memory of these performances in the minds of his audience, he came before them to simulate the woes of a bereaved and

shame-stricken father in humble life, and it proved that he came to achieve the success of a great tragedian. From no tragic actor that had been seen in New York for twenty years, or that has been seen since, saw and heard we such an overpowering expression of love, and grief, and woe, and manly dignity as from Ronconi in the second act of "Linda," in which he finds his way into his lost daughter's chamber. Here he burst into a passion that was heroic; here he rose into grandeur. His singing and his action were alike in the largest, noblest style; his every accent, his every gesture was simply and nobly pathetic. When throwing upon the ground his daughter's alms, he cried out:

"L'elemosina a suo padre
La mia Linda non può far,"

the anguish in the tone of his voice, the horror in his countenance, and the wounded dignity of his bearing, surpassed in pathos and in noble passion anything that I ever heard and saw upon the stage;—I will not except the performances of Salvini, nor even those of Rachel. The only approach to it that I ever saw on the lyric stage was by that grand torso of a tenor Antognini. It must have been by an intuitive dramatic sense that Ronconi attained his great effects. His voice was not remarkable, even among voices of the second grade; his vocalization was good, but it would not have attracted attention in itself; he sometimes sang out of tune; in person he was not striking either as to face or figure; and yet he was—Ronconi, greatest among the lyric artists of his day.

In the autumn of 1858 the Academy reopened with a company which demands no special consideration; and at Burton's a rival company performed, among the members of which were Madame Gazzaniga, Madame Patti-Strakosch, and Signor Brignoli. The conductor was Maurice Strakosch, who had become a personage of importance among the musicians of New York, because of his musical and managerial ability no less than because of his connection with the musical Barili-Patti family which was to produce the most admired prima-donna of her time.

In the autumn of this year, 1858, there appeared at the Academy a young Italian lady who had risen within two years into what may be called a favorable musical notoriety, for it was not fame. Before the spring of 1856, no one beyond the circle of her own family and friends had heard of Maria Piccolomini; and yet in the winter of 1856, and in 1857, she was singing and making a sensation in London and Paris. She was of the well-

known noble Italian family, the Piccolomini, and was connected with others of the same quality. Nevertheless, she appeared on the stage when she was but sixteen years old, and made a great success—of a certain sort. After two seasons more of this success in Europe, she came to reap her share of the golden rewards which America bestows upon its favorites.

Signorina Piccolomini first sang before a New York audience on the 20th of October, 1858, in Verdi's "La Traviata." This opera had been much heard in New York just before that time; but it was well selected for Signorina Piccolomini's *début*; for the part of *Violetta* was one in which she had attained not only a great but a peculiar distinction. On this occasion there appeared upon the programmes the following "Particular Notice," the first of its kind that I remember having seen: "As Mlle. Piccolomini appears immediately on the rising of the curtain, visitors are particularly requested to be in their seats before eight. Those who should arrive later can be conducted to their seats only on the conclusion of the *Brindisi* by Mlle. Piccolomini." The lesson and the purpose of the latter sentence are better than its language, and after this good beginning a like restraint was frequently placed upon the disturbing powers of late comers both at operas and at concerts.

When the curtain did rise it showed a childish, over-dressed figure, almost like a great show-doll. When the little prima donna sang, it was, if not in a doll-like, almost in a childish way. Her voice was quickly recognized as a fresh, light soprano, of good compass, flexible, and quite pleasant in quality. As to her singing, it was well enough; but New York had amateurs who were her superiors both in vocalization and in dramatic power. Between her singing and that of Mrs. R —, or Miss G —, there could be no hesitation as to preference. Nor was she either beautiful or a good actress. And yet, when the curtain which had been lifted with such unusual precaution came down, she had again achieved her peculiar success. The truth about Mlle. Piccolomini was that she was the most perfectly lady-like coquette that had been seen on the lyric stage of her generation. She played the coquette on the stage; she played the coquette with her audience: her very grief was coquettish; she was tragic with an alluring glance; and she died in the most piquant manner. She sang always prettily, and sometimes brilliantly. But what was her singing to the way in which she tripped across the stage, and flirted her handkerchief so that every



CHRISTINE NILSSON.

man in the house thought that he had a personal interest in the maneuver? And yet she always impressed her audiences with the sense that she was a gentlewoman. Indeed, seeing Piccolomini was, to the public, like getting a glimpse of private theatricals of the very highest grade, socially and artistically. This was the secret of Piccolomini's brief success, and this was all. As a vocalist or as an actress she demands no particular consideration. She appeared in "La Figlia del

Reggimento," "La Zingara," "Don Pasquale," as *Susanna* in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and as *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni." Had she been a true artist, the last-named part would have been a triumph for her. But it was not so. She was very charming to the superficial eye; she flirted about in the prettiest manner possible, and played the coquette with a relish that communicated itself to her audience; nor was her singing without grace. But both in conception and in execution her *Zerlina* was poor, thin, very second-rate, and intellectually vulgar. She produced no serious impression in New York, and she soon returned to Europe, where, after a brief struggle, she sank into obscurity.

The season of 1859 was remarkable for two musical events—one the first complete performance in America of Mozart's "Zauberflöte," the other the first appearance of a new and very young prima donna. On one of my visits some years before to Madame Barili-Patti, before mentioned, whom I found to be a very motherly looking, if not matronly seeming, woman, who showed all of her forty-five or fifty years, I observed a slender, swarthy, bright-eyed little girl, in short skirts, who ran into the room and chirped at her mother, and ran out of it, caroling as she went through the passage-way, and then ran in and out again in the same fashion, until the middle-aged prima donna with whom I was talking called out, rather sharply:



PAULINE LUCCA.



ANNIE LOUISE CARY.

"*Adelina, tacete! e venite a me, o andate via.*"

The child chose to come, but soon she left her mother's side for mine, and then, with the freedom of Italian childhood, she who was to be the "*diva Patti*" of the present day half sat upon my knee, swinging one little red-stockinged leg as she glanced from her mother's face to mine. I asked Madame Barili-Patti if her little daughter promised to be a singer like her sisters and her mother, to which she replied: "*Lo spero; lo credo.*" And then, "*Canta uno poco, Adelina, per il signore*"; and she suggested something, whereupon the girl, without leaving her perch, sang, like a bird, a little Italian air that I did not know, and soon ran away on some childish errand. I did not see her again before she made her appearance, on the 24th of November, 1858, as *Lucia*—of course, Donizetti's *Lucia*.

Meantime she had been taught by Maurice Strakosch, who had married her eldest sister, and I suppose by her half-brother, too, Antonio Barili, an excellent master, who "formed" many of the best amateurs in New York. But to be with her mother must have been "a liberal education" in music; and the examples before her night and day, the very atmosphere she breathed, tended to

foster her musical talents. All that she had to furnish was voice, intelligence, and practice. Her *début*, it need hardly be recorded, was a very remarkable performance considering her age;—she was then but sixteen years old. Her voice was a flute-like, flexible soprano, which she delivered with purity and managed with great skill and taste. Still, she was not even in vocalization a *prima donna*; moreover, her voice lacked amplitude, richness, power, and her manner, although not awkward or constrained, was that of a very young girl. But her capabilities were at once recognized by her audiences, and her future was foretold by her critics, although, at that time, musical criticism in New York was fallen very much below the point at which it stood five years before, and that to which it has risen since. The attention of American newspaper-readers was concentrated upon other topics. John Brown had just been hanged. The mutterings of the great civil war in the not remote distance were of more interest than the chanting of heavenly cherubs would have been. Of *Adelina* it was remarked, however, that she was "one of those rare singers who appear at long intervals on the musical horizon, to revive not only the hopes of managers but the enthusiasm of the public." This was im-



MINNIE HAUK.

mediately upon her singing *Lucia* and *Amina* for the first time, after which she went on from triumph to triumph.

Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to express my doubts of her claims to the position of a great prima donna. She is the best of her time; but her time is barren of great singers. There is, for example, not one great contralto, or one great tenor, or one great baritone now before the world—not one whom even managers, with all their pretensions and all their needs, will venture to call great. What is it to be the greatest in a day of such dearth? The boy was next to head in his class; but, as it proved, the class consisted of him and a little girl. That Adelina Patti sings with perfect method, the highest finish, and in unexceptionable taste, is not to be disputed. What, then, does she lack to be a great prima donna? Two things of the very first importance—a great voice and a rich, impassioned nature. Adelina Patti, like her sisters, is the daughter, musically, of her father, not of her mother. Signor Patti was a respectable tenor singer, with a smooth, soft, piping voice, a correct style of singing,

and very good stage manner. He was so plump, so like a middle-aged belle advanced into *embonpoint*, and in voice and person so generally suggestive of pinguidity, that when I laughingly called him *Putti de foie gras*, the name stuck to him for a long time. Now, this man was not only Adelina Patti's father, but her musical begetter. Neither she nor either of her sisters has a first-rate voice. Hers is much the best, but it lacks largeness, power, nobility, sympathy. Nor is her style the grand style. Her method is perfect, almost beyond criticism; she is brilliant, she is exquisitely delicate in finish; but she is little. It may be said of her, as Pasta said of Sontag: She is the best of her school, but her school is not the best. As I write now, I have not heard Adelina Patti since she made her great European success; and I therefore may have to modify my opinion hereafter.* But of this I have not a very troubling apprehension. Her qualities are too essential, too inherent, to be changed by time and culture. The Adelina Patti who sang

* These articles were written in the summer of 1881.

in New York in 1859 and 1860 was not to be made into a great prima donna by being raised to the hundredth power. For that she needed a new voice and a new nature, physical and mental.

The year 1860 was distinguished by the operatic *début* of the most distinguished artist that any one of the United States has yet given to the lyric stage. In the autumn of that year Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, a New York girl, whose vocal gifts and musical intelligence had been discovered and cultivated through the encouragement of New York friends, appeared at the Academy of Music as *Gilda* in Verdi's "Rigoletto." I was present on the occasion, and I confess that the impression that I received was not one that led me to look forward to the success that, in the course of a few years, the fair young *débutante* achieved. Her chief deficiency seemed to be in strength—strength of voice, strength of body, strength of emotional expression. And on all these points she not only was, but still remains, somewhat lacking. Nor was her vocalization better than tolerable. But on two other points she was amply furnished: she had strength of character and strength of will. She persevered. Her voice grew stronger by exercise, as also did her body; she improved herself very much in her singing, and although she never became an effective dramatic vocalist, she had the power of revealing dramatic conceptions of great delicacy, purity, and sweetness. This she showed first in the *Margherita* of Gounod's "Faust," which still remains her finest impersonation. It was in 1864, and as she was soon succeeded in this opera by two distinguished European prima donnas Nilsson and Lucca, it may be well to remark here upon all the three comparatively.

Miss Kellogg's voice is a high soprano, very clear, very pure, very fine, close and firm in quality, and capable of the most exquisitely delicate and tender inflections. Her intonation is remarkably correct. Her dramatic power is suited to her voice; and all that she does is marked by a fine and pure intelligence which has a certain sweet homeliness in its mode of manifestation. Hence her performance of *Margherita*—toward her conception of which she had no help nor even any model—was ideal, and purely poetical in its character. It had no marked individuality, and very little local color; but it was feminine, lovely, tender, and above all, pure. There was a simplicity about it, too, that gave it character—such character as the tint and the perfume of the lilac shows among roses and lilies. I remember one striking exhibition of the delicacy and discipline

of Miss Kellogg's vocal powers, my telling of which I hope that she will pardon. I was sitting by her side at a private theatrical performance at Mr. Jerome's private theater, and between the acts I spoke to her of the "Faust," and of the beautiful music of the garden scene. "What, this?" she said, smiling. And, as I bent my head toward her, she, smiling still, sang into my ear, in a voice which, amid the buzzing of tongues around us, was unheard except by me, the greater part of that enchanting passage, and sang it with what seemed to me all the expression which she gave to it in full voice upon the stage. I was delighted, of course, and much flattered by her frank kindness; but I was also astonished, for it was a remarkable feat of vocalization. She has probably forgotten this; but I shall never forget it; nor how I then felt a sort of conviction of sin in that I had greeted her so coldly when she made her *début* four years before. But what may not four years of hard work do for a vocalist who has the capacity of improvement?

Mlle. Nilsson was a prima donna of richer vocal endowment and higher academic training. She came here puffed as a second Jenny Lind; but she was nothing of the sort. She was, however, a very gifted and highly finished vocalist of the second rank, standing in its fore front. She, too, had a high soprano voice, but it had a very considerable breadth, and a strength of vibration which was almost like that of a clarinet. The tone of it was singularly firm. Her singing was never either very astonishing or very touching, but it was always correct in expression, always in good taste. So with her performances dramatically: they always pleased, if they did not satisfy, the most exacting taste, and never offended the most fastidious. Her *Margherita* had more character than Miss Kellogg's. She was more a creature of flesh and blood, but not so tender, not so ideal, not so expressive of that moral *aura* of the character which Goethe himself suggests but fails to express. Mlle. Nilsson's finest performance—that which showed her powers at their highest and her finish at its greatest—was that of *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," which was produced at the Academy of Music on her second visit to New York. Her conception of this character was notable for its elevation, and her performance of it, both vocal and dramatic, for sustained power. Mlle. Nilsson had a fine, intelligent Norse face, well suited to such parts as *Margherita* and *Elsa*, but not so to the strongly emotioned heroines of most of the modern operas. In "Lohengrin" she was ably seconded by Signor Campanini, a tenor who was the best of his time, and who,



ETELKA GERSTER.

for several seasons, was a great favorite in New York, notwithstanding a voice which seemed, with all its strength, to be very much worn, and never to have been rich or sympathetic in quality. He was, however,—I should rather say he is,—a fine dramatic singer, and deserves the favor in which he is held; for he is now the great tenor of the present generation of opera-goers.

Pauline Lucca was as unlike Miss Kellogg as one singing woman can be unlike another—unlike in person, unlike in voice, unlike in manner, unlike in character; or, rather, as unlikeness may exist among those of the same sort, I should say opposed—totally and absolutely opposed—to Miss Kellogg on all these points. She was a strong, not to say a coarse, peasant woman, whose inherent rudeness of fiber was softened and enriched by a warmly emotional nature, and by something that Miss Kellogg and Mlle. Nilsson both

lacked entirely—humor. Her voice was large and luscious, and full of warmth; but it was altogether lacking in the capability of expressing elevation of feeling or serenity. Her performance of the saucy *Cherubino* was charming, although even here we might have welcomed a little more refinement. Her *Margherita* was as real as Miss Kellogg's was ideal. She was merely a strong-bodied, simple-minded, warm-hearted peasant girl, who had fallen desperately in love with a handsome fellow who captivated her eye, stirred her emotional nature, and flattered her vanity by sending her fine presents. It would have been impossible to have more local color and less of poetic feeling and of sentiment in Lucca's presentation of Goethe's heroine. Her singing was of a piece with her acting. It was of the flesh, fleshly.

In the autumn of 1865—perhaps earlier, but I find no other record—Mlle. Parepa

came before the New York public in the concert-room, and was received with joyous acclamation; for she was a joyous woman. An ample dame, copious of voice and of person; standing truly somewhat tun-wise upon the stage, yet brightly handsome withal, and tightly girt with elegantest hooping of silk and satin. She soon sang in opera, in which her conductor was always a young violinist named Carl Rosa, much to her pleasing, as the end showed, as well as to the public's. She had voice and vocal skill to delight her audiences, although she offered them nothing new or great, nor taught them anything. Singing and smiling with a certain sumptuousness, she was always received as if she brought more than she really had to give. After a year or two, she kindly took Carl Rosa to husband; and after three or four years more she went with him to Europe, where she lived not long. She left such a feeling behind her, that her admirers would have mourned less a greater artist.

Miss Kellogg is the only prima donna of celebrity that may be properly called "American"; and if to her we add those excellent and popular contraltos Miss Phillips and Miss Cary, we have fairly summed up the contribution of the United States to the higher department of vocal art. But Canada has given the world one prima donna who, making her operatic *début* in New York, rose rapidly afterward in Europe to a position second only to that of Adelina Patti. She made her first appearance at the Academy of Music, in December, 1874, quite unknown and unheard of; and here follows a critical sketch of her written at the time:

"She stands behind the foot-lights, smiling and courtesying, so living an embodiment of her real name, *La Jeunesse*, that it seems a pity that she should have changed it for the Italianized form of the name of the place, Albany, where she happened to be born. Under any name, however, this last-born daughter of song is welcome. Not a great prima donna, she is a very charming singer; not an actress of remarkable powers, she is yet a very pleasing one; not a beauty, she has yet an exceedingly attractive and captivating person—one that brings up an old word that our grandfathers used when they spoke of our grandmothers before they married them—engaging. She glides across the stage, her dark blue eyes swimming in liquid light, and her full, alluring lips and white, shapely throat promise just the delicious tones that issue from them. Her voice is clear, sound, and pure, and is delivered with a freedom that is rare in a singer born on this side of the Atlantic, or, it may be said, on this side of the British Channel. Inferior singers, badly taught or unteachable, have almost always some awkwardness in the action of the throat or the lips that half chokes or distorts the sound—gives an impression of conscious effort in its utterance and mars pure musical vibration. Nilsson, with all her finish of vocalization, was not wholly without this; Albani has none of it, but is in this respect as unimpeachable as Jenny Lind or even

Alboni. In quality, her voice is like a sweet A clarinet above the *chalmers*—clear, vibrating, smooth, and of an evenness rare and admirable. So fitted by nature were its registers to blend, and so well has she been trained, that it seems as if they were but one. From the lowest note to the top of her compass there is but one quality, one even, unbroken gradation of delicious sound. She is in the first bloom of her youth, and consequently in the fullness of her inexperience. Should she continue to study as she has begun, and keep her health, she will be a better singer five years hence than she has yet become. Even now, the delicacy of her musical articulation is admirable; and her style, that is her musical elocution, is both graceful and impressive. More elegant phrasing, or so good, we have not had here for a long time. This charming, but not very moving, style suits perfectly well with her voice, which flows as clear, as equal, as fresh and bright as a running spring, and almost as cold—no, not cold, but cool, and without a tear-drop in it. Yet she is not impassive on the stage, but seems to express the feelings of a very sensitive nature; and she makes love divinely.

"If I were to assign Albani a place among singers, I should rate her, as a mere vocalist, in the middle of the second rank, with the capability of taking a foremost place in that rank. First-rate, of course, she can never become, for she has not a first-rate voice."

This was the opinion passed upon Mlle. Albani on her first appearance in New York. She has since then reached the high position which was expected for her, and, although not a great artist, is one of the few who are recognized as the notable singers of the world.

In the autumn of 1878, the Academy season was opened with much flourish of trumpets by Mr. Mapleson, who announced a double company from "Her Majesty's Theatre." And, although the performance did not come quite up to promise, the stage and the orchestra were well filled by artists of ability. Signor Arditi, most skillful and painstaking of conductors, wielded the baton, and there was a rich variety in the programmes. The season was chiefly remarkable for the production of Bizet's opera, "*Carmen*," for the return of Miss Minnie Hauk to New York, and for the first appearance here of Madame Gerster. Miss Hauk, a young German girl, born in New York, had, after receiving much encouragement in her native place, gone to Europe to study. She studied to advantage, appeared there in opera with very considerable applause, and returned to the public which she had left merely a gifted but imperfectly taught girl, in the fullness of her powers, to achieve her first great success. She opened the season as *Violetta* in "*La Traviata*," but the delicacy of the character was not suited to her strong and highly characteristic style. Her performance of *Carmen*, however, soon displayed her peculiar qualities to the great delight of her audiences. The music of this opera is not of a high order, but it has a character of its own—a rhythm and a swing

which, although undeniably vulgar, are captivating, for a time at least, to the general ear. *Carmen* herself is an insufferable creature; and yet as she is represented by Minnie Hauk we follow her actions with interest, and even mourn the death that she deserves. Miss Hauk took this character to herself; she seemed to have been born to play it. In America and in Europe there was but one *Carmen*. Miss Hauk's success was rather that of an actress than that even of a dramatic vocalist.

Madame Gerster made her first appearance at the Academy on the 11th of November, 1878, as *Amina*. She had been much "puffed" in Europe, and, on the other hand, her eminence as a vocalist had been stoutly disputed by critics of acknowledged good judgment. Much interest and unusual curiosity was manifested in her New York *début*. She had not sung many bars of "*Come per me sereno*" before she showed that she was a vocalist of no mean powers. Her voice was—we may rather say is—a true soprano, which, if not remarkably brilliant, sympathetic, or powerful, has a bewildering flexibility well suited to arouse popular musical enthusiasm; and her vocalization is of a corresponding character. She triumphs over difficulties with great ease.

In the midst of a passage of no remarkable interest, she will suddenly dazzle the musical perceptions of her audience by some dextrous feat of vocalization, which astonishes and pleases quite as much by the perfect ease and careless certainty with which it is accomplished as by its intrinsic beauty, or even its difficulty. Her special excellence is an exquisitely delicate and sharply brilliant *staccato* in the upper register of her voice. She will suddenly rise an octave, and almost an octave above the staff, and touch a note with exquisite lightness and certainty; or she will dot the air with brilliant points of sound, flinging them out like stars from a bursting rocket. It is rather in such bewildering feats of vocalization than in a pure and sustained cantabile that she shines. She had a very great popular success as *Amina*, as *Lucia*, as *Elvira* ("I Puritani"), and also as the *Queen of Night* in "*Die Zauberflöte*." She was not an actress; she had not an impressive manner; she was as awkward as a clothes-horse: she was simply a vocalist of wonderful capacity and skill. She is the last prima donna and the last artist of distinction that has appeared on the New York operatic boards; and upon her success we drop our curtain.

Richard Grant White.

IN THE HAUNTS OF BREAM AND BASS.

I.

DREAMS come true and everything
Is fresh and lusty in the spring.
In groves, that smell like ambergris,
Wind-songs, bird-songs never cease.
Go with me down by the stream,
Haunt of bass and purple bream;
Feel the pleasure, keen and sweet,
When the cool waves lap your feet;
Catch the breath of moss and mold,
Hear the grosbeak's whistle bold;
See the heron all alone
Mid-stream on a slippery stone,
Or, on some decaying log,
Spearing snail or water-frog,
Whilst the sprawling turtles swim
In the eddies cool and dim!

II.

The busy nuthatch climbs his tree,
Around the great bole spirally,

Peeping into wrinkles gray,
Under ruffled lichens gay,
Lazily piping one sharp note
From his silver-mailed throat,
And down the wind the catbird's song
A slender medley trails along.
Here a grackle chirping low,
There a crested vireo;
Every tongue of Nature sings,
The air is palpitant with wings!
Halcyon prophesies come to pass
In the haunts of bream and bass.

III.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream.
Now I cast my silken line;
See the gay lure spin and shine—
While, with delicate touch, I feel
The gentle pulses of the reel.

Halcyon laughs and cuckoo cries,
Through its leaves the plane-tree sighs.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Here a glow and there a gleam,
Coolness all about me creeping,
Fragrance all my senses steeping,

Spicewood, sweetgum, sassafras,
Calamus and water-grass,

Giving up their pungent smells
Drawn from Nature's secret wells ;

On the cool breath of the morn
Fragrance of the cockspur thorn.

IV.

I see the morning-glory's curl,
The curious star-flower's pointed whorl.

Hear the woodpecker, rap-a-tap !
See him with his cardinal's cap !

And the querulous, leering jay,
How he clamors for a fray !

Patiently I draw and cast,
Keenly expectant, till, at last,
Comes a flash, down in the stream,
Never made by perch or bream,

Then a mighty weight I feel,
Sings the line and whirs the reel !

V.

Out of a giant tulip-tree,
A great gay blossom falls on me ;

Old gold and fire its petals are,
It flashes like a falling star.

A big blue heron flying by
Looks at me with a greedy eye.

I see a striped squirrel shoot
Into a hollow maple-root ;

A bumble-bee, with mail all rust,
His thighs puffed out with anther-dust,

Clasps a shrinking bloom about,
And draws her amber sweetness out.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream !

A white-faced hornet hurtles by,
Lags a turquoise butterfly,

One intent on prey and treasure,
One afloat on tides of pleasure !

Sunshine arrows, swift and keen,
Pierce the maple's helmet green.

VI.

I follow where my victim leads,
Through tangles of rank water-weeds,

O'er stone and root and knotty log,
And faithless bits of reedy bog.

I wonder will he ever stop ?
The reel hums like a humming top !

A thin sandpiper, wild with fright,
Goes into ecstasies of flight,

Whilst I, all flushed and breathless, tear
Through lady-fern and maiden's-hair,

And in my straining fingers feel
The throbbing of the rod and reel !

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream !

VII.

At last he tires, I reel him in ;
I see the glint of scale and fin.

I lower rod—I shorten line
And safely land him ; he is mine !

The belted halcyon laughs, the wren
Comes twittering from its brushy den,

The turtle sprawls upon his log,
I hear the booming of a frog.

Liquidamber's keen perfume,
Sweet-punk, calamus, tulip-bloom,

Glimpses of a cloudless sky
Soothe me as I resting lie.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like low music through a dream.

Maurice Thompson.



THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM that day until they separated, there was no change in her. It was scarcely two weeks before their paths diverged again; but in looking back upon it afterward, it always seemed to Tredennis that some vaguely extended length of time must have elapsed between the night when he dismounted at the gate in the moonlight, and the morning when he turned to look his last at Bertha, standing in the sun. Each morning when she gave him his breakfast in the old-fashioned room, and he watched her as she moved about, or poured out his coffee, or talked to Meg and Jack, who breakfasted with them; each afternoon when Janey was brought down to lie on the sofa, and she sat beside her singing pretty, foolish songs to her, and telling her stories; each evening when the child fell asleep in her arms, as she sang; each brief hour, later on, when the air had cooled, and she went out to sit on the porch, or walk under the trees,—seemed an experience of indefinite length, not to be marked by hours, nor by sunrise and sunset, but by emotions. Her gentle interest in his comfort continued just what it had been the first day he had been so moved by it, and his care for her she accepted with a gratitude which might have been sweet to any man. Having long since established his rank in Janey's affections, it was easy for him to make himself useful in his masculine fashion. During her convalescence his strong arms became the child's favorite resting-place; when she was tired of her couch he could carry her up and down the room without wearying; she liked his long, steady strides and the sound of his deep voice, and his unconscious air of command disposed of many a difficulty. When Bertha herself was the nurse he watched her faithfully, and when he saw in her any signs of fatigue, he took her place at once, and, from the first, she made no protest against his quietly persistent determination to lighten her burdens. Perhaps, through the fact that they were so lightened, or through her relief from her previous anxiety, she seemed to grow stronger as the child did. Her color became brighter and steadier,

and her look of lassitude and weariness left her. One morning having been beguiled out of doors by Jack and Meg, Tredennis heard her laugh in a tone that made him rise from his chair by Janey, and go to the open window.

He reached it just in time to see her run like a deer, across the sun-dappled grass after a bright ball Meg had thrown to her, with an infantile aimlessness, which precluded all possibility of its being caught. She made a graceful dart at it, picked it up, and came back under the trees, tossing it in the air, and catching it again with a deft turn of hand and wrist. She was flushed with the exercise, and, for the moment, almost radiant; she held her dress closely about her figure, her face was upturned and her eyes were uplifted, and she was as unconscious as Meg herself.

When she saw him, she threw the ball to the children, and came forward to the window.

"Does Janey want me?" she asked.

"No. She is asleep."

"Do you want me?"

"I want to see you go on with your game."

"It is not my game," she answered, smiling.

"It is Jack's and Meg's. Suppose you come and join them. It will fill them with rapture, and I shall like to look on."

When he came out she sat down under a tree leaning against the trunk, and watched him, her eyes following the swift flight of the ball high into the blue above them, as he flung it upward among the delighted clamor of the children. He had always excelled in sports and feats of strength, and in this simple feat of throwing the ball, his physical force and grace displayed themselves to decided advantage. The ball went up, as an arrow flies from the bow, hurtling through the air, until it was little more than a black speck to the eye. When it came back to earth he picked it up and threw it again, and each time it seemed to reach a greater height than the last.

"That is very fine," she said. "I like to see you do it."

"Why?" he asked, pausing.

"I like the force you put into it," she answered. "It scarcely seems like play."

"I did not know that," he said; "but I

am afraid I am always in earnest. That is my misfortune."

"It is a great misfortune," she said. "Don't be in earnest," with a gesture as if she would sweep the suggestion away with her hand. "Go on with your game. Let us be like children, and play. Our holiday will be over soon enough, and we shall have to return to Washington and effete civilization."

"Is it a holiday?" he asked her.

"Yes," she answered. "Now that Janey is getting better, I am deliberately taking a holiday. Nothing rests me so much as forgetting things."

"Are you forgetting things?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, looking away, "everything."

Then the children demanded his attention, and he returned to his ball-throwing.

If she was taking a holiday with deliberate intention, she did it well. In a few days Janey was well enough to be carried out and laid on one of the two hammocks swung beneath the trees, and then far the greater part of the day was spent in the open air. To Tredennis it seemed that Bertha made the most of every hour, whether she swung in her hammock with her face upturned to the trees, or sat reading, or talking as she worked with the decorous little basket, at which she had jeered, upon her knee.

He was often reminded in these days, of what the Professor had said of her tenderness for her children. It revealed itself in a hundred trifling ways, in her touch, in her voice, in her almost unconscious habit of caring for them, and more than all, in a certain pretty inconvenient fashion they had of getting close to her, and clinging about her, at all sorts of inopportune moments. Once when she had run to comfort Meg who had fallen down, and had come back to the hammock, carrying her in her arms, he was betrayed into speaking:

"I did not think —," he began, and then he checked himself guiltily.

"You did not think?" she repeated.

He began to recognize his indiscretion.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I was going to make a blunder."

She sat down in the hammock with the child in her arms.

"You were going to say that you did not think I cared so much for my children," she said gently. "Do you suppose I did not know that? Well, perhaps it was not a blunder. Perhaps it is only one of my pretenses."

"Don't speak like that," he implored.

The next instant he saw that tears had risen in her eyes.

"No," she said. "I will not. Why should I? It is not true. I love them very much. However bad you are, I think you must love your children. Of course, my saying that I loved them might go for nothing; but don't you see," she went on with a pathetic thrill in her voice, "that they love me? They would not love me, if I did not care for them."

"I know that," he returned remorsefully. "It was only one of my blunders, as I said. But you have so bewildered me sometimes. When I first returned, I could not understand you. It was as if I found myself face to face with a creature I had never seen before."

"You did," she said. "That was it. Perhaps I never was the creature you fancied me."

"Don't say that," he replied. "Since I have been here, I have seen you as I used to dream of you, when I sat by the fire in my quarters in the long winter nights."

"Did you ever think of me like that?" she said slowly, and with surprise in her face.

He had not thought of what he was revealing, and he did not think of it now.

"I never forgot you," he said. "Never."

"It seems very strange—to hear that now," she said. "I never dreamed of your thinking of me—afterwards. You seemed to take so little notice of me."

"It is my good fortune," he said, with a touch of bitterness, "that I never seem to take notice of anything."

"I suppose," she went on, "that you remembered me because you were lonely at first, and there was no one else to think of."

"Perhaps that was it," he answered.

"After all," she said, "it was natural—only I never thought—"

"It was as natural that you should forget, as that I should remember," he said.

Her face had been slightly averted, and she turned it toward him.

"But I did not forget," she said.

"You did not?"

"No. At first, it is true, I scarcely seemed to have time for anything, but to be happy and enjoy the days, as they went by. Oh! what bright days they were, and how far away they seem! Perhaps, if I had known that they would come to an end really, I might have tried to make them pass more slowly."

"They went slowly for me," he said. "I was glad when they were over."

"Were you so very lonely?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Would it have pleased you, if I had written to you when papa did?"

"Did you ever think of doing it?" he asked.

The expression dawning in her eyes was a

curious one—there was a suggestion of dread in it.

"Once," she replied. "I began a letter to you. It was on a dull day, when I was restless and unhappy for the first time in my life. And suddenly I thought of you, and I felt as if I should like to speak to you again. And I began the letter."

"But, you did not finish it."

"No. I only wrote a few lines, and then stopped. I said to myself that it was not likely that you had remembered me in the way I had remembered you, so I laid my letter aside. I saw it only a few days ago among some old papers in my trunk."

"You have it yet?"

"I did not know that I had it, until I saw it the other day. It seems strange that it should have lain hidden all these years, and then have come to light. I laid it away thinking I might find courage to finish it sometime. There are only a few lines,—but they prove that my memory was not so bad as you thought."

He had been lying on the grass a few feet away from her. As she talked he had looked not at her, but at the bits of blue sky showing through the interlacing greenness of the trees above him. Now, he suddenly half rose and leaned upon his elbow.

"Will you give it to me?" he said.

"Do you want it? It is only a yellow scrap of paper."

"I think it belongs to me," he said. "I have a right to it."

She got up without a word and went toward the house, leading Meg by the hand. Tredennis watched her retreating figure in silence, until she went in at the door. His face set, and his lips pressed together, then he flung himself backward and lay at full length again, seeing only the bright green of the leaves, and the bits of intense blue between. It was well that he was alone. His sense of impotent anguish was more than he had strength to bear, and it wrung a cry from him.

"My God!" he said. "My God!" He was still lying so when Bertha returned. She had not been away many minutes, and she came back alone with the unfinished letter in her hand.

He took it from her without comment, and looked at it. The faint odor of heliotrope he knew so well, floated up to him as he bent over the paper. As she had said, there were only a few lines, and she had evidently been dissatisfied with these, and irresolute about them, for several words were erased as if with girlish impatience. At the head of the page was written first: *Dear Philip*, and then *Dear Captain Tredennis*, and there were two or

three different opening sentences. As he read each one through the erasures, he thought he understood the innocent unconscious appeal in it, and he seemed to see the girl-face bending above it changing from eagerness to uncertainty, and from uncertainty to the timidity which had made her despair.

"I wish you had finished it," he said.

"I wish I had," she answered, and then she added vaguely,—"if it would have pleased you."

He folded it, and put it in his breast pocket and laid down once more, and it was not referred to again.

It seemed to Tredennis at least, that there never before had been such a day as the one which followed. After a night of rain the intense heat subsided, leaving freshness of verdure, skies of the deepest, clearest blue, and a balmy, luxurious sweetness in the air, deliciously pungent with the odors of cedar and pine.

When he came down in the morning, and entered the breakfast room, he found it empty. The sunlight streamed through the lattice work of vines, and the cloth was laid, with the pretty blue cups and saucers in waiting; but Bertha was not there, and fancying she had risen later than usual, he went out into the open air.

The next morning he was to return to Washington. There was no absolute need of his remaining longer. The child had so far recovered that, at the doctor's suggestion, in a few days she was to be removed to the sea-side. Nevertheless, it had cost him a struggle to arrive at his decision, and it had required resolution to announce it to Bertha. It would have been far easier to let the days slip by as they would, and when he told her of his intended departure, and she received the news with little more than a few words of regret at it, and gratitude for the services he had rendered, he felt it rather hard to bear.

"If it had been Arbuthnot," he thought, "she would not have borne it so calmly." And then he reproached himself bitterly for his inconsistency.

"Did I come here to make her regret me, when I left her?" he said. "What a fool a man can make of himself, if he gives way to his folly."

As he descended the steps of the porch he saw her, and he had scarcely caught sight of her before she turned and came toward him. He recognized at once that she had made a change in her dress, that it was no longer such as she had worn while in attendance upon Janey, and that it had a delicate holiday air about it, notwithstanding its simplicity.

"Was there ever such a day before?" she said as she came to him.

"I thought not, as I looked out of my window," he replied.

"It is your last," she said. "And I should like you to remember it as being pleasanter than all the rest, though," she added thoughtfully, "the rest have been pleasant."

Then she looked up at him, with a smile.

"Do you see my gala attire?" she said. "It was Janey who suggested it. She thinks I have not been doing myself justice, since you have been here."

"That," he said, regarding her seriously, "is a very beautiful gown, but—" with an entirely respectful sense of inadequacy of expression—"you always wear beautiful gowns, I believe."

"Did Mr. Arbuthnot tell you so?" she said—"or was it Miss Jessup?"

They breakfasted together in the sunny room and after breakfast they rambled out together. It was she who led, and he who followed, with a curious dreamy pleasure in all he did, and in every beauty around him, even in the unreal passiveness of his very mood itself. He had never been so keenly conscious of things before, everything impressed itself upon him, the blue of the sky, the indolent sway of the leaves, the warmth of the air, and the sweet odors in it, the broken song of the birds, the very sound of Bertha's light tread as they walked.

"I am going to give the day to you," she had said. "And you shall see the children's favorite camping-ground on the hill. Before Janey was ill, we used to go there almost every day."

Behind the house was a wood-covered hill, and half way up was the favored spot. It was a sort of bower formed by the clambering of a great vine from one tree to another, making a canopy, under which, through a break in the trees, could be seen the most perfect view of the country below, and the bend of the river. The ground was carpeted with moss, and there was a moss-covered rock to lean against, which was still ornamented with the acorn cups and saucers with which the children had entertained their family of dolls on their last visit.

"See," said Bertha, taking one of them up when she sat down. "When we were here last, we had a tea-party, and it was poor Janey's headache which brought it to a close. At the height of the festivities, she laid down her best doll, and came to me to cry, and we were obliged to carry her home."

"Poor child," said Tredennis. He saw only her face upturned under the shadow of the

white hat,—a pretty hat with small, soft downy plumes upon it, and a general air of belonging to the great world.

"Sit down," said Bertha, "or you may lie down, if you like, and look at the river, and not speak to me at all." He lay down, stretching his great length upon the soft moss, and clasping his hands beneath his head. Bertha clasped her hands about her knee and leaned slightly forward, looking at the view as if she had never seen it before.

"Is this a dream?" Tredennis said languidly, at last. "I think it must be."

"Yes," she answered, "that is why the air is so warm and fragrant, and the sky so blue, and the scent of the pines so delicious. It is all different when one is awake. That is why I am making the most of every second and am determined to enjoy it to the very utmost."

"That is what I am doing," he said.

"It is not a good plan, as a rule," she began, and then checked herself. "No," she said, "I won't say that. It is a worldly and Washingtonian sentiment. I will save it until next winter."

"Don't save it at all," he said, "it is an unnatural sentiment. It isn't true, and you do not really believe it."

"It is safer," she said.

He lay still a moment, looking down the hillside through the trees at the broad sweep of the river bend and the purple hills beyond.

"Bertha," he said, at last; "sometimes I hate the man who has taught you all this."

She plucked at the red-tipped moss at her side for a second or so before she replied, but she showed no surprise or hurry when she spoke.

"Laurence Arbuthnot!" she said. "Sometimes I hate him, too, but it is only for a moment—when he tells me the simple, deadly truth, and I know it is the truth, and wish I did not."

She threw the little handful of moss down the hill as if she threw something away with it.

"But this is not being happy," she said.

"Let us be happy. I *will* be happy. Janey is better, and all my anxiety is over, and it is such a lovely day, and I have put on my favorite gown to celebrate it in. Look at the color of the hills over there—listen to those doves in the pines. How warm and soft the wind is, and how the scent of my carnations fills the air! Ah! what a bright world it is after all."

She broke into singing softly, and half under breath, a snatch of a gay little song. Tredennis had never heard her sing it before, and thought it wonderfully sweet. But she sang no

more than a line or two, and then turned to him with a smile in her eyes.

"Now," she said, "it is your turn. Talk to me. Tell me about your life in the West—tell me all you did the first year, and begin—begin just where you left me, the night you bade me good-bye at the carriage door."

"I am afraid it would not be a very interesting story," he said.

"It would interest me," she answered. "There are camp fires in it, and scalps, and Indians, and probably war-paths." And, her voice falling a little, "I want to discover why it was that you always seemed to be so much alone,—and sat and thought in that dreary way by the fire in your quarters. It seems to me that you have been a great deal alone."

"I have been a great deal alone," he said, "that is true."

"It must have been so even when you were a child," she went on. "I heard you tell Janey once that, when you were her age you belonged to no one. I don't like to think of that. It touches the maternal side of me. It makes me think of Jack. Suppose Jack belonged to no one, and you were not so old as Jack. I wonder if you were at all like him, and how you looked. I wish there was a picture of you, I could see."

He had never regarded himself as an object likely to interest in any degree, and had lost many of the consolations and excitements of the more personal kind thereby, and to find that she had even given a sympathetic thought to the far-away childhood whose desolation he himself had never quite analyzed, at once touched and bewildered him.

"I have not been without friends," he said, "but I am sure no one ever gave much special thought to me. Perhaps it is because men are scarcely likely to give such thought to men, and I have not known women. My parents died before I was a year old, and I don't think any one was ever particularly fond of me. People did not dislike me, but they passed me over. I never wondered at it, but I saw it. I knew there was something a little wrong with me, but I could not understand what it was. I know now: I was silent, and could not express what I thought and felt."

"Oh!" she cried, "and was there no one to help you?"

There was no thought of him as a full-grown person in the exclamation, it was a womanish outcry for the child, whose desolate childhood seemed for the moment to be an existence which had never ended.

"I know about children," she said, "and what suffering there is for them if they are left

alone. They can say so little, and we can say so much. Haven't I seen them try to explain things when they were at a disadvantage and overpowered by the sheer strength of some full-grown creature; haven't I seen them make their impotent little struggle for words and fail, and look up with their helpless eyes and see the uselessness of it, and break down into their poor little shrieks of wrath and grief. The happiest of them go through it sometimes, and those who are left alone — Why didn't some woman see and understand; some woman ought to have seen and cared for you."

Tredennis found himself absorbed in contemplation of her. He was not sure that there were not tears in her eyes, and yet he could hardly believe it possible.

"That is all true," he said, "you understand it better than I did. I understood the feeling no better than I understood the reason for it."

"I understand it because I have children," she answered. "And because I have watched them and loved them, and would give my heart's blood for them. To have children makes one like a tiger, at times. The passion one can feel through the wrongs of a child is something *awful*. One can feel it for any child—for all children. But for one's own —"

She ended with a sharply drawn breath. The sudden uncontrollable fierceness which seemed to have made her in a second, in her soft white gown and lace, and her pretty hat with its air of good society—a small, wild creature, whom no law of man could touch, affected him like an electric shock; perhaps the thrill it gave him revealed itself in his look, and she saw it, for she seemed to become conscious of herself and her mood, with a start. She made a quick, uneasy movement and effort to recover herself.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a half laugh. "But I couldn't help it. It was —" and she paused a second for reflection, "it was the primeval savage in me." And she turned and clasped her hands about her knee again, resuming her attitude of attention, even while the folds of lace on her bosom were still stirred by her quick breathing.

But though she might resume her attitude, it was not so easy to resume the calmness of her mood. Having been stirred once, it was less difficult to be stirred again. When he began, at last, to tell the story of his life on the frontier, if his vanity had been concerned he would have felt that she made a good listener. But his vanity had nothing to do with his obedience to her wish. He made as plain a story as his material would allow, and also

made persistent, though scarcely successful, efforts to avoid figuring as a hero. He was, indeed, rather abashed to find, on recurring to facts, that he had done so much to bring himself to the front. He even found himself at last taking refuge in the subterfuge of speaking of himself in the third person as "one of the party," when recounting a specially thrilling adventure in which he discovered that he had unblushingly distinguished himself. It was an exciting story of the capture of some white women by the Indians at a critical juncture, when but few men could be spared from the fort, and the fact, that the deadly determination of "one of the party" that no harm should befall them, was not once referred to in words, and only expressed itself in daring and endurance, for which everyone but himself was supposed to be responsible, did not detract from its force. This "one of the party," who seemed to have sworn a silent oath that he would neither eat nor sleep nor rest until he had accomplished his end of rescuing the captives, and who had been upon the track almost as soon as the news had reached the fort, and who had followed it night and day, with his hastily gathered and altogether insufficient little band, and at last had overtaken the captors, and through sheer courage and desperate valor had overpowered them, and brought back their prisoners unharmed—this "one of the party," silent and would-be insignificant, was in spite of himself a figure to stir the blood.

"It was *you* who did that?" she said, when he had finished.

"I was only one of the company," he answered, abashed, "and obeyed orders. Of course a man obeys orders."

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN he took her hand to assist her to rise he felt it tremble in his own.

"It was not a pleasant story," he said. "I ought not to have told it to you."

They scarcely spoke at all as they descended. He did not understand his own unreasoning happiness. What reason was there for it, after all? If he had argued the matter, he was in the mood to have said that what he gained in the strange sweetness of the flying moments could only hurt himself, and was enough in itself to repay him for any sense of pain and loss which might follow. But he did not argue at all. In Laurence Arbuthnot's place he would scarcely have given himself the latitude he was giving himself now.

"It is safe enough for *me*," was the sharp-

edged thought which had cut through all others once or twice. "It is safe enough for *me* to be as happy as I may."

But he forgot this as they went down the hill, side by side. For the time being he only felt, and each glance he turned upon Bertha's downcast face gave him cause to realize what intensity his feelings had reached, and awakened him to that sudden starting of pulse and heart which is almost a pain. When they reached the house Bertha went in search of Janey. She remained with her for about half an hour, and then came out to the hammock with her work-basket. The carnations at her waist were crushed a little, and something of the first freshness of her holiday air was gone. She held a letter in her hand which she had evidently been reading. She had not returned it to its envelope, and it was still half open.

"It is from Richard," she said, after she had taken her seat in the hammock. "It was brought in from the post-office at Lowville about an hour ago."

"From Richard?" he said. "He is coming home, I suppose."

"No," she answered, looking down at the closely written sheets,—*"he is not coming yet. He was wise enough not to take a serious view of Janey's case. He is very encouraging, and expresses his usual confidence in my management."*

There was nothing like bitterness in her voice, and it struck him that he had never seen so little expression of any kind in her face. She opened the letter and looked over the first page of it.

"He has a great many interesting things to say," she went on; "and he is very enthusiastic."

"About what?" Tredennis asked. She looked up.

"About the Westoria lands," she answered. "He finds all sorts of complications of good fortune connected with them. I don't understand them all by any means. I am not good at business. But it seems as though the persons who own the Westoria lands will be able to command the resources of the entire surrounding country,—if the railroad is carried through: of course it all depends upon the railroad."

"And the railroad," suggested Tredennis, "depends upon——"

"I don't know," she replied. "On several people, I suppose. I wish it depended on me."

"Why?" said Tredennis.

She smiled slightly and rather languidly.

"I should like to feel that anything so important depended on me," she said. "I

should like the sense of power. I am very fond of power."

"I once heard it said that you had a great deal of it," Tredennis said,—“far more than most women."

She smiled again, a trifle less languidly.

"That is Laurence Arbuthnot," she observed. "I always recognize his remarks when I hear them. He did not mean a compliment exactly, either, though it sounds rather like one. He has a theory that I affect people strongly, and he chooses to call that power. But it is too trivial. It is only a matter of pleasing or displeasing, and I am obliged to exert myself. It does not enable me to bestow things, and be a potentate. I think that to be a potentate might console one for a great many things,—and for the lack of a great many. If you can't take, it must distract your attention to be able to give."

"I do not like to hear you speak as if the chief thing to be desired was the ability to distract one's self," Tredennis said.

She paused a second.

"Then," she said, "I will not speak so now. To-day I will do nothing you do not like." Then she added: "As it is your last day, I wish to retrieve myself."

"What have you to retrieve?" he asked.

"Myself," she answered, "as I said."

She spread the letter upon her lap, and gave her attention to it.

"Isn't it rather like Richard," she said, "that when he begins to write, he invariably writes a letter like that? Theoretically he detests correspondence, but when he once begins, his letter always interests him, and even awakens him to a kind of enthusiasm, so that instead of being brief he tells one everything. He has written twelve pages here, and it is all delightful."

"That is a wonderful thing to do," remarked Tredennis, "but it does not surprise me in Richard."

"No," she replied, "Richard can always interest himself; or, rather, he does not interest *himself*;—it is that he is interested without making an effort; that is his strong point."

She replaced the letter in the envelope and laid it in the basket, from which she took a strip of lace-work, beginning to employ herself with it in a manner more suggestive of graceful leisure than of industrious intention. It seemed to accentuate the fact that they had nothing to do but let the day drift by in luxurious idleness.

But Tredennis could not help seeing that for a while the tone of her mood, so to speak, was lowered. And yet, curiously enough, nothing of his own dreamy exaltation died away. The

subtle shadow which seemed to have touched her, for a moment, only intensified his feeling of tenderness. In fact, there were few things which would not have so intensified it; his mental condition was one which must advance by steady, silent steps of development to its climax. He was not by nature a reckless man, but he was by no means unconscious that there was something very like recklessness in his humor this last day.

As for the day itself, it also advanced by steady steps to its climax, unfolding its beauties like a perfect flower. The fresh rain-washed morning drifted into a warm, languorous noon, followed by an afternoon so long and golden that it seemed to hold within itself the flower and sun, shade and perfume of a whole summer. Tredennis had never known so long an afternoon, he thought, and yet it was only lengthened by the strange delight each hour brought with it, and was all too short when it was over. It seemed full of minute details, which presented themselves to his mind at the time as discoveries. Bertha worked upon her lace, and he watched her, waiting for the moment when she would look up at him, and then look down again with a quick or slow droop of the lids, which impressed itself upon him as a charm in itself. There was a little ring she wore which made itself a memory to him—a simple turquoise, which set upon the whiteness of her hand like a blue flower. He saw, with a new sense of recognition, every fold and line of her thin, white drapery, the slight, girlish roundness of her figure, the dashes of brightness in the color of her hair, the smallness of the gold thimble on her finger, her grace when she rose or sat down, or rested a little against the red cushions in her hammock, touching the ground now and then with her slender slipper and swaying lightly to and fro.

"Do you know," he said to her once, as he watched her do this,—“do you know,” with absorbed hesitation, “that I feel as if—as if I had never really seen you until to-day—until this afternoon. You seem somehow to look different."

"I am not sure," she answered, "that I have ever seen you before—but it is not because you look different."

"Why is it?" he asked, quite ready to relinquish any idea of his own in the pursuit of one of hers.

She looked down a moment.

"To-day," she said, "I don't think you have anything against me."

"You think," he returned, "that I have usually something against you?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Will you tell me what you think it is?"

"I do not need to tell you," she said. "You know so well—and it would rather hurt me to put it into words."

"Hurt you?" he repeated.

"I should be harder than I am," she returned, "if it had not hurt me to know it myself—though I would not tell you that at any other time than now."

"I dare say I shall repent it to-morrow," she said.

"No," he answered, "you won't repent it. Don't repent it."

He felt the vehemence of his speech too late to check it. When he ended, she was silent, and it was as if suddenly a light veil had fallen upon her face, and he felt that, too, and tried to be calmer.

"No," he repeated, "you must not repent. It is I who must repent that I have given you even a little pain. It is hard on me to know that I have done that."

The afternoon stretched its golden length to a sunset which cast deep, velvet shadows upon the grass and filled the air with an enchanted mellow radiance. Everything took a tinge of gold—the green of the pines and the broad-leaved chestnut trees, the gray and brown of their trunks, the red of the old house, the honeysuckle and Virginia creeper clambering about it, the birds flying homeward to their nests. When the rich clearness and depth of color reached its greatest beauty, Bertha folded her strip of lace and laid it in the little basket.

"We ought simply to sit and watch this," she said. "I don't think we ought even to speak. It will be all over in a few minutes, and we shall never see it again."

"No," said Tredennis, with a sad prescience; "nor anything at all like it."

"Ah!" was Bertha's rejoinder, "to *me* it has always seemed that it is not the best of such hours that one *does* see others like them. I have seen the sun set like this before."

"I have not," he said.

As he stood silent in the stillness and glow a faint, rather bitter, smile touched his lips and faded out. He found himself, he fancied, face to face with Laurence Arbuthnot again. He was sharing the sunset with him—there were ten chances against one that he had shared the day with him also.

Bertha sat in the deepening enchanted light with a soft dreamy look. He thought it meant that she remembered something, but he felt that the memory was one to which she yielded herself without reluctance, or that she was happy in it. At last, she lifted her eyes to his, and their expression was very sweet in its entire gentleness and submission to the spell of the moment.

"See!" she said, "the sun has slipped behind the pines already. We have only a few seconds left."

And then even as they looked at the great fire, made brighter by the dark branches through which they saw it—it sank a little lower, and a little lower, and with an expiring flame was gone.

Bertha drew a quick breath, there was a second or so of silence, and then she stirred.

"It is over," she said. "And it has been like watching some one die, only sadder."

She took up the little work-basket and rose from her seat.

"It seems a pity to speak of mundane things," she said, "but I think we must go in to tea."

When the children were taken up-stairs for the night, Bertha went with them. It had been her habit to do this during their sojourn in the country, and naturally Janey had been her special care of late.

"I cannot often do such things, when I am in Washington," she had explained once to Tredennis. "And I really like it as much as they do. It is part of the holiday."

As he sat on the porch in the starlight, Tredennis could hear her voice mingling with the children's. The windows were wide open, she was moving from one room to the other, and two or three times she laughed in answer to some childish speech.

It was one of these laughs which, at last, caused Tredennis to leave his seat and go to the place under the trees where the hammocks were swung, and which was far more the place of general rendezvous than the parlor windows. From this point he could see the corner of the brightly lighted room, near the window where it was Bertha's custom to sit in her low chair, and rock Janey to sleep when she was restless.

She was doing it to-night. He could see the child's head lying on her bosom, and her own bent so that her cheek rested against the bright hair. In a few moments all was quiet, and she began to sing, and as she sang, swaying to and fro, Tredennis looked and listened without stirring.

But though it was gay no longer, he liked to hear her song, and to his mind the moments in which he stood in the odorous dark looking upward at the picture framed by the vine-hung window were among the tenderest of the day. It was his fate to be full of a homely sentiment, which found its pleasure in unsophisticated primary virtues and affections. Any deep passion he might be moved by, would necessarily have its

foundation in such elements. He was slow at the subtle analysis, whose final result is frequently to rob such simplicities of their value. His tendency was to reverence for age, tenderness to womanhood and childhood, faithfulness to all things. There was something boyish and quixotic in his readiness to kindle in defense of any womanly weakness or pain. Nothing he had ever said, or done, had so keenly touched and delighted Professor Herrick, as his fiery denunciation one night of a man who was the hero of a scandalous story. There had been no qualifications of his sweeping assertion that in such cases it must be the man who had earned the right to bear the blame.

"It is *always* the man who is in the wrong," he had cried, flushing fiercely, "coward and devil. It is in the nature of things that he should be. Let him stand at the front and take what follows, if he has ever been a man for an hour?" And the Professor had flushed also—the fainter flush of age, and had given some silent moments to reflection afterwards, as he sat gazing at the fire.

It was these primitive beliefs and sentiments which stirred within him now. He would not have lost one low note of the little song for the world, and he had left his seat only that he might see what he saw now,—her arm about her child, her cheek pressed against its hair.

It was not long before her little burden fell asleep he saw, but she did not rise as soon as this happened. She sat longer, and her song went on, finally dying away into brooding silence, which reigned for some time before she moved.

At length she lifted her face gently. She looked down at the child a few seconds, and slowly changed the position in which she lay, with an indescribably tender and cautious movement. Then she rose, and after standing an instant, holding her in her folding arms, crossed the room and passed out of sight.

Tredennis turned and began mechanically to arrange the cushions in the hammock. He felt sure she would come to-night and talk to him for a little while at least.

It was not very long before he recognized her white figure in the doorway, and went toward it.

"They are all asleep," she said, in a voice whose hushed tone seemed to belong half to the slumber she had left and half to the stillness of the hour.

"Will you come out to the hammock?" he said, "or will you sit here?"

She came forward and descended the steps.

"I will sit in the hammock," she replied. "I like the trees above me."

They went down the path together, and reaching the hammock she took her usual seat among its cushions, and he his upon a rough rustic bench near her.

"I was thinking before you came," he said, "of what you said this afternoon of my having something against you. I won't deny that there has been something in my thoughts of you that often has been miserable, and you were right in saying it was not in them to-day. It has not been in them for several days. What I was thinking just now was that it could never be in them again."

She did not stir.

"Don't you see," he went on, "I can't go back. If there had been nothing but to-day, I could not go back—beyond to-day. It would always be a factor in my arguments about you. I should always say to myself when things seemed to go wrong: 'There was no mistake about that day,—she was real then,' and I should trust you against everything. To-day—and in the other days too—I have seen you as you are, and because of that, I should trust you in spite of everything."

"Oh!" she cried. "Don't trust me too much!" There was anguish in the sound and he recognized it.

"I can't trust you too much," he answered with obstinacy. "No honest human being can trust another honest human being too much."

"Am I an honest human being?" she said.

"I shall believe you one until the end," he returned.

"That is saying a great deal," was her reply.

"Listen," he said. "You know I am not like Arbuthnot and the rest. If I were to try to be like them, I should only fail. But though you have never told me that I could be of any use to you, and you never will, I shall know if the time should come—and I shall wait for it. Have we not all of us, something that belongs to ourselves and not to the world—it may be a pleasure or a pain—it does not matter which?"

"No," she put in, "it does not matter which."

"It does not matter to those on the outside," he went on, "it only matters to us, and I think we all have it to bear. Even I —"

"What," she said, "you, too?"

"Yes," he answered, "I, too; but it does not matter, if no one is hurt but ourselves."

"There are so many things that 'do not matter,'" she said. "To say that, only means that there is no help."

"That is true," was his reply, "and I did not intend to speak of myself, but of you."

"No," she said, "don't speak of me,—don't speak of me!"

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because I tell you that you are trusting me too much."

"Go on," he said.

She had covered her face with her hands, and held them so for a little while, then she let them fall slowly to her lap.

"If I tell you the truth," she said, "it will not be my fault if you still trust me too much. I don't want it to be my fault. The worst of me is that I am neither bad nor good, and that I cannot live without excitement. I am always changing and trying experiments. When one experiment fails, I try another. They all fail after a while, or I get tired of them."

"Poor child!" he said.

She stirred slightly; one of the flowers fell from her belt upon her lap, and she let it lie there.

"It does not matter," she answered. "All that matters is, that you should know the truth about me—that I am not to be depended upon, and that, above all, you need not be surprised at any change you see in me."

"When we meet again in Washington?" he suggested.

She hesitated a moment and then made her response.

"When we meet again in Washington, or at any time."

"Are you warning me?" he inquired.

"Yes," was her reply, and he recognized that in spite of her effort it was faintly given. "I am warning you."

He looked down at the grass and then at her. The determined squareness of chin, which was one of the chief characteristics of his face, struck her as being more marked than she had ever seen it.

"It is unnecessary," he said. "I won't profit by it."

He rose abruptly from his seat, and there was meaning in the movement, and in his eyes looking down upon her deep and dark in the faint light.

"You cannot change *me*," he said. "And you would have to change me before your

warning would carry weight. Change yourself as you like—try as many experiments as you like—you cannot change the last ten days."

Even as the words were uttered, the day was ended for them as they had never once thought of its ending. There fell upon the quiet the sound of horses' feet approaching at a rapid pace and coming to a stop before the gate. The dogs came bounding and baying from the house, and above their deep-mouthed barking a voice made itself heard calling to some one to come out—a voice they both knew.

Tredennis turned toward it with a sharp movement.

"Do you hear that?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Bertha; and suddenly her manner was calm almost to coldness; "it is Laurence Arbuthnot, and papa is with him. Let us go and meet them."

And in a few seconds they were at the gate and the Professor was explaining their unexpected appearance.

"It is all Mr. Arbuthnot's fault, my dear," he said; "he knew that I wished to see you, and having an idea that I was not strong enough to make the journey alone, he suddenly affected to have business in this vicinity. It was entirely untrue, and I was not in the least deceived, but I humored him, as I begin to find it best to do, and allowed him to bring me to you."

Arbuthnot had dismounted and was fastening his horse to the gate, and he replied by one of the gayest and most discriminatingly pitched of the invaluable laughs.

"It is no use," he said; "the Professor does not believe in me. He refuses to recognize in me anything but hollow mockery."

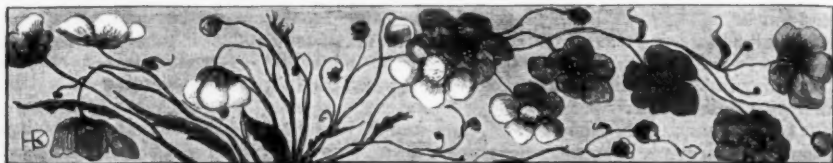
Bertha went to him. There was something hurried in her movement; it was as if she was strangely, almost feverishly, glad to see him. She went to his horse's head and laid her hand on the creature's neck.

"That takes me back to Washington," she said—"to Washington. It was like you to come, and I am glad, but—you should have come a little sooner."

And as she stood there, faintly smiling up at him, her hand was trembling like a leaf.

(To be continued.)





THE BEE-PASTURES OF CALIFORNIA.

IN TWO PARTS:—I.

WHEN California was wild, it was one sweet bee-garden throughout its entire length, north and south, and all the way across from the snowy sierra to the ocean.

Wherever a bee might fly within the bounds of this virgin wilderness—through the redwood forests, along the banks of the rivers, along the bluffs and headlands fronting the sea, over valley and plain, park and grove, and deep leafy glen, or far up the piney slopes of the mountains—throughout every belt and section of climate, bee flowers bloomed in lavish abundance. Here they grew more or less apart in special sheets and patches of no great size, there in broad, flowing folds hundreds of miles in length, zones of polleny forests, zones of flowery chaparral, stream-tangles of rubus and wild rose, sheets of golden composite, beds of violets, beds of mint, beds of bryanthus and clover, and so on, certain species blooming somewhere around all the year.

But of late years plow and sheep have made sad havoc in these glorious pastures, destroying tens of thousands of the flowery acres like a fire, and banishing many species of the best honey-plants to rocky cliffs and fence corners, while, on the other hand, culture thus far has given no adequate compensation, at least in kind—acres of alfalfa for miles of the richest wild pasture, ornamental roses and honeysuckles around cottage doors for cascades of wild roses in the dells, and small, square orchards and orange-groves for broad mountain-belts of chaparral.

Only ten years ago, the Great Central Plain of California, during the months of March, April, and May, was one smooth, continuous bed of honey-bloom, so marvelously rich that, in walking from one end of it to the other, a distance of more than four hundred miles, your feet would press more than a hun-

dred flowers at every step. Mints, gillias, nemophilas, castilleias, and innumerable composite were so crowded together that, had ninety-nine in every hundred been taken away, the plain would still have seemed extravagantly flowery to any but Californians. The radiant, honeyful corollas, touching and over-lapping, and rising above one another, glowed in the living light like a sunset sky—one glorious blaze of purple and gold. Down through the midst flowed many a river, the Sacramento from the north, the San Joaquin from the south, with noble tributaries sweeping in at right angles from the mountains, dividing the plain into sections fringed with trees.

Along each river and tributary there is a strip of bottom-land, countersunk beneath the general level, and wider toward the foot-hills, where magnificent oaks, from three to eight feet in diameter, cast grateful masses of shade over the open, prairie-like level. And close along the water's edge there is a fine jungle of tropical luxuriance, composed of wild rose and bramble bushes and a great variety of climbing vines, wreathing and interlacing the branches and trunks of willows and alders, and swinging across from summit to summit in heavy festoons. Here the wild bees revel in fresh bloom long after the flowers of the drier plain have withered and gone to seed. And in midsummer, when the "blackberries" are ripe, the Indians come from the mountains to feast—men, women, and babies in long, noisy trains, oftentimes joined by the farmers of the neighborhood, who gather this wild fruit with commendable appreciation of its superior flavor, while their home orchards are full of ripe peaches, apricots, nectarines, and figs, and their vineyards are laden with grapes. But, though these luxuriant bottoms are thus distinct from the smooth, treeless plain, they make no heavy dividing lines in general views. The whole appears as one continuous

sheet of bloom, bounded only by the mountains.

My first view of this central garden, the most extensive and best defined of all the bee-pastures of the State, was obtained from the summit of the Pacheco pass, about the middle of April, 1868, when it was rejoicing in all its glory. Along the eastern horizon rose the mighty sierra, white and jagged with snowy peaks along the top, dark with forests in the middle region, and purple with grasses and flowers and chaparral at the base, and blending gracefully in smooth hill undulations into the glowing yellow plain, which, like a cloth of gold, was seen flowing away to north and south as far as the eye could reach: hazy and vanishing in the distance, distinct as a new map along the foot-hills at my feet—the sunny sky arching over all.

Descending the eastern slopes of the coast range, through beds of gillias and lupines, and around many a breezy hillock and bush-crowned headland, I at length waded out into the midst of the glorious field of gold. All the ground was covered, not with grass and green leaves, but with radiant corollas, about ankle-deep next the foot-hills, knee-deep or more five or six miles out. Here were bahia, madia, madaria, burrielia, chrysopsis, corethrogyne, grindelia, etc., growing in close social congregations of various shades of yellow, blending finely with the purples of clarkia, orthocarpus, and cenothera, whose delicate petals were drinking the vital sunbeams without giving back any sparkling glow.

Because so long a period of extreme drought succeeds the rainy season, most of the vegetation is composed of annuals, which spring up simultaneously and bloom together at about the same height above the ground, the general surface being but slightly ruffled by the taller phacelias, pentstemons, and groups of *Salvia carduacea*, the king of the mints.

Sauntering in any direction, hundreds of these happy sun-plants brushed against my feet at every step, and closed over them as if I were wading in liquid gold. The air was sweet with fragrance, the larks sang their blessed songs, rising on the wing as I advanced, then sinking out of sight in the pollen sod, while myriads of wild bees stirred the lower air with their monotonous hum—monotonous, yet forever fresh and sweet as every-day sunshine. Hares and spermophiles showed themselves in considerable numbers, and small bands of antelope were almost constantly in sight, gazing curiously from some slight elevation, and then bounding swiftly away with unrivaled grace of motion.

Yet I could discover no crushed flowers to mark their track, nor, indeed, any destructive action of any wild foot or tooth whatever.

The great yellow days circled by uncounted, while I drifted toward the north, observing the countless forms of life thronging about me—lying down almost anywhere on the approach of night. And what glorious botanical beds I had! Oftentimes on awaking I would find several new species leaning over me and looking me full in the face, so that my studies would begin before rising.

About the first of May I turned eastward, crossing the San Joaquin between the mouths of the Tuolumne and Merced, and by the time I had reached the Sierra foot-hills, most of the vegetation had gone to seed and become as dry as hay.

All the seasons of the great plain are warm or temperate, and bee-flowers are never wholly wanting; but the grand spring-time—the annual resurrection—is governed by the rains, which usually set in about the middle of December or the beginning of January. Then the seeds, that for six months have lain on the ground dry and fresh as if they had been gathered into barns, at once unfold their treasured life. The general brown and purple of the ground, and the dead vegetation of the preceding year, give place to the green of mosses and liverworts and myriads of young leaves. Then one species after another comes into flower, gradually overspreading the green with yellow and purple, which lasts until May.

The "rainy season" is by no means a gloomy, soggy period of constant cloudiness and rain. Nowhere else in North America, perhaps in the world, are the months of December, January, February, and March so full of bland, plant-building sunshine. Referring to my notes of the winter and spring of 1868-9, every day of which I spent out of doors, on that section of the plain lying between the Tuolumne and Merced rivers, I find that the first rain of the season fell on the 18th of December. January had only six rainy days—that is, days on which rain fell; February three, March five, April three, and May three, completing the so-called rainy season, which was about an average one. The ordinary rain-storm of this region is seldom very cold or violent. The winds, which in settled weather come from the north-east, veer round into the opposite direction, the sky fills gradually and evenly with one general cloud, from which the rain falls steadily, often for several days in succession, at a temperature of about 45° or 50°.

More than seventy-five per cent. of all the rain of this season came from the south-east. One magnificent storm from the north-west fell on the 21st of March. A massive, round-browed cloud came swelling and thundering over the flowery plain in most imposing majesty, its bossy front burning white and purple in the full blaze of the sun, while warm rain poured from its ample fountains like a cataract, beating down flowers and bees, and flooding the dry water-courses as suddenly as those of Nevada are flooded by "cloud-bursts." But in less than half an hour not a trace of the heavy mountain-like cloud-structure was left in the sky, and the bees were on the wing as if nothing more gratefully refreshing could have been sent them.

By the end of January four plants were in flower, and five or six mosses had already adjusted their hoods and were in the prime of life, but the flowers were not sufficiently numerous to affect greatly the general green of the young leaves. Violets made their appearance on the first week of February, and toward the end of this month the warmer portions of the plain were already golden with myriads of the flowers of rayed compositæ.

This was the full spring-time. New species bloomed every day. The sunshine grew warmer and richer. The air became more tuneful from day to day with humming wings, and sweeter with the fragrance of the opening flowers. Ants were getting ready for their summer work, rubbing their benumbed limbs, and sunning themselves on the husk-piles before their doors, and spiders were busy mending their old webs or weaving new ones.

In March, vegetation was more than doubled in depth and splendor; claytonia, calandrinia, a large white gilia, and two nemophilas were in bloom, together with a host of yellow compositæ, tall enough to bend in the wind and show wavering ripples of shade.

In April, plant-life as a whole reached its greatest height, and the plain over all its varied surface was mantled with a close furred plush of purple and golden corollas. By the end of this month most of the species had ripened their seeds, but undecayed, still seemed to be in bloom from the numerous corolla-like involucre and whorls of chaffy scales of the compositæ. In May the bees found only a few deep-set liliaceous plants and eriogonums in flower.

June, July, August, and September was the season of rest and sleep,—the winter of dry heat,—followed in October by a second outburst of bloom at the very driest time of the year. Then, after the shrunken mass

of leaves and stalks of the dead vegetation crinkle and turn to dust beneath the foot, as if it had been baked in an oven, *Hemizonia virgata*, a slender, unobtrusive little plant, from six inches to three feet high, suddenly makes its appearance in patches miles in extent, like a resurrection of the bloom of April. I have counted upward of three thousand flowers, five-eighths of an inch in diameter, on a single plant. Both leaves and stems are so slender as to be nearly invisible amid so showy a multitude of flowers. The ray and disk flowers are both yellow, the stamens purple, the texture of the rays being rich and velvety, like the petals of garden pansies. The prevailing wind turns all the heads round to the south-east, so that in facing north-westward we have the flowers looking us in the face. In our estimation, this little plant, the last-born of the brilliant host of compositæ that glorify the plain, is the most interesting of all. It remains in flower until November, uniting with two or three species of wiry eriogonums, which continue the floral chain around December to the spring flowers of January. Thus, although the main bloom and honey season is only about three months long, the floral circle, however thin around some of the hot, rainless months, is never completely broken.

How long the various species of wild bees have lived in this honey-garden nobody knows; probably ever since the main body of the present flora gained possession of the land, toward the close of the glacial period. The first brown honey-bees brought to California are said to have arrived in San Francisco in March, 1853. A bee-keeper by the name of Shelton purchased a lot, consisting of twelve swarms, from some one at Aspinwall, who had brought them from New York. All the hives contained bees when landed at San Francisco, but they finally dwindled to one hive, which was taken to San José. The little emigrants flourished and multiplied in the bountiful pastures of the Santa Clara valley, sending off three swarms the first season. The owner was killed shortly afterward, and in settling up his estate, two of the swarms were sold at auction for one hundred and five and one hundred and ten dollars respectively. Other importations were made, from time to time, by way of the Isthmus, and, though great pains were taken to insure success, about one-half usually died on the way. Four swarms were brought safely across the plains in 1859, the hives being placed in the rear end of a wagon, which was stopped in the afternoon to allow the bees to fly and feed in the floweriest places that were within



A BEE-RANCH
IN LOWER
CALIFORNIA.

reach until dark, when the hives were closed.

In 1855, two years after the time of the first arrivals from New York, a single swarm was brought over from San José, and let fly in the Great Central Plain. Bee-culture, however, has never gained much attention there, notwithstanding the extraordinary abundance of honey-bloom and the high price of honey. A few hives are found here and there among settlers who chanced to have learned something about the business before coming to the State. But sheep, cattle, and grain raising are the chief industries, as they require less skill and care, while the profits thus far have been greater. In 1856, honey sold here at from one and a half to two dol-

lars per pound. Twelve years later the price had fallen to twelve and a half cents. In 1868,

I sat down to dinner with a band of ravenous sheep-shearers at a ranch on the San Joaquin, where fifteen or twenty hives were kept, and our host advised us not to spare the large pan of honey he had placed on the table, as it was the cheapest

article he had to offer. In all my walks, however, I have never come upon a regular bee-ranch there like those so common and so skillfully managed in the southern counties of the State. The few pounds of honey and wax produced are consumed at home, and are scarcely taken into account among the coarser products of the farm. The swarms that escape from their careless owners have a weary, perplexing time of it in seeking suitable homes. Most of them make their way to the foot-hills of the mountains, or to the trees that line the banks of the rivers, where some hollow log or trunk may be found. A friend of mine, while out hunting last winter on the San Joaquin, came upon an old coon-trap hidden among some tall grass, near the edge of the river, upon which he sat down to rest. Shortly afterward his attention was forced upon a crowd of angry bees that were flying excitedly about his head, when he discovered that he was sitting upon their hive, which was found to contain more than two hundred pounds of honey. Out in the broad,

swampy delta of the Sacramento and San Joaquin the little wanderers have been known to build their combs in a bunch of rushes or stiff, wiry grass, scarcely protected from the weather, and in danger every spring of being carried away by floods. They have the advantage, however, of a vast extent of fresh pasture, accessible only to themselves.

The present condition of the Grand Central Garden is very different from that we have sketched. About ten years ago, when the gold placers had been pretty thoroughly exhausted, the attention of fortune-seekers—not home-seekers—was in great part turned away from the mines to the fertile plains, and many began experiments in a kind of restless, wild-cat agriculture. A load of lumber would be hauled to some spot on the free wilderness where water could be easily found, and a rude box-cabin built. Then a gang-plow was procured, and a dozen mustang ponies, worth ten or fifteen dollars apiece, and with these hundreds of acres were stirred as easily as if the land had been under cultivation for years, tough perennial roots being almost wholly absent. Thus, a ranch was established, and from these bare wooden huts, as centers of desolation, the wild flora vanished in ever-widening circles. But the arch destroyers are the shepherds, with their flocks of hooved locusts, sweeping over the ground like a fire, and trampling down every rod that escapes the plow as completely as if the whole plain were a cottage garden-plot without a fence. But notwithstanding "a' that," a thousand swarms of bees may be pastured here for every one now gathering honey. The greater portion is still covered every season with a repressed growth of bee-flowers, for most of the species are annuals, and many of them are not relished by sheep or cattle, while the rapidity of their growth enables them to develop and mature their seeds before any foot has time to crush them. The ground is, therefore, kept sweet, and the race is perpetuated, though only as a suggestive shadow of the magnificence of its wildness.

The time will undoubtedly come when the entire area of this noble valley will be tilled like a garden, when the fertilizing waters of the mountains, now flowing to the sea, will be distributed to every acre, giving rise to prosperous towns, wealth, arts, etc. Then, I suppose, there will be few left, even among botanists, to deplore the vanished primeval flora. In the meantime, the pure waste going on—the wanton destruction of the innocents—is a sad sight to see, and the sun may well be pitied in being compelled to look on.

The bee-pastures of the coast-ranges last longer and are far more varied than those of the great plain, on account of differences of soil and climate, moisture and shade, etc. Some of the mountains are upward of four thousand feet in height, and small streams and springs, oozy bogs, etc., occur in great abundance and variety in the wooded regions, while open parks flooded with sunshine, and hill-girt valleys lying at different elevations, each with its own peculiar climate and exposure, possess the required conditions for the development of species and families of plants widely varied.

Next the plain there is, first, a series of smooth hills, planted with a rich and showy vegetation that differs but little from that of the plain itself—as if the edge of the plain had been lifted and bent into flowing folds with all its flowers in place, only toned down a little as to their luxuriance, and a few new species introduced, such as the hill lupines, mints, and gillias. The colors show finely when thus held to view on the slopes—patches of red, purple, blue, yellow, and white blending around the edges, the whole appearing at a little distance like a map colored in sections.

Above this lies the park and chaparral region, with evergreen oaks planted wide apart, and blooming shrubs from three to ten feet high—manzanita and ceanothus of several species, mixed with rhamnus, cercis, pickeringia, cherry, amelanchier, and adenos-toma, in shaggy, interlocking thickets, with many species of hosackia, clover, monardella, castilleja, etc., in the openings.

The main ranges send out long spurs somewhat parallel to their axes, inclosing level valleys, many of them quite extensive, and containing a great profusion of sun-loving bee-flowers in their wild state; but these are, in great part, already lost to the bees by cultivation.

Nearer the coast are the giant forests of the redwoods, extending from near the Oregon line to Santa Cruz. Beneath the cool, deep shade of these majestic trees the ground is occupied by ferns, chiefly woodwardia and aspidiums, with only a few flowering plants—oxalis, trientalis, erythronium, fritillaria, smilax, and other shade-lovers. But all along the redwood belt there are sunny openings on hill-slopes looking to the south, where the giant trees stand back and give the ground to the small sun-flowers and the bees. Around the lofty redwood walls of these little bee-acres there is usually a fringe of chestnut-oak, laurel, and madroña, the last of which is a surpassingly beautiful tree, and a great favorite with the bees. The trunks of the largest

specimens are seven or eight feet thick, and about fifty feet high, the bark crimson and chocolate, the leaves plain, large, and glossy, like those of *Magnolia grandiflora*, while the flowers are white and urn-shaped, in well-proportioned panicles from five to ten inches long. When in full bloom, a single tree seems to be visited at times by a whole hive of bees at once, and the grand hum of such a multitude of wings makes the listener guess that more than the ordinary work of honey-winning must be going on.

How perfectly enchanting and care-obliterating are these withdrawn gardens of the woods—long vistas opening to the sea—sunshine sifting and pouring upon the flowery ground in a tremulous, shifting mosaic, as the light-ways in the leafy wall open and close with the swaying breeze—shining leaves and flowers, birds and bees, mingling together in spring-time harmony, and nectarous fragrance exhaling from a thousand thousand fountains! In these balmy, dissolving days, when the deep heart-beats of Nature are felt thrilling rocks and trees and everything alike, common business and friends, children and wives, are happily forgotten, and even the natural honey-work of bees, and the care of birds for their young, seems slightly out of place.

To the northward, in Humboldt and the adjacent counties, whole hill-sides are covered with rhododendron, making a glorious melody of bee-bloom in the spring. And the western azalea, hardly less flowery, grows in massy thickets three to eight feet high around the edges of groves and woods as far south as San Luis Obispo, usually accompanied by manzanita, while the valleys, with their varying moisture and shade, yield a rich variety of the smaller honey-flowers, such as mentha, lycopus, micromeria, audibertia, trichostema, and other mints, with vaccinium, wild strawberry, geranium, calais, and golden-rod; and in the cool glens along the stream-banks, where the shade of trees is not too deep, spiræa, dog-wood, photinia, and calycanthus, and many species of rubus, form interlacing tangles, some portion of which continues in bloom for months.

Though the coast region was the first to be invaded and settled by white men, it has suffered less from a bee point of view than either of the other main divisions—chiefly, no doubt, because of the unevenness of the surface, and because it is owned by individuals, instead of lying exposed to the flocks of the "sheep-man." These remarks apply more particularly to the north half of the coast. Farther south there is less moisture, less forest shade, and the honey flora is less varied.

The sierra region is the largest of the three main divisions of the bee-lands of the State, and the most regularly varied in its subdivisions, owing to their gradual rise from the level of the Central Plain to the alpine summits. The foot-hill region is about as dry and sun-ful, from the end of May until the setting in of the winter rains, as the plain. There are no shady forests, no damp glens, at all like those lying at the same elevations in the coast mountains. The social compositæ of the plain, with a few added species, form the bulk of the herbaceous portion of the vegetation up to a height of fifteen hundred feet or more, shaded lightly here and there with oaks and Sabine pines, and interrupted by patches of ceanothus and buckeye. Above this, and just below the forest region, there is a dark, heath-like belt of chaparral, composed almost exclusively of *Adenostoma fasciculata*, a bush belonging to the rose family, from five to eight feet high, with small, round leaves in fascicles, and bearing a multitude of small white flowers in panicles on the ends of the upper branches. Where it occurs at all, it usually covers all the ground with a close, impenetrable growth, scarcely broken for miles.

Up through the forest region, to a height of about nine thousand feet above sea-level, there are ragged patches of manzanita, and five or six species of ceanothus, called deer-brush or California lilac. These are the most important of all the honey-bearing bushes of the sierra. *Chamaebatia foliolosa*, a little shrub about a foot high, with flowers like the strawberry, makes handsome carpets beneath the yellow pines, and seems to be a favorite with the bees; while the pines themselves furnish unlimited quantities of pollen and honey-dew. The product of a single tree, ripening its pollen at the right time of year, would be sufficient for the wants of a whole hive. Along the streams, there is a rich growth of lilies, larkspurs, pedicularis, castilleias, and clover. The alpine region contains the flowery glacier meadows, and countless small gardens in all sorts of places full of potentilla of several species, spraguea, ivesia, epilobium, and golden-rod, with beds of bryanthus and the charming cassiope covered with sweet bells. Even the tops of the mountains are blessed with flowers,—dwarf phlox, polemonium, ribes, hulsea, etc. I have seen wild bees and butterflies feeding at a height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea. Many, however, that go up these dangerous heights never come down again. Some, undoubtedly, perish in storms, and I have found thousands lying dead or benumbed on the surface of the glaciers, to which they had perhaps been attracted by the white glare. From



A SHEPHERD'S CABIN.

sheep nor cattle care to feed on the manzanita, spiraea, or adenostoma; and these fine honey-bushes are too stiff and tall, or grow in places too rough and inaccessible, to be trodden under foot. Also the cañon walls

and gorges, which form so considerable a part of the area of the range, while inaccessible to domestic sheep, are well fringed with honey-shrubs, and contain thousands of lovely

bee-gardens, lying hid in narrow side-cañons and recesses

fenced with avalanche taluses, and on the top of flat, projecting headlands where only the bees would think to look for them.

But, on the other hand, a great portion of the woody plants that escape the feet and teeth of

the sheep are destroyed by the shepherds by means of running fires, which are set everywhere during the dry autumn for the purpose of burning off the old fallen trunks and underbrush, with a view to improving the pastures, and making more open ways for the flocks. These destructive sheep-fires sweep through nearly the entire forest belt of the range, from one extremity to the other, consuming not only the underbrush, but the young trees and seedlings on which the permanence of the forests depends; thus setting in motion a long train of evils which will certainly reach far beyond bees and bee-keepers.

The plow has not yet invaded the forest region to any appreciable extent, neither has it accomplished much in the foot-hills. Thousands of bee-ranches might be established along the margin of the plain, and up to a height of four thousand feet, wherever water could be obtained. The climate at this elevation admits of the making of permanent homes, and by

swarms that escaped their owners in the lowlands, the honey-bee is now generally distributed throughout the whole length of the sierra, up to an elevation of eight thousand feet above sea-level. At this height, where the snow falls to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, they flourish without care. Even higher than this several bee-trees have been cut which contained over two hundred pounds of honey.

The destructive action of sheep has not been nearly so universal on the mountain pastures as on those of the great plain, but in many places it has been more complete, owing to the more friable character of the soil, and its sloping position. The slant digging and down-raking action of hoofs on the steeper slopes of moraines has uprooted and buried many of the tender plants from year to year, without allowing them time to mature their seeds. The shrubs, too, are badly bitten, especially the various species of ceanothus. Fortunately, neither



moving the hives to higher pastures as the lower pass out of bloom, the annual yield of honey would be nearly doubled. The foot-hill pastures, as we have seen, fail about the end of May, those of the chaparral belt and lower forests are in full bloom in June, those of the upper and alpine region in July, August, and September. In Scotland, after the best of the Lowland bloom is past, the bees are carried in carts to the Highlands, and set free on the heather hills. In France, too, and in Poland, they are carried from pasture to pasture among orchards and fields in the same way, and along the rivers in barges, to collect the honey of the delightful vegetation of the banks. In Egypt, they are taken far up the Nile, and floated slowly home again, gathering the honey-harvest of the various fields on the way, timing their movements in accord with the seasons. Were similar methods pursued in California, the productive season would extend nearly all the year.

The average elevation of the north half of the sierra is considerably less than that of the south half, and small streams, with the bank and meadow gardens dependent upon them, are less abundant. Around the headwaters of the Yuba, Feather, and Pitt rivers, there are extensive table-lands of lava, sparsely planted with pines, through which the sunshine

reaches the ground with little interruption, and here flourishes a scattered, tufted growth of golden applopappus, linosyris, bahia, wyetheia, arnica, artemisia, and similar plants; with manzanita, cherry, plum, and thorn in ragged patches on the cooler hill-slopes. At the extremities of the Great Plain, the sierra and coast ranges curve around and lock together in a labyrinth of mountains and valleys, throughout which the coast and sierra floras are mingled, making at the north, with its temperate climate and copious rain-fall, a perfect paradise for bees—though, strange to say, scarce a single regular bee-ranch has yet been established in it. Cultivation, however, is making rapid headway over all the State, and before long the wild honey-bloom of the mountains will vanish as completely as that of the fertile lowlands.

John Muir.

WOOD-ENGRAVING AND THE CENTURY PRIZES.

READERS of this magazine will remember that in March, 1880, a series of prizes were offered, to be competed for by students of the wood-engraver's art. In April, 1881, the award of the committee was made public in the pages of the magazine, and the best cuts among those that had been submitted were published, with appropriate criticisms. At the same time it was announced that the competition would be repeated. Three prizes, of one hundred, seventy-five, and fifty dollars respectively, were offered to young engravers who had not yet been commercially employed, with a supplementary reward of fifty dollars to be competed for by the prize-takers of 1881. A large number of blocks have been sent to THE CENTURY office in reply to these announcements, and the results of this second contest are now presented to the public. They are, I think, better and more interesting in their collective quality than the specimens of last year, and more than fulfill the hopes of those who believed that much good would come from these competitions—good to the student in the shape of earnest work incited, and good to the magazine in the shape of reinforcement for the ranks of its engravers. For, while these ranks are already populous, there is not only room in them for capable recruits, but an urgent need thereof. Some remarks upon the prize blocks will be made later on, and the reasons which have guided the judges in their decisions will be stated. First, however, it will be well, as a prelude to their intelligent examination by the reader, to sketch very hastily the recent development of wood-engraving in general, and to mark what are the questions of the hour regarding it.

Every reader knows, most probably, that, for the past two or three years, a rather sharp controversy has been going on with reference to the "new school" of American wood-engraving. Every reader ought to know, in addition, that whatever strictures may have been passed upon it at home, it has been almost universally praised abroad. In England as in France critics have been lavish of their commendation. When we find, for example, "L'Art" reprinting a series of cuts from the "Scribner Portfolio," and even the "Saturday Review" ranking American work above all that is done in other countries, we cannot be blamed for feeling a responsive

glow of self-approval.* But foreign praise, even from competent pens, should not serve us in the stead of a personal examination of our work, based upon a knowledge of the theories which lie behind it, as well as of the specimens

* As the most recent example of the estimation in which foreign critics hold American work, I may quote the following passages from Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Graphic Arts":

"The development of delicate and versatile wood-engraving in America is due to the managers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, who worked resolutely with this definite end in view, and gradually reached perfection by paying for many cuts which were never published, and by forming a school of wood-engravers animated by the same spirit. Now, whatever may be the differences of opinion about the desirableness of this imitative art, there can be no question that the Americans have far surpassed all other nations in delicacy of execution. The manual skill displayed in their wood-cuts is a continual marvel, and it is accompanied by so much intelligence—I mean by so much critical understanding of different graphic arts—that a portfolio of their best wood-cuts is most interesting. Not only do they understand engraving thoroughly, but they are the best printers in the world, and they give an amount of care and thought to their printing which would be considered uncommercial elsewhere.

"The two superiorities in American wood-engraving are in tone and texture—two qualities very popular in modern times in all the graphic arts which can attain them. Tone in wood-cutting depends entirely upon the management of grays. In etching there are half-a-dozen different qualities of black—all black, yet producing quite different effects upon the eye; in wood-cut there is only one black. In painting there are many different whites, all of them equally called 'whites,' yet bearing little relation to each other; in wood-cut there is only a single white, and it is always got in the same way—by excavating the wood. This being so, white and black are settled for the wood-engraver, and he has not to think about them; but it is not so with intermediate shades, and I cannot but heartily admire the almost unlimited ingenuity with which the Americans vary not only the tone, but the very quality, of these intermediates, getting not one gamut only but several, with the faculty of going from one to another on occasion, as if changing the stops of an organ. Some of their grays are pure and clear, others cloudy; others 'like veils of thinnest lawn'; others, again, are semi-transparent, like a very light wash of body-color, and whatever may be their quality it is always surprising how steadily a delicate tone is maintained in them. As for texture, these engravers seem able to imitate anything that is set before them. It would be an exaggeration to say that they get the exact textures of an oil-painting, but they come near enough to recall them vividly to our minds. To appreciate the technical advance, we must always remember that tone and texture are simply absent from the school of Holbein, and that whilst the engravers of the present day can produce an exact fac-simile of old work, the old engravers had not even begun that course of experiment and of study which has trained such consummate workmen as Juengling, Speer, Kingsley, Closson, Muller, and Cole."

themselves. Within a few months an unrivaled opportunity for examining it has been afforded us. The exhibition of wood-engravings which was held last autumn at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has already been noticed in these pages. While it was chiefly made up of contemporaneous American work, it contained enough examples of past epochs and of the foreign practice of our own day to afford us terms of comparison. Viewed collectively and in the light of such comparison, the band of young engravers which, to some eyes, had previously seemed to consist of individual experimenters with no very lucid ideal before them, now appeared homogeneous to a surprising extent, and to a surprising extent clear in its aims and tendencies—working collectively toward a common goal, though with large diversities in the ways employed to reach it. And as each man's work was arranged by itself, we were enabled, on the other hand, to gain a better idea of a given talent than had been possible when we knew it merely through cuts appearing at intervals of time, in all sorts of quarters, and often uncredited to any hand.

Preparatory to understanding the peculiar aims of our recent American work the reader will desire to understand the aims of wood-engraving in former days. It is impossible, however, here to pause over the earlier developments of the art. I have no space in which to speak of the grand work done on the side of a plank with knives alone—work which reached its culminating point in the sixteenth century, but which at all times was more remarkable for the talent of the original draughtsman than for the skill of the engraver who had reproduced him. The work of the latter was admirable in its own way, but this was a mechanical way, devoted to the literal rendering of the lines that had been set him by the draughtsman. For a history of these earlier periods of wood-engraving, of its decline after the sixteenth century, and of its regeneration in a new shape by Bewick at the beginning of our own century, the reader is referred to Jackson and Chatto's "History of Wood-Engraving."* It is not an ideal history of the art, even within the periods to which it is confined. But it is the only one existing, and until a new one shall have been prepared by some competent hand,—rewritten from the beginning and carried down from 1838 to the present day,—it is absolutely indispensable to the student. The

cuts were laboriously copied on the block by Mr. Jackson, for in his day reproductive "processes" were not employed. Of course the repetition by another hand, and the reduction necessary to bring them within the compass of an octavo page, have often greatly detracted from the effect of the specimens, especially in the case of the splendid big blocks of the sixteenth century. Yet they will be found most useful to the student who has not access to their originals. The chapter on technical processes is very clear and instructive; but here especially the reader must remember that many changes have taken place since Chatto's day, and that the conditions under which the engraver works have greatly altered. If the student reads this book, however,—and it is a most interesting as well as a most instructive one,—he will acquire a knowledge of the craft not otherwise to be gained. Since the date of its publication little has been written save in the way of scattered articles, usually of a controversial character. Mr. Linton has, it is true, prepared a "History of Wood-Engraving in America," which appeared in the "American Art Review" in 1880, and will shortly be issued in book form. Instructive and interesting though it is, and full of acute and suggestive criticisms, it is yet written from the point of view of an engraver distrustful of innovations; and it is therefore less valuable to the beginner than to one who has some knowledge of the questions mooted.

Bewick, as I have said, was the father of modern wood-engraving—the first to make a practice of cutting on the *end* of the wood, using engravers' tools instead of knives, and developing his design chiefly by white lines on black instead of by black lines on a white ground. The men who worked with or immediately after him were consummate masters of their craft as it was then understood—not such artists by nature, perhaps, as Bewick himself, but better technical engravers. Their cuts have never been excelled by similar examples made since their day, and are the *ne plus ultra* of the critic who still defends elder as against newer aims and processes. After their time the art steadily declined, owing—at least in England, we are told—in greater part to a wide commercial demand for average work being met by the creation of large engraving establishments where it was turned out by wholesale, the personality of the workman being completely sunk from sight. This, at all events, was the proximate cause of decline. The ultimate cause—as of all such minor phenomena—is probably to be sought in the generally inartistic temper of the day. A few strong and well-trained men were not submerged by the current of something worse than commonplace which

* A Treatise on Wood-Engraving, Historical and Practical. By William Andrew Chatto. With upwards of four hundred illustrations, engraved on wood by John Jackson. A new edition, with an additional chapter by Henry G. Bohn. New York: J. W. Bouton.



FIRST PRIZE. MILK-CARRIER. ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH (BY PERMISSION OF AD. BRAUN & CO., PARIS) OF THE PAINTING BY J. F. MILLET. ENGRAVER, FLORENCE W. RICHARDSON. TIME OF PRACTICE, THREE YEARS.

swept over the art, among them perhaps the strongest being Mr. Linton, who brought the traditions of good and clever work with him to this country, and who still does good and clever work—none better in its own way. Ten years ago, however, average American was not very different from current English engraving, or, rather, was inferior to it. About that time a more general interest in art of all kinds sprang up among us, following

by a short interval a similar revival among the English. One consequence of this awakening was that the managers of this magazine, then just projected, tried to put better work into their pages, feeling that the time had come when the public demanded—or, at least, might appreciate—its presence. The needs of this magazine, and of others which were obliged to follow in its wake, and the introduction of the gift-book profusely illustrated

with wood-cuts, in place of the old-fashioned "annual" and its steel engravings, originated the new development of wood-engraving in this country. For not only was more and better work required, but work of quite a novel sort. There were no guides, past or present, to help the young engravers who tried to answer these demands. They were obliged to experiment each one for himself—a lucky fact, perhaps, since it has given us the most original

completed work was sufficient unto itself, valued for what it was—not for what it suggested about another work of art. He labored usually on designs made expressly for his use. But if called upon to reproduce a painting he was only expected to give its most palpable facts—its theme, its design, and the broad contrasts of its color. To do this it was necessary that he should be an admirable draughtsman, that he should follow the lines of his original with



THIRD PRIZE. THE MORNING SONG. ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY MARAK.
ENGRAVER, JOHN S. MARQUAND. TIME OF PRACTICE, TWO YEARS AND ONE MONTH.

development of which American art as yet can boast. What, we must now inquire, were these new demands? What are the special aims which present themselves to the engraver of to-day, and which could not have been realized by the best workmanship of a former time?

The elder engraver worked chiefly to make a good line-drawing with his graver. His

intelligence, or supply good lines where none had been provided for him. This "drawing with the graver" is the excellence which finds its highest examples in the work of Bewick's immediate successors—of Thompson, Nesbit, and Clennell. This is the excellence proper to Mr. Linton's work, the excellence upon which he insists so strongly in the work of others. It is indeed and beyond question one



LAUGHING GIRL. ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH (BY PERMISSION OF BROCKMANN, DRESDEN) OF THE PAINTING BY REMBRANDT. ENGRAVER, HERBERT F. LYONS.

of the highest attainments of the engraver, and one without which he can do little worth the doing. But alone it cannot serve all the needs of the modern workman, who must make something more of his print than an admirable black-and-white drawing, who must do more than produce a fine engraving in and for itself considered, who must also—such is the demand of the hour—reproduce the most characteristic, most peculiar, and most subtle qualities of his model. If this is a painting, for example, he must not only tell us what is on the canvas but exactly how it has been put there. What, we may ask, is the reason why this demand upon the engraver has been made of late, though it was never made before? The answer to this question is to be found, I think, partly in the growth of new ideas with regard to art in general, and partly in new ideas that have worked upon wood-engraving consciously and directly. About ten years ago, painting itself took a new start among us. Certain elements in its practice which had been almost entirely overlooked by our artists came, under the influence of foreign training, to be universally respected, and, perhaps, even a little overrated. One of these elements was the actual technical method of a

painter. Another was the insistence upon tone and “values” as distinct from local color. The artist whose painting was copied wished these qualities preserved. And the reader whose eye was trained to love them hailed with delight the first prints in which even an effort was made to reproduce them.

But, one may say, there have been epochs in the past when these and similar refinements of the brush were as highly prized in other countries as they are to-day with us, yet when their reproduction was not demanded from the engraver of any sort. Artists and the public were content if he gave—with beautiful engraver’s work—the forms and outlines and the general color scheme of his original. What is the reason we now ask for more? I think it may be discovered, partly at least, in the introduction of photography as a popular multiplying process. Until photographs taken immediately from paintings met his eye, the student had never dreamed of a reproduction which should give the manner as well as the matter of its original. In such photographs the color scheme of a painting is often seriously maligned, and its “values” are not always correctly given. But often they are so given, and always the artist’s method reveals itself, line for line and touch for touch. To-

day a steel engraving, for example, is valued as highly as ever for its own artistic sake; but the photograph is absolutely essential to a knowledge of any painter's peculiar qualities.

Thus to a great extent was incited, I believe, the effort made by our editors and responded to by our young engravers—the effort to combine the distinctive qualities of a good photograph with those of an engraving, to reproduce as far as possible all the idiosyncrasies of an original while securing a work of art valuable for its own artistic sake, truer than a photograph in its rendering of color, and capable of being cheaply printed in the pages of a book. Similar excellences were demanded, also, when the work was done after originals of a different sort—after drawings made in pen-and-ink, or pencil, or charcoal, or washed tints, or after photographs from nature. In landscape work, especially, tone and gradation and atmospheric effects were looked for as they had never been before.

These, then, were the problems which the young engraver set himself; these were the problems which the old engraver denounced as degrading his art to the level of an imitative handicraft, as sinking the creative entirely in the interests of the reproductive artist. Photography on the block, which has enabled our workmen to realize their aims as they never could had an intermediary drawing been required, was included in the indictment. And, moreover, certain faults which undoubtedly existed in much of the pioneer work were pointed out as of necessity belonging to such efforts, and as disfiguring them beyond indulgence. The first-named of these objections

will not, I think, be sustained by many voices. It must, indeed, be abandoned by its firmest upholders when the new school shall have shown that it can realize its aims with no detriment to the art of wood-engraving in itself considered—nay, rather, with an absolute increase of its beauty. Already it has shown this to a remarkable extent. The first work of our young artists was, I repeat, experimental, and experimenters must run to extremes if they would learn the limits of their possibilities. In their first eager efforts to render faithfully the qualities to which their attention had been directed, they forgot occasionally the claims of their own art. In striving to give us a good reproduction they sometimes neglected to secure a beautiful wood-cut. And even in their reproductive essays proper they have been known to secure “values” and technical effects only with some loss of color and of definition. But each year such mistakes become less frequent. The engraver is rapidly learning that he can accomplish his new aim only within certain limits—that when he has given as much of his original as can be put into a good wood-cut, he must hold his hand. It should be said, however, that this amount is almost coincident with that for which he strove in his first ardor. He has not so much altered his aim as learned to work for it with a more cunning hand, with more self-restraint and modesty, with a less palpable show of effort. The handling of our best workmen to-day is vastly more varied, more flexible, and more individual than was that of former masters. But it is coming back



LANDSCAPE. ENGRAVED FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FRANK A. WHITE.



ON THE THRESHOLD. ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH (BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.)
OF THE PAINTING BY C. BRUN. ENGRAVER, MISS ADA DAMPTON.

very rapidly from the excessive wildness or excessive minuteness which inflamed the wrath of the elder generation. Nor, I must repeat, is the fact that it passed through its earlier and less well-balanced stage to be regretted; for only by such bold experiments, such even reckless attempts to find new ways of expressing his new intentions on the block, could the young practitioner prove what might be allowed to him and what might not. Now he has discovered, I think, the limitations of his art. They are not, by a great distance, the limitations prescribed for it by disciples of an elder day. Yet anywhere within them it is possible to secure as much of technical beauty in the wood-cut as of fidelity to the original. No wood-cuts so faithful to the subtlest facts of nature's handiwork or of an artist's brush are produced to-day as those which come from our younger men; and, I may safely

say, none so beautiful. It was not, for example, their faithfulness to originals unknown in Paris which secured an "honorable mention" for the cuts of Mr. Closson and Mr. Juengling at the last *Salon*, but their absolute excellence as samples of the wood-engraver's art. Nor, in thus praising the newest methods, is it necessary to depreciate the old. The art is wide in its range, and old and new developments may alike be valued, each for its own distinctive sort of excellence. We appreciate the plank cuts of the sixteenth century in spite of our admiration for Bewick and his followers. Nor need this admiration be lessened by an equal or even greater love for still more recent things.

The difference between our individual workmen has grown to be as remarkable as the collective individuality of the school; and this could only result, of course, from self-development unfettered by the tyranny



FIRST PRIZE FOR BEST WORK BY FORMER COMPETITORS. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE. ENGRAVED BY WM. H. MACKAY.

of custom or authority. That our students were enabled freely to pursue their investigations, and each to develop in his own way his artistic conscience and his technical skill, is the great benefaction for which we should thank our American magazines.

As yet, however, it must be confessed, our new school is accomplished only within certain limits. Few if any of our young men have yet done large, frank, bold, simple work as well, for example, as it has been done by Mr. Linton in such examples as his "Raft," after Harvey.

But this fact is probably to be traced to the working of the law of supply and demand, the call for the best work being usually to fill pages of a small size. When our illustrated papers shall take the same stand that was taken a few years ago by our magazines, they may encourage our young men to be bold as well as refined, free as well as delicate, and frank as well as subtle. And if, moreover, the art is to be developed on all sides to its full capacity, we must have a new school of skillful and intelligent illustrative designers, willing to work with special reference to the needs of the engraver, and of the printer also.

Turning now to the cuts submitted to the judgment of THE CENTURY in this second competition, I may begin a brief consideration of their merits by stating what were the qualities especially looked for by the judges who passed upon them. These were (quoting from their report of last year):

1. Truthfulness in reproduction of the artist's design.
2. Originality in line or texture.
3. General effect.
4. Management of color.

The length of time spent in practice, the rendering of fac-simile, and the selection of subject were also given some weight. The degrees of merit reached in each quality were marked in numerical order by figures, upon a scale in which ten stood for the maximum. The first prize went to him who had the highest aggregate of marks.

The first prize of this year (\$100) is awarded to:

Florence W. Richardson, of Concord, Mass. Time of practice, three years—fourteen months with F. Juengling and eight months with W. B. Closson. Original, photograph from painting of "Milk-Carrier," by J. F. Millet. Characteristics of work: Truth to the manner of a very difficult original. The character of the face is not especially well given, but the effect of the whole is well rendered.

The second prize (\$75) is awarded to:

W. F. McGrath, of Boston, Mass. Age, seventeen years. Time of practice, twenty-three months. Pupil of A. D. Crombie. Original, photograph from painting of "Othello," by Carl Becker. Characteristics of work: Fidelity to a complicated subject, and rendering of various textures. Especially to be noted is the treatment of the two masculine faces, and of the distant background. This has been an unusually difficult theme, owing to the variety of matter given on a small scale.*

* On account of the inability of the publishers of THE CENTURY to obtain permission to print this engraving of a copyrighted picture, the cut must be omitted. To avoid similar difficulty, competitors for future prizes are requested to select American originals which are not copyrighted.

The third prize (\$50) is awarded to:

John S. Marquand, of New York. Age, seventeen years. Time of practice, two years and one month. Pupil of Victor L. Chandler. First essay in book illustration, previous work having been commercial merely. Original, photograph from Marak's "The Morning Song." Characteristics of work: Very delicate treatment, and good tone—in this latter a great improvement on the photograph.

Honorable mention is awarded to:

Herbert F. Lyouns, of Boston, pupil of Russell and Richardson. Original, photograph from drawing of Rembrandt's painting of "Laughing Girl." Characteristics: Good management of line, and skill in use of transparent shadow. This face has been very difficult to render with the proper expression, and though the engraver has not been absolutely successful his effort is more than creditable. The third prize might have been awarded him, indeed, had there not been doubts as to the "printability"—if a useful word may thus be coined—of his block.

F. J. L. McCann, of Boston, Mass., pupil of Geo. E. Johnson. Original, photograph from cattle-painting by Voltz. Characteristics: Faithfulness to original, and great delicacy of treatment—too great, perhaps, for good printing in magazine. The foliage is given in an especially charming manner.

Frank A. White, of Jersey City, N. J. Self-taught, with suggestions from Wm. Scott. Original, a landscape picture. Characteristics: Directness of method, fine rendering of color, and silvery-like quality of line. The simplicity of the treatment is noteworthy as well as its originality.

Mrs. E. M. A. Heth, of Richmond, Va. Original, a photograph of landscape subject from nature. Characteristic: Effective work.

General mention, furthermore, is awarded to:

Miss Ada Bampton, of New York, pupil of Cooper Union school, under J. P. Davis. Original, photograph from painting, "Sur le Pas de la Porte," by C. Brun. Characteristic: Very careful work.

Charles P. Marshall, of Lafayetteville, N. Y. Entirely self-taught, without acquaintance with any engraver or advice of any kind, and study pursued under great difficulties. Original, drawn on block from painting of landscape subject.

Miss Edith M. Harte, of New York, pupil of Cooper Union school under J. P. Davis, but chiefly self-taught. Original, drawn on block from landscape sketch by engraver.

Turning now to the prize of \$50 offered for competition to those who took part in the contest of 1881, we find that it has been given to the student who secured the first reward on that occasion:

William H. Mackay, of Boston. Age, seventeen. Original, photograph from life. Characteristics: Excellent management of line, good treatment of varying textures, directness of method, and good tone. The handling of the background is notably strong and simple. If a fault is to be found it is with the drawing of the face, which is not strictly accurate. This cut shows great improvement upon Mr. Mackay's essay of last year. The subject is very difficult, a fact which may not be appreciated by the casual observer. But there is no greater test of an engraver's skill than such steady line-work as is shown in Mr. Mackay's portrait.



SHEEP. ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH (BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO., PARIS) OF THE PAINTING BY JACQUE. ENGRAVER, C. H. LATHAM.

Honorable mention in this class is awarded to:

C. H. Latham, who took the third prize of last year.

Original, photograph from painting of sheep by Jacque. Treatment very delicate, but might have been a little more forcible. Some doubts as to "printability."

Hiram P. Barnes, of Waltham, Mass. Self-taught. Originals, photographic portraits.

M. L. Brown, of Brookline, Mass. Original, photograph after Hamon's "Twilight."

J. E. Provine, of Chicago, Ill. Original, photograph after Richter's "Seraglio." Complicated subject treated with much skill in the textures. Some doubts as to "printability."

Miss M. L. Owens, of New York. Has worked for THE CENTURY since last year, and sends several cuts that have appeared in its pages—for example, the first illustration for the recent article on the "Tile Club Ashore."

P. Aitkin, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Has also worked for THE CENTURY, and sends excellent cuts, such as La Farge's "Victory" from the article on the "Union League Club House," and Burns's "Taking Observations."

It will be noted that, in criticising the above-mentioned cuts, I have laid especial stress upon a quality not cited in the list first given. This is the quality of "printability,"—one which does not strike the observer who considers the submitted proofs for their intrinsic beauty only, but which is of equal impor-

tance with any other in the eyes of art-monger and printer. A deficiency in this quality, indeed, may be so serious as to vitiate all other merits. Strictly speaking, in fact, a cut is *not* good if it is not adapted for the purpose to which it must be put,—if it is so delicate, or so shallow, or so super-refined, that it cannot be printed to advantage on the steam-press. Many a block which gives a beautiful proof on the hand-press is a sad disappointment to its author when used in the pages of book or periodical. As the tendency of our wood-engraving is just in this direction—toward too great minuteness and subtlety—it will be well for all young artists to bear these facts in mind, and, while making their blocks as delicate as necessary, not to make them "too good to use."

Looking once more over all the contributions, successful and non-successful, it may be added that more attention might well be paid to simplicity of treatment—to securing the desired result with the least possible show of effort. A mastery of strong and simple lines is the best, the only thorough, preparation for every sort of work, even for that where the complicated or characteristic effects of an original must be reproduced in complicated and characteristic ways.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

For the announcement of the terms of the third competition, see "Topics of the Time," in the present number.

MARBLE-MINING IN CARRARA.



LOWERING THE BLOCKS FROM THE QUARRY.

CARRARA marble is an article well known the world over. It is reputed to be unquestionably the best marble for the use of sculptors, grave-stone builders, architects, and other marble-workers, and inasmuch as it has enjoyed this reputation without dispute for over nineteen centuries, it is fair to presume that it is justly entitled to its good name. The ancient Romans of the time of Augustus could find no other marble equal to that of Carrara, and they used it freely in making statues, and in building monuments, temples, and various other public edifices. The judgment of the statuaries and architects of the "year one" has been reinforced by that of their successors in each succeeding generation, and to-day Carrara marble is in such demand in every civilized nation of the world that nearly one hundred and fifty thousand tons of it are quarried every year. Of this the United States use about twenty-five thousand tons annually, notwithstanding the fact that, duty paid, the rough blocks are worth about two dollars and a half a foot, or almost two cents a pound, as they are landed from the vessel.

Carrara is situated on the west coast of Italy, forty-five miles from Leghorn and twice as far from Genoa, and, counting in the

villages which are dependencies of Carrara, it is a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. The city stands in a niche of the Appennine Mountains, which in its rear rise in barren, rocky cliffs, varying in height from three thousand to five thousand feet, and on two sides of the town soften into earth-covered hills, from three hundred to a thousand feet high, cultivated to their very tops by the growers of the grape. These side-hills lack but an eighth of a mile of coming together on the fourth side of the town. If they met, Carrara would be like a very small bit of gentian in a very large mortar. As it is, this break of an eighth of a mile affords an outlook into the world, and looking through it, one's horizon is bounded by the Mediterranean.

Carrara is entirely given up to the trade in marble. The sojourner in the city is not slow to learn this fact, nor likely to forget it. He is awakened in the morning by the clicking of the marble-cutters, and the last sound of which he is aware at night is that of the swearing teamsters, pounding their marble-laden oxen into greater speed. The ground floor of almost every house is turned into a studio, in which tombstones, cemetery and lawn figures, architectural ornaments, and occasionally a fine piece of statuary are produced.

Wonderful to relate, and much to the surprise of people who come to Carrara with no foreknowledge of the place, the houses are not built of marble, but of rough stones cemented together, and covered on the outside with a smooth coating of plaster. There is, however, marble enough in the inside work. The door-posts, the window seats and caps, the stairs, the mop-boards, and generally the floors are of marble, and a new-comer to Carrara can enjoy a very active month of sneezing if his chambers do not afford additional facilities, especially as it is customary to throw in a few marble-topped tables and stands, a half-dozen marble statues, and now and then an elaborate marble mantel-piece.

Terrible as it would be to spend a life-time in Carrara, it is a very interesting city to the few tourists who stop over a day or two on their way from Genoa to Pisa and Florence. The Carrara marble quarries are certainly one of the sights of the world. In Vermont, the workmen grovel in the earth for their marble; in Carrara they go up hundreds, sometimes thousands, of feet into the sky for theirs. Fancy a range of mountains, as high as the highest of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, rising almost perpendicularly—mountains of somber gray rock, bare of trees and of every other sort of vegetation. At the foot of these mountains, upon a plateau of a few hundred acres, place a dingy, dirty, crowded little Italian city; upon the sides of the mountains, at heights varying from five hundred to thirty-five hundred feet, place the marble quarries. Seen in a clear day, at a distance of half a dozen miles, the Carrara mountains seem to rise at an angle of ninety degrees, and the profile of their sharp peaks is so positive and clean, that one can think of nothing more effective in the way of description than to say that they look like the teeth of a magnified wood-saw. And as for the quarries, some of them seem to be patches of snow obstinately refusing to succumb to the sun's warm rays; others look like cascades dashing down the mountain sides; while others seem to be mammoth sheets of paper stuck upon an immense stone wall.

There are upward of four hundred marble quarries, large and small, in Carrara, which are worked by about five thousand men, and the annual production is about one hundred and fifty thousand tons. To procure this amount of marble, probably five hundred thousand tons are quarried, the difference between the figures which represent the annual production and those which represent the amount quarried, being waste. The reason for this is that nobody has yet been ingenious enough to de-

vised a method of quarrying adapted to Carrara which will yield more than one available foot of marble to every four feet quarried. Fortunately, the stock of Carrara marble is inexhaustible, and two thousand years of steady and constantly increasing production have not sensibly affected the supply. The mountains of beautiful white stone seem only to have been touched here and there by the miners.

About half of the quarries are located on the sides of an immense ravine called Ravaccione. A railroad has been built up into this ravine, and tourists who desire to inspect the quarries generally go to Ravaccione by rail, saving a walk of three miles. Arriving at the terminus of the railroad they are about five hundred feet higher than the city of Carrara, and are in sight of as many as two hundred quarries, of which some are not more than two hundred feet above the railroad terminus, while others are very high up the mountainsides. Very few people undertake to explore the loftier quarries, as the feat requires a deal of hard climbing, and in places an amount of nerve which people unaccustomed to mountaineering do not possess. There are some quarries into which the workmen are lowered by ropes, and still others in which the men do the drilling, and, in fact, all the other work, while suspended by ropes in mid-air, hundreds of feet above the quarry landing.

No machinery of any kind is used in the Carrara quarries. The men of to-day quarry after the fashion of their grandfathers. A common hand-drill, a few jugs of nitric acid, and a plentiful supply of gunpowder complete the outfit of the marble-miners. Slowly and painfully the drill is forced into the mountainside to the necessary depth; into the hole made by the drill the nitric acid is poured through a tin tube; and when the acid has penetrated every crevice leading from the base of the drill-hole, and has eaten space for the gunpowder, the charge is placed, the slow-match is lighted, the quarrymen betake themselves to places of safety, and in due course of time there is an explosion. After the explosion the quarrymen come back to ascertain the result. It frequently happens that they find nothing as a reward for their labor except a quantity of small rocks. Having blasted the marble out from the mountain, the producer's next step is to put the available blocks into tolerably regular shapes. This is done with the chisel and hammer, by men who receive from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a day. Very large blocks are divided by sawing. The marble-saw is a piece of heavy sheet-iron four or five inches wide, fixed in a cumbrous buck-saw frame, and it is worked by two men. The saw is made to

cut by putting sand beneath the blade, the sand being carried down into the saw-path by a small stream of water trickling from a tub. Working from sunrise to sunset, marble-sawyers can earn as much as thirty-five or forty cents.

When the marble has been squared up it is still a hundred feet, sometimes half a mile, up in the air. It is the custom to lower it with enormous cables. The block to be lowered is put upon a sledge composed of two timbers bolted fast together, and sledge and marble are slowly and laboriously lowered down the mountain-side, pieces of wood rubbed with soap being placed under the sledge in places where the descent is not steep. Sometimes the ropes break, the block escapes from the workmen, and a terrible accident ensues. Carrara is full of cripples, the victims of such accidents.

Occasionally the quarrymen are saved the trouble of lowering the marble. It not infrequently happens that the blast is so strong that the detached pieces do not stop at the quarry landing, but go tumbling to the foot of the mountain. A few days ago, in one of the ravines, I saw a block of marble weighing at least two thousand tons, which, when it was blasted, had slid over a thousand feet from the quarry. In blasting this block the miners were very careful in the use of powder, in the hope that the block would not be driven from the mountain with sufficient force to set it rolling. Fortunately, their calculations were well made. When the blast was fired the block fell forward upon its face, and slid a comparatively short distance down the mountain-side. A very little more powder would have sent it rolling to the bottom of the ravine, and the consequences might have been very serious.

In one of the ravines, it happens perhaps a dozen times a day that workmen and visitors are obliged to take to their heels to escape destruction by some boulder that has started down-hill. If one could take a safe position and witness the descent of a two-thousand-ton block of marble, the spectacle would be a grand one. But to be chased out of the ravine by this same boulder would be an altogether different experience. Nothing can be more terrifying than to be in the track of one of these rocks, with hardly a second to spare in which to choose the path of flight. You hear the tooting of a horn, which is a signal that in a few minutes a blast will be set off. Casting your eye about the ravine, you discover that the blast is to be made in a quarry perhaps two thousand feet above you. Anticipating no danger, you keep on calmly crunching your

lunch. (Everybody who visits the quarries is supposed to have a lunch with him.) Presently the explosion takes place, and you look up in the direction of the sound. At first you see nothing. A second later, an enormous rock comes bounding out from one of the recesses of the ravine. You fancy that the rock will come to a stop at a certain point which you have marked with your eye, when you are startled by the cries of a hundred quarrymen, and almost at the same time by a sound which, if you have had experience in the quarries, tells you that the boulder is already dangerously near you. You give one glance at the approaching danger and run for your life, praying as you run. Your flight is to the side of the ravine, and just as you reach a place of safety the boulder goes thundering past, enveloped in a cloud of dust, and hurling about on all sides fragments of itself and of the rocks which it crushes in its path.

In old times, all of the marble quarried at Carrara was transported from the quarries by oxen. That intended for consumption at Carrara was taken over the rough mountain road a distance of from three to five miles, while that intended for shipment was hauled five miles farther to the sea-shore. The railroad has superseded the wagon service to a large extent, but there are still hundreds of oxen engaged in carting marble from remote quarries to the railroad, and from all of the quarries to saw-mills and studios which are not reached by the railroad. Tourists invariably leave Carrara with the belief that the Carrara teamsters are the most cruel men in the world, and to this belief the writer gives his full adherence. The work which the oxen do would be hard enough under the most favorable circumstances, for the roads are indescribably rough. But the circumstances are not favorable for the poor brutes. They are under-fed and over-loaded, and upon the road are subjected to the most outrageous cruelty. There may be a dozen pairs of oxen attached to the cart. Twelve brutal men, each armed with a heavy goad, are in attendance. The drivers of the eleven leading pairs ordinarily ride, each man seated on the yoke of his own pair, facing the cart, and steadying himself by a hand on the horn of one of the oxen. From the time the team starts from the quarries until it leaves its load there is no cessation of cruelty. It is not to be wondered at that the life of an ox terminates ordinarily within three years of the day on which he makes his first journey to the quarries.

Carrara laborers, and especially those who are engaged in quarrying and transporting marble, certainly have a very hard time of it. Like the oxen, they work much and eat little. For

a day's work, beginning at sunrise and lasting to sunset, the compensation is not more than forty-five cents. It seems almost impossible that a single man can live on such wages, to say nothing of men who count their children by fives, tens, and twenties. Some of the quarrymen live five or six miles from the scene of their labor, and they have, therefore, in addition to a day of severe toil, to take a daily walk of ten or twelve miles. Many of them are obliged to leave their beds at three o'clock in the morning in order to reach the quarries in season to do a full day's work. They take with them in their coat or trowsers pocket the food for the day, which consists of a small loaf of bread. When they return home at night they eat the principal meal of the day, a dish of boiled mush, or a sort of soup made of bread, water, and oil. In the summer they are able to garnish their tables

with a dish of vegetables, into which the aromatic garlic is sure to be strongly infused. Meat and fish are luxuries which are indulged in on rare occasions. Most of the marble intended for export is taken to the sea-shore, five miles away, and is unloaded from the cars or ox-wagons upon the sandy beach. Thousands of blocks of marble are to be seen at this depot, each block bearing the initials of its owner and the number by which it is recorded in the owner's books. Here the final preparation for shipment is made. The work of squaring or shaping the block, which was begun at the quarries, is completed here, and the edges of the blocks receive what might be called a "rough smoothing." This done, Carrara having no good harbor, the marble is put into small vessels and sent to Leghorn or Genoa, for shipment to foreign ports.

Robert W. Welch.

ROSE-GERARDIA.

ON my small farm, where rocks and weeds contend
Which shall possess the more its barrenness,
In spring, among the very earliest flowers,
Almost untimely, is the saxifrage—
The season's dear, though humble, harbinger,
Rearing on fragile stem its clustered head,
Between the seams of rocks, by east winds blown,
And with a feeble root and few low leaves,
As if it needed neither earth nor sun,
But grew by that exhilarating sense
Of winter past and far-off breath of spring
That likewise man,* by his own tokens, knows.

But when all summer's lush and favored flowers,
Fed on the highest suns and richest dews,
Rooted in mellow soil and sheltered nooks,
Are blighted with the year's autumnal change,
Then once again in thin, unfertile lands,
Along the beach-side and the meadow marge,
The rose-gerardia swings its little bell
And will not let the season go too soon.
Its very leaves do deprecate the frost,
Already brown, so not to tempt his touch,
And as the thought of spring, and not spring's self,
Drew from its crevices along the ledge,
The sweet, presaging herald, saxifrage,—
So, now, the latest flower at autumn's end
Grows by the memory of summer days,
Dreams of the rose, and blushes at its dreams.

John Albee.



CARLYLE IN IRELAND.

REMINISCENCES OF MY IRISH JOURNEY. II.

Wednesday, 11th July.—[Let me see what I can now looking back string together of Dublin reminiscences.]

Dublin, Wednesday, 4th July.—Car and letters, Stokes, Sir D. Macgregor,—coming home by Larcom (I forget who else): and as I was stepping out, Dr. E. Kennedy: Off finally with him to dine; home with Snuffy Taylor in K's Car. * * *

Let me note henceforth more diligently; and now *shave*. Alas there is no more "Noting" at all; and I must now scrape it together out of memory and letters, the best I can! 2nd Octr 1849.

[I did not look on this side while putting down any of the foregoing; had quite forgotten this, or didn't know clearly I ever had such a thing. 7th Octr. (*finished*)]

Addenda (7th Octr.) to the two foregoing entries.—Hideous crowds of beggars at Glendalough—offering guideship, &c. No guide needed. Little black-eye boy, *beautiful* orphan beggar, forces himself on us at last; ditto grey-eyed little girl, with fish her uncle had caught. Scarecrow boatman, his clothes or rags hung on him like *tapestry*, when the wind blew he expanded like a tulip: *first* of many such conditions of dress. "King O'Toole's tomb." Tim Byrne (Burn they pronounced), spoken to—he, the one whole-coated farmer of the place; many *Byrnes* hereabouts. Could not make out the meaning or origin of Glendalough; at last found St. Kevin (natural in St. K) to be the *central* fact; the "Kings" O'Toole, O'Byrne, &c., &c., had dedicated chapels to him, bequeathing their own bodies to be buried there, as unspeakably advantageous for them; straight road to Heaven for them perhaps. Many burials *still* here; tombstones, all of mica-slate, slice off into obliteration within the century. One arch (there still remains another) of entrance to "cathedral" had fallen *last* year (or year before?) Fount, and miracles in "Patron-time"; "Patterun" is Kevin himself; "St. Kevin be your bed!" Brought heath and ivy from Glendalough; grimmest spot in my memory. * * *

Kildare railway; big blockhead, sitting with his dirty feet on seat opposite, not stirring them for me, who wanted to sit there: "One thing we're all agreed on," said he "we're very ill governed; Whig, Tory, Radical,

Repealer, all admit we're very ill governed!"—I thought to myself "Yes indeed: you govern yourself. He that would govern you well, would probably surprise you much, my friend,—laying a hearty horsewhip over that back of yours." "*No smoking allowed*"; passengers had erased the "No." Coarse young man entering, took out his pipe, and smoked without apology. Second class; went no more in *that*. Carlow, "Hungry Street:" remember it still well, and the few human figures stalking about in it: red, dusty-looking evening, to us (in rail) dusty and windy. Of Bagnalstown, saw nothing but Stations (railway is still in progress), and some streak of distant housetops, behind (westward) of that; and one little inn at the extremity where our car halted and the beggars were. Dusty, dusky evening to Kilkenny.

Wednesday, 11th July.— * * * [At Kilkenny.]

Workhouse; huge chaos, *ordered* "as one could;"—O'S. [O'Shaughnessy] poor light little *Corker* (he is from Cork, and a really active creation), proved to be the *best* of all the "orderers," I saw in Ireland in this office; but his establishment, the first I had ever seen, quite shocked me. Huge arrangements for eating, baking, stacks of Indian meal stirabout; 1000 or 2000 great hulks of men lying piled up within brick walls, in such a country, in such a day! Did a *greater* violence to the law of nature ever before present itself to sight, if one *had* an eye to see it? Schools, for girls, rather goodish; for boys, clearly bad; forward, impudent *routine*—scholar, one boy, with strong Irish physiognomy,—getting bred to be an impudent superficial pretender. So; or else sit altogether stagnant, and so far as you can, *rot*. Hospital: haggard ghastliness of some looks,—literally, their eyes grown "colorless" (as Mahomet describes the horror of the Day of Judgment); "Take me home!" one half-mad was urging, a deaf-man; ghastly *flat*tery of us by another, (*his* were the eyes): ah me! boys drilling, men still piled within their walls: no hope but of stirabout; swine's meat, swine's *destiny* (I gradually saw): right glad to get *away*. Idle people, on road to castle; sitting on street curbstones, &c.; numerous in the summer afternoon; idle old city; can't well think

how they live. Castle "superb" enough but no heart for it; no portraits that I care about,—not even a *certain* likeness of the Duke James, the *Great* of Ormond; *pay* my half-crown; won't write in the album;—home dead-tired; and O'S. is to come and dine. Of dinner little rememberable at all. Strange dialect of Mrs. Dr. Cane, a Wicklow lady,—made a canvas case for my writing case this day, good hostess! came of Scotch people; rings with such a *lilt* in speaking as is unexampled hitherto; all is *i's*, *o's*, &c.;—excellent mother and wife, so far—as heart goes, "sure-ly." Snuffy editors, low bred but not without energy, *once* "all for repale," now out of that;—have little or no memory of what they said or did. Dr. Cane himself, lately in prison for "repale," now free and Mayor again, is really a person of superior worth. Tall, straight, heavy man, with grey eyes and smallish globular black head; deep bass voice, with which he speaks slowly, solemnly, as if he were preaching. Irish (moral) Grandison—touch of that in him; sympathy with all that is good and manly however, and continual effort towards that. Likes me, is hospitably kind to me, and I am grateful to him. Up stairs about 8 o'clock (to smoke, I think), lie down on rough ottoman at bed's end, for 5 minutes;—fall dead asleep, and Duffy wakes me at one o'clock! We are to go to-morrow morning towards Waterford—I slept again, till towards six, and then wrote to my mother; as well as looked into "Commercial Reading rooms," &c. opposite me in the ancient narrow street. Jackdaws and lime-pointed old slate roofs were my prospect otherwise fore and aft. Crown of the year now in regard to *heat*.

Thursday 12th July.—Off by rail with Duffy * * * At length under steep cliffs we come to the end of Waterford long wooden bridge; rattle over to the bright trim-looking long quay with its high substantial row of houses on the other side, rattle along the same, and at last are shoved out, very dusty and dim, at Commercial Hotel, where it, not far from ending, is intersected by a broad street at right angles; Hotel as I afterwards found, where "Meagher" (the now convict) lived, and where his father still lives.

Mem. On the Friday morning at Dublin I had seen a big flaring lithograph portrait (whose I didn't know, like *Lockhart* somewhat) with the people murmuring sympathy over it, in a shop window near the end of Sackville Street: it was now removed; must have been M.'s—*This* (Thursday afternoon), was it now that I argued with Duffy about Smith O'Brien; I infinitely vilipending, he hotly eulogizing the said Smith?

At Waterford it was Assize time and the Cl. Hotel was rather in an encumbered state: two small bed-rooms, without fire-places, in third floor; mine looks out seaward, over clean courts, house roofs, and I think sees a bit of country, perhaps even of sea. Letters; one from Lord Stuart de Decies, (volunteer thro' poor-law Ball), to whom I write that I *will* come, and enclosing Lord Monteagle's letter. Duffy's Father Something was also not at home: so we returned to the hotel for tea.—Father Something-thing, a silly, fluctuating free-spoken priest, joined us in that meal; we to breakfast with him to-morrow.—Smoke cigar along the quay—the southernmost part of it beyond our Hôtel; talk with shopkeeper kind of man there, leaning over the balustrade, looking at the few ships and boats; Waterford's Commerce ruined,—this was the sum of *all* my enquiries,—2,000 hands acquainted with curing bacon had left the place, bacon (owing to potatoe failure) having ended. Butter do., Cattle do.; all has ended "for the time." Good many warehouses, *three* in one place on the quay you may now see shut.—Walk *late* up to the Post Office, big watchman, with grappling hook for drunk men, patrolling the Dock quay;—"accidents may happen, sir!" Wretched state of my poor clay carcass at that time * * *

Friday, 13th July.—Breakfast with the Father Something; steepish street far back in the City; other younger Father with him;—clever man this, black-eyed, florid man of thirty this, not ill informed, and appears to have an element of real zeal in him, which is rare among these people. Priest's breakfast and equipment nothing special; that of a poor schoolmaster or the like, living in lodgings with a rude old woman and her niece or daughter: talk also similar,—putting Irish for Scotch, the thing already known to me.—To see some Charitable Catholic Schools; far off, day hot, I getting ill: Irish monk (pallid, tall, dull-looking Irishman of 50) takes us hospitably; 40 or 50 boys, all Catholic, with good apparatus—these he silently *won't* set agoing for us ("holiday" or some such thing); we have to *look* at them with what approval we can. To the hôtel, I with younger priest; totally sick and miserable when I arrive, take refuge up stairs on three chairs, and there lie, obstinate to speak to no man till our car go off. * * *

Dust, dust, wind is arear of us (or some *dusty* way it blows) on the car; and there is no comfort but patience, distant *view* of green, and occasionally a cigar. The wind, dusty or not, refreshes, considerably cures my sick nerves, as it always does. Strait dusty places:

goats chained together with straw rope. "Repale would be agreeable!" Scrubby ill-cultivated country; Duffy talking much, that is, making me talk. Hedges mostly of *gorse*, not one of them will turn any kind of cattle, —alas I found that the universal rule in Ireland, not one fence in 500 that will turn. Even they are almost all, and *without* attention paid: emblematic enough. Kilmac-thomas, clear white village hanging on the steep declivity. Duffy discovered; enthusiasm of all for him, even the (Galway) policemen. Driver privately whispers me "he would like to give a cheer for that gent."—"Don't, it would do him no good." Other policeman *drunk*, not michievous, but babbling-drunk; didn't see another in that or any such condition in all my travels. * * * Cappoquin at last, in the thickening dusk, 8½ I suppose; leave Duffy at the Inn, and get a car for Dromana, in a most dusty, stiffened, petrified, far from enviable condition. Dromana draw-bridge—(over some river tributary of the Blackwater), Dromana park, huge square grey house and deep solitude; am admitted, received with real hospitality and a beautiful quiet politeness (tho' my Waterford letter *has* not been received); and, once entirely stript, washed, and otherwise refreshed, commit myself to the new kindly element, pure element that surrounds me. Sleep,—O the beautiful big old English bed! and bedroom big as a ballroom, looking out on woody precipices that overhang the Blackwater. Begirt with mere silence! I slept and again slept, a heavy sleep; still remembered with thankfulness.

Saturday, 14th July.—Beautiful breezy sunny morning; wide waving wooded lawn, new crop of *hay*; huge square old grey mansion hanging on the woody brow or (Drom, *Drum*) over the river with steps, paths &c. cut in the steep;—grand silence everywhere, huge *empty* hall like a Cathedral when you entered;—all the family away but Ld Stuart and a stepdaughter Baronness, semi-german, and married to a German now fighting against the Hungarians (Baronness *zealous* for him). The pleasantest morning and day of all my Tour.—Quiet simple breakfast; all in excellent *order* (tea *hot* &c. as you find it rarely in a great house); my letter comes *now* and we have a nice quiet hour or two, we three, over this and other things; ride with Lord Stuart to gardens, thro' woods to village of Dromana; clean slated hamlet with church; founded by predecessor (70 or 80 years ago) for *weaving*. Ulster weavers have all *ceased* here; posterity lives by country labour, reasonably well, you would say. This was the limit of our ride. All trim, rational, well ordered here; Ld Stuart

himself good, quite English in style, and with the good-natured candid-drawling-dialect (*à la* Twistleton) that reminds you of England. Talent enough too, and a sensibility to fun among other things; man of fifty, smallish black eyes, full cheeks, expression of patience with *capability* of action, with the most perfect politeness at all points. Will drive me to Mount Meillaraye "Monastery;" does so; off about one. Other side of Cappoquin; road wilder, mounting towards Knockmeldown mountains, which had made figure last night, which make a great figure, among the other fine objects, from Dromana Park; arrive at Meillaraye in an hour or so.

Hooded monks,—actually in brown coarse woolen sacks, that reach to the knee, with funnel shaped hood that can be thrown back; Irish physiognomy in a new guise! Labourers working in the field at hay &c; *country* people they, I observe, *presided* over by a monk.—Entrance, squalid hordes of beggars sit waiting; *accout* from beneath the hood as a "brother" admits us; learning the Lordship's *quality* he hastens off for "the prior": a tallish, lean, not very prepossessing Irishman of 40, who conducts us thenceforth. * * * Excellent brown bread, milk and butter, is offered for viaticum; Lord Stuart, I see, smuggles some gift of money; and with blessings we are rolled away again. The new "Monastery" must have accumulated several 1000 pounds of *property* in these 17 or more or fewer years, in spite of its continual charities to beggars; but this itself, I take it must be very much the result of public *Charity* (Catholic Ireland much approving of them); and I confess the whole business had, lurking under it for me, at this year of grace, a certain *dramatic* character, as if they were "doing it." Inevitable at this year of grace, I fear! Hard work I didn't see monks doing: except it were one young fellow who was actually forking hay; food, glory, dim notion of getting to Heaven, too, I suppose these are motive enough for a man of average Irish insight? The saddest fact I heard about these poor monks was, that the Prior had discovered some of them surveying the Voughal-and-Cappoquin steamer, watching its arrival, from their high moor as the event of *their* day; and had reprovingly taken away their telescope: ah me!—potatoe failure had sadly marred *them* too; they had sold their fine organ (a pious gift) lately, and even, as I heard, their "whole stock of poultry" in the famine year.

One Sir — Shaw, fine Ayrshire man, an old Peninsula soldier, Lord S's agent here, to dinner with us; fine hearty, hoary old soldier, rattles pleasantly away: "Napier used to say, 'If you would be a soldier learn to sleep!'"

Few can do it: Napoleon could. Snatch sleep whenever and wherever there is a chance. About 10 I had to tear myself up, and with real pathos snatch myself away from these excellent people; their car waits for me, in the dim summer night, an *English* driver: and thro' Cappelquin I am hurried to Lismore smoking, and looking into the dark boscage. into the dark world.—Bridge building at Cappelquin, old bridge at Lismore Castle, steepish ascent, old gatehouse, passage, silent court; and at one of the corners (left hand, or river, side), Currey [Duke of Devonshire's agent] having done the impossible, *posted*, namely, in bespoken relays of cars all the way from Waterford, is here some minutes ago to receive me; Duke of Devonshire's impulse,—strange enough,—on *me*. Across the court, or through long silent passages to an excellent room and bed, fitted up as for persons of quality; and there, bemurmured by the Blackwater, quite happy had I not been so dyspeptic, incurable a creature, I once more dissolve in grateful sleep under the clouds and stars.

Sunday, July 15th.—Bright sunny morning again; day too hot; and I, alas, internally too hot. Noble old Castle, all sumptuous, clean, dry, and utterly vacant (only a poor Irish housekeeper, old, lame, clean, loitering on the stairs, with an appetite for shillings),—all mine for a few hours; like a palace of the fairies. Drive toward the mountains; to a school-house, to be developed into *Agricultural* school by "the Duke": Currey, kind active man, having his gig ready. Duke's property *ends* at the very peak of the very highest Knockmoldown, a cone that had been conspicuous to me these two days; well shaded country, up the clearest of little rivers; schoolhouse atop, very windy; two girls alone in the house.—Cy salutes the people in Irish (which he has learned) as we drive down again; meet many "coming from chapel," or hanging about the road; a certain "squire." Something is in talk with certain common people, nods to Currey, we turn to the right when near Lismore; get into the Park of some *anarchic* squire (has been shot at, I think); bars and obstacles, high plantations *dying* for long want of the axe; ugliest of houses, with its back to us, or ugly posterior to us; anarchy reigns *within* (I am told) as without. Down at last toward Blackwater side; where C's. messenger, that was to row us, slightly *fails*; Currey, leaving horse, leaving message with somebody on the road, takes me thro' the fat rough meadows; get into the boat, rows me himself (good man), I steering; fat rough meadows, scraggy border of trees or woods, continues for a mile or two; messenger *appears* on bank, mildly re-

buked and re-instructed: otter bobs up, have never seen another: fine enough river, most obliging *passage* thereon: we step out, thro' a notable decayed squire's mansion, now genteel farm; find gig in messenger's hands on road; roll home; dine, and get packed and mounted again, over the moor to Youghal, the hospitable Currey still driving, still in all senses carrying me along. Much talk with him: about the unquestionable confusion of leases; unreasons, good-efforts or otherwise of neighbour landlords; general state of men and things hereabouts; on all which he talks well, courteously, wisely. "Old Deer-park" (Duke's) on the height, bare enough of look; somnolent Sunday hamlet, yet with people in Sunday clothes, some of them; somnolent bridge-keeper over muddy river, pleasantish road hitherto,—mount now to the moor-top, and ragged barrenness with many roofless huts is the main characteristic; wind rising to a proper pitch—Blackwater side very beautiful. Dromana &c seen over it. Squire's house hanging close with its lawnlet upon the edge of the high (seamed, precipitous) river bank; fantastic-pretty in the sunny wind. Currey leaves letter there, meet Squire and ladies walking in the grounds, Irish voices, pretty enough Irish ways of theirs. And so along, by deep woody dells, and high declivities, wild, variegated, sometimes beautiful, sometimes very ugly road; emerge at last upon the *final* reach of the Blackwater; a broad, smooth now quite *tidal* expanse, and along the north shore of this by swift, level, often shady, course, to Youghal—"Yawal"—as they name it: a town memorable to my early heart—poor brother Alick's song of "*Yoo-gal* harbour" still dwelling with, bringing whom now from *beyond* the ocean! Sun has about sunk: grey wind is cold. * * * Bridge over Blackwater at Lismore; general style of management; here too, I found what was before visible, that the English Absentee generally far surpasses the native as an owner of land; and that all *admit* the fact indeed. What "scale of worth" tho', must it be! Dingy scattered houses along a dingy waste, hungry, main-street full of idle Sundayers; turn sharp to right up a lane close past a school founded by first Earl of Cork, past corner of "Sir Walter Raleigh's house" (now a Quaker's), and in the cold, dusty dusk we dismount in a little grassy court,—court of "Youghal College" (a kind of religious foundation, nobody could well tell me what); where, better or worse, an ancient pair of domestics, received the tired travellers, light fire, get tea for them; and so taking leave of Currey, who is to start at 2 a. m. and do the impossible again to be at his grand jury work

in Waterford, I mount to a big dim old room, the inner of two, and tumble into bed. * * *

Monday, 16th July.—After two sleeps, awoke to a bright day, in my welcome seclusion here at the back of Youghal dingy town. Strange place, considerable park, with old rugged trees, with high old walls, with rough grass and a kind of walk kept gravelly thro' and round it; leans up against the rapidly rising ground; roofs of the town and some quiet clean houses in the back street visible from the higher hillward part of the walk.—What can be the use of such a place? very mysterious; to me in my present humour very useful; most still forenoon passed wholly there. Servant, gruff but good, is an old English soldier, wife an old Youghal woman, who is much taken up with "Methodist Missions" in Ireland, for one thing; will have me to subscribe; I won't. Dim, half dilapidated, old house; my big room, big windows that shove up and give egress into the Park: still time, writing there; but about noon, (coach is to go about one or two); walk westward nearly the whole length of Ya'al; dingy semi-savage population; rough, fierce-faced, ragged, in the market place (or Quay) where the wares are of small mercantile value; ballad singer there. "Clock-gate" before that; and washed old humble citizen guides me into this square space of quay, or market, (if it were anything but some huckstering ragfair, with a few potatoes &c. in it); Post Office "no stamps;" home by the upper or northward range of lane, high on the hill edge, looking quite down upon the main street, to which again I descend. Wooden bridge, seen hastily yesternight, I hardly recollect at all. * * *

Killeigh; poor village, brook at this end, remember little of it; poor woman, who had got up beside me, takes to crying; her son, driving her *last* time she was here, is now buried in that churchyard "God's will"—she gradually quieted herself; "bad times for poor &c." yes, but could or would tell me almost nothing about the details. Weltering wet black bogs *before* Killeigh; and sea getting distant, with crops, and scrogs and bogs between us and it. Little memorable to Castle Martyr: broad trim little street of that, Ld. Shannon's gate and park at west end. Ragged boys, brown as berries; tattered people everywhere in quantity, but I had now grown used to them. "Middleton" I really thought they called it. "*Mill*town"—remember its long broad street of good houses, its stream or two streams at west extremity, with big mills; (distillery I think) in the distance, now a subsidiary poorhouse, a frequent phenomenon in these parts. Coun-

try not quite bare, otherwise scraggy, bushy, weedy, dusty, full enough of ragged people, not now memorable to me at all. Cork harbour, a long irregular Firth, *indenting* the land in all manner of irregularities for 10 or 12 miles, now begins to shew some of lagoons and muddy creeks, *not* beautiful here; various castles &c. are on the left; on the left lies or lay Cloyne, (Bp Berkley's), but "we don't pass thro' it, sir." Evening is getting cloudy, coldish, windy; carts met, some air of *real trade*; alas! if you look, it is mostly or all meal-sacks, Indian corn sacks,—poorhouse trade. I didn't in all Ireland meet one big-piled carrier's cart, not to speak of carrier's waggon, such as we see here! "Barry's Court," somebody names for me on the left; square old pile Raleigh, in Desmond's war of 1580; remember "Foaty" also, which looked rather like a sentry box in the wide flat, now opening *grey* in the windy evening, with the muddy meanders of Cork harbour labyrinthically indenting it. Cold, dusty, windy: steep height now on our left, clothed with luxuriant wood, nice citizen's boxes nestled there, miles of it (perhaps near 3); looks very well; and Cork itself, white-housed, through the twilight vapour, is now visible ahead. Long street of suburb; goodish houses; at last Cork itself. Lea bridge sharp to left; fine wide crowded street like a small *Cork* "Pootland Place," with fine shops &c.; to left again a little of this. "Wo-hp!" porter of Imperial Hotel is waiting—*has* heard of Duffy. I get letters, washing, mutton chop for dinner; young Englishman—middles as I gradually discover; are rather loudly dining near me.—Then gradually dining in the wholesomest way attainable, I read my letters (Duffy, out to dinner, not yet visible); and endeavour to enjoy, or failing that to endure. Walk on the streets with cigar; loud song of the Blind Beggar on Lea bridge; gave him a penny and stooped silently to listen, "Oah Kehristins may the Lard protec ye from the dangers av the night, and guide yer sowls &c. &c. and may ye never know what it is forever dark, and have no eyes—and for Kehrist's sake, lave a penny for the blind that can never see again!" All this, or something similar in expression, he *chaunted* in a loud deep voice, strange enough to hear for the first time in the streaming thoroughfare in the dusk. Rain slightly beginning now, I return; take to writing: near 11 o'clock,—announces himself "Father O'Shea!" (who I thought had been *dead*;) to my astonishment enter a little grayhaired, intelligent-and-bred looking man, with much gesticulation, boundless loyal welcome, *red* with dinner and some wine, engages that we are to meet to-morrow,—and again with ex-

plosion of welcomes, goes his way. This Father O'Shea, some 15 years ago, had been, with Emerson of America, one of the two sons of Adam who encouraged poor bookseller Fraser, and didn't discourage him, to go on with "*Teufelsdröckh*." I had often remembered him since; had not long before re-enquired his name, but understood somehow that he was dead;—and now! To bed, after brief good night to Duffy; and, for rattling of window (masses of pamphlets will not still it) cannot, till near 5 a.m., get to sleep at all.

Tuesday, 17th July.—"Seven o'clock, sir!"—"Seven o'clock, sir!" this I wove for some time into my deep dreams; then had to awake to see a little bottle-brush head and "boots" with thimble full of "warm water," who had marked me *wrong* "on his slate"—accursed "boots!"—Dismiss him, almost like to assassinate him; but no sleep more; a miserable day for health, that; especially unfit to *walk* (ah me!) round by the Post Office (I suppose), by streets and quays after breakfast. Shallow stream (tide out) with high walls, somewhere off the main river, Statue of George II close by; market-place, rather squalid, miscellaneous; home and write till 2, when Duffy with "Denny Lane" enters. Happily I had *missed* all the forenoon's sights (schools, monasteries, &c.); am to go down the river by steam, and dine with Denny and a company, to sleep too—but that was altered at last—fine brown Irish figure, Denny; distiller—ex-repealer; frank, hearty, honest air; like Alfred Tennyson a little; goes and I write again till near four. Steamer then, and *our* company gathering amid the crowd on deck;—obliged to talk to this and the other: much rather *sit* and *look*. Beautiful white city, Cork, at the foot of its steep woody slope; at the head of its *indentive* narrow Frith, cutting its way thro' the hollows, making hills into *Islands*, for 10 miles up or more.

Dinner [at Denny's cottage on return] hospitable, somewhat hugger-mugger; much too crowded, old mother of Dr. Lane, sat by me, next her, Father O'Something (*Sullivan*, I discover in my letters). She's *Curate*, a Cork *wit*, as the punch soon shewed him; opposite me was Father Shea, didactic, loud spoken, courteous, good every way—a true gentl. priest in the Irish style, my *only* good specimen of that. One Barry, editor of songs, of newspapers, next him; Duffy and two, nay 3 or 4 more, to left of me at the other end. O'Sullivan, in yellow wig, man of fifty, with *brick-complexion*, with inextinguishable good humour, caught at all straws to hang some light wit on them; really did produce much shallow

laughter (poor soul) from me as from others; merry all; worth seeing for once, this scene of "Irish life." Out after sunset, take a boat, to Fort Carlisle, land at Cove; beautifullest still twilight: walk about Cove, which seems much larger than I expected. Duffy recognized, "Mr. Duffy there!" said some lad or girl, in the back or *upper* narrow Street. "Black thorn stick!" Phantasm in straw hat and rags, amid a small group of inhabits, all gone to black *shadows* at this hour, singing or acting some distraction, the burden of which was "Black thorn stick!" Some Irish modern Hercules, who helps himself divinely out of all difficulties by that. "Sure the craithurs are sick!" says he once, on some phenomenon or other turning up; then follows babblement quite unintelligible to me; but it is all cleared and cured soon as appears, by his "Black thorn stick!" Sootiest, most phantasmal piece of nonsense I ever heard;—to our boat again, Denny (ashamed of "Black thorn") dragging me off. Dark now; sea beautiful, and light still in it. Songs from two persons, editor Barry one of them; Father O'Sullivan, still witty, steering; (Father O'Shea had staid on land). "In hopes to harbour in thy arms!" was one of Barry's songs. "I-a-n ho-opes to ha-arbour in thy a-a-arms!" reiterates always some much enduring mortal of the sailing class;—and does get married, I think;—with a round of applause from us, and low joining in the burden. Round of applause done, Father O'S with a confidential business tone: mentions, "tho' joining faintly in the chorus, in the name of the Church I beg leave to protest!" this, with the tone, and yellow wig, &c. did well enough; a specimen of Father Sn. All priests almost, except Shea, surprise me by their seeming *carelessness* about religion, a matter of military drill with them, you would say. This cheery O'Sullivan, with his vulgar but real good humour was amongst the best I can remember, after the good O'Shea, who I hear labours diligently among a large poor flock; 3 or 4 curates: and though nothing of a bigot, seems truly a serious man. Home in 2 cars, O'Shea in mine; jolty, dark, late, about 2 a.m. at Imperial Hotel (when a begging *idiot* starts up to *assist* us in ringing bell); we all part: sleep with difficulty 2 hours again; not the *happiest* of men, no!

Wednesday, 18th July.—Damp morning, yet with struggling sunshine; rejected contributor of Duffy's, sits at back table while we breakfast; speaks of Ld. Limerick, of Dolly's Brae affair (quite new)—baddish fellow; forgotten all but his *voice*. Three coaches in the road; immense packing, get under way at

last, towards Killarney and Shine Lawlor. Longish row of fellows *sitting* against the walls of houses on quay at the bridge end; very ugly in their lazzarone aspect under the sunshine. Spacious but half-waste aspect of streets as we roll upwards towards the hill country out of Cork. Windy, and ever more so; country bare. Put off *hat* (owing to head wind) at first stage, and took out *cap* from my carpet bag.—Bare commonplace country,—plenty of inequalities and “natural features,” but culture, and elegance of taste in possessors, much wanting. Blarney Castle, I remember it, among its bit of wood at the foot of dingy uncultivated heights in dingy bare country; a grey square tower mainly, visible in its wood which the big waste seemed to reduce to a patch of wood. Country getting barer, wilder; *forgotten* now, all details of it. Meet criminals, in long carts escorted by police; young women many of them, a kind of gypsy beauty in some of the witches, keen glancing black eyes with long coarse streams of black hair; “To Cork for trial”—*ehéu!* Saw at another point of the road, large masses of people camped on the way-side, (*other* side of Mallow I think?) “waiting for out-door relief;” squalid, squalid, not the *extremity* of raggedness seen at Kildare, however. * * *

At “Millstreet” dine or lunch; pleasant village among woods on the hill-slope, as seen from the distance; interior, one man of mendicancy, ruined by the “famine,” by the potato-failure. All towns here seem to depend for their trade on mere produce of the earth; mills, distilleries, bacon, butter,—what of “respectability with gig” could be derived from that has taken station in towns, and all is wrecked now. After lunch, street filled with beggars; people in another coach threw halfpence; the population ran at them like rabid dogs, *dogs* of both sexes, and whelps; one oldish fellow I saw *beating* a boy, to keep at least him out of the competition. Rain; “Hay-y-p!” down hill at a rapid pace, happily we get away. Duffy has taken refuge inside; and the rain now for about an hour becomes furious;—lasts in furious occasional showers, but briefer, till near the end of the journey. Desolate, bare, moory country; hanging now in clear wet; much bog, mainly bog; treeless and swept over by a harsh moist wind.

Mangarton, streak of Killarney evening smoke, and Macgillicuddy serrated ridge, front of the mountain-country, handsomely fringed too with some wood, were now getting very visible; the moor changes itself into drained cultivated land, with gentlemen's seats, and human or *more* human farmhouses:

—decidedly rather beautiful, by contrast especially. * * * High avenues, Lord Kenmare's; steepish descent; paved street at last, and square-built open street (town of 6,000 you would have said, 12,000 I was *told*); chaos of hungry porters, inn agents, lodging-agents,—beggars, storming round you, like ravenous dogs round carrion; this is Killarney. Swift, O swift into the car for “Roche's,” for anybody's; and let us off! Roche's, I find is a mile and-a-half distant; at the lake side or near it; fine avenues all the way, and we go fast—the inn itself, a kind of general lodging house rather, did, in my experience, by no means correspond to our hope. Funeral overtaken by us; the “Irish howl;”—totally disappointing, there was no sorrow whatever in the tone of it. A pack of idle women, mounted on the hearse as many as could, and the rest walking; were hoh-hoh-ing with a grief quite evidently hired and not worth hiring. Swift, thro' it! Here is “Roche's,” a long row of half-cottage looking buildings: in the middle part is the inn proper and we get admitted *tailor qualiter*. * * *

Thursday, 19th July.—Bedroom reminds me of being tied up in a sack; clean quiet little cell, however; smoke out of the window, and look at the early sun and moon.—Moon turned away from Killarney. Shine Lawlor appear at breakfast: polite, quick, well-bred-looking, intelligent little fellow, with Irish-English air, with little bead-eyes, and features and *repale* feelings, Irish altogether. We are to come after breakfast, he will “shew us the lake,” regrets to have no bed &c.—polite little man;—and we are to bring the *inn* car for ourselves and him. Poor S. L., perhaps he *had* no car of his own in these distressed times! The evident poverty of many an Irish gentleman and the struggle of his hospitality with that, was one of the most touching sights—inviting, and even commanding respectful *silence* from the great surely; Shine Lawlor's “Castle-lough” (I think he calls it) is a beautiful little place, in thick woods, close to “Roche's,” and looking over the very lake,—though not from this parlour where we now were. *Shea* Lawlor there too, a kinsman from Bantry; tallow-complexioned, big, erect man, with sharp croaking Irish voice, small cock-nose, stereotype glitter of smile, and small, hard blue eyes,—explodes in talking over Duffy; ex-repaler, talks *much*, half-wisely, whole-foolishly, (I find) in that vein. “Rev'd. Dr. Moor, Principal of Oscot,” high heavy man in black (catholic) gaiters; Catholic Harmonious Blacksmith,—really very like Whewell. Young Shine Lawlor's brother a *medicus* from Edinburgh; pleasant idle youth with cavendish tobacco: these are the

party; Shine, Duffy, and I, off in car for "Gap of Dunlooe," the others, all but Shea, —are to meet us in boat. Killarney work-house; 3000 strong, the old *abominable* aspect of "human swinery"—managed as handsomely as they could. Rain has begun; Duffy turns, prefers to talk all day with Shea at Castle Lough: Shine and I alone; swift pleasant-enough colloquy; sensible, shifty man, has done his best in famine-time, with wretched tenants; still above water, thanks to "lying money" he had. Farm of his, "will you enter?" Yes. *Bare*, very bare, new cottage; built by farmer himself, who has a long lease; docks, puddles, with rubbish all round; kitchen place empty of furniture, except a stool or two, and some vestige of perhaps one table by the back-wall; sod roof visible from within; bearded, dirty, big farmer there, who stutters and is civil; worn little old wife, who is reluctant "to shew me her milk-house." How she keeps her milk? "I kape it in *keelers*!"—with a haggard glance from the corner of her old black eyes. Daughter and she conduct us nevertheless; over wet cowhouse spaces from stepping stone to stepping stone; an ancient *cowhouse*, windows walled up with mortarless stones, no cows in it, milk in "*keelers*" (wooden *coolers*, shallow pails), standing two rows on the floor; sod-roof visible above has once had some smear of lime-wash, transient rat has rained down clay into some of the dishes; alas, alas! They supply the Killarney work-house with milk; have 40 cows (they say,—perhaps 40 *head*: that is their farm industry. Fat stuttering farmer escorts us through spongy dock-field civilly to the road; and we mount again, and roll. "National School here, walk in?" A most somnolent dusty establishment: perhaps some sixteen little scholars; unshaven sleepy schoolmaster, "*has no best class*," he says;—and indeed it is all a shrine of dusty sleep, among the worst of "National Schools;" not at all without rivals and even surpassers (victors in that bad race) as I found. "Out-door relief" next; at a wretched little country shop; Shine's frank swift talk to the squalid crowd: dusty squalor, full of a noisy hum, expressing greed, suspicion, and *incarnated nonsense* of various kinds. Ragged wet hedges, weedy ditches; nasty ragged, spongy-looking flat country hereabouts;—like a *drunk* country fallen down to sleep amid the mud.

To left, up narrow hard moor-road here, hard like Craigemputtock country; beggars waiting at solitary corners, start with us, run sometimes miles,—get nothing, Lawlor doesn't mind them in the least. We are mounting fast into the stony hills; Macgillicuddy, not

always very conspicuous, lies still further to the west (I think); this route is wholly westward of the lake. One beggar ran for 2 or perhaps 3 miles: he, on the dismissal of our car, does get coats &c. to carry, and a shilling I suppose. *Ex-repale* Shine does agree with me that a Parliament,—any Parliament in these times, is a mere talking-machine; that "Parliament on College-green," even if it could be had, is moonshine. Pass is getting straiter, high rocky brows on left hand. We dismiss our car, take to walking; mount now thro' the "Gap" itself; high rugged black cliffs, of slaty or *flag* structure lower overhead on both hands; with tumbled masses of the same below, and bright fat grass bordering them,—"*grass which kills cattle*" (when they get too *much* of it suddenly, I suppose!) Melancholy small farm (with clean straw-roof however), where the gap *opens* into a kind of craggy wide-pit, and we are now at the summit of the place; wild grey damp sky, and showers still scudding about. In front of the farm-house is "Dunloe hôtel," so Shine laughingly names it. Squalid, dark, empty cottage, where with a dirty table and bench, without fire visible, food, or industry of any kind, sit two women to press upon you the "dainty of the country"—"whisky and goat's-milk." Taste it; a greasy abomination; gave the wretches sixpence; and get away. Poor wretches, after all; but human *pity* dies away into stony misery and disgust in the excess of such scenes. One of these women is the farmer's sister; "he won't let me enter *his* house," she said or hinted; the other *mistress* of the vendible dainty, I learned afterwards, (at least if Irish carman's observation could teach) was "Kate Carney's" niece; "Carney" she too, but not of the song,—tho', if lifted from her squalor, she might be a handsome woman. * * *

Lake clear, blue,—almost black; slaty precipitous islets rise frequent; rocky dark hills, somewhat fringed with native *arbütus* (very frequent all about Killarney), mount skyward on every hand. Well enough;—but don't bother me with *audibly* admiring it: Oh! if you but wouldn't! Come once or twice aground with our boat, in muddy creeks seeking the picturesque too eagerly; otherwise a pleasant sail. "Ornamental cottages," deep shrouded in *arbütus* wood, with clearest cascades, and a depth of *silence* very inviting, abound on the shores of these lakes; but *something* of dilapidation, beggary, human fatuity in one or other form, is painfully visible in nearly all. * * * Stag-hunts have been; *yonder* (west side of the lake); most silent, solitary, with a wild beauty looking thro' the squalor of one's thoughts; that is the impression of the scene; moist, soft weather too harmonized. Boat-

man sings us, by order, "repale songs;" deep bass voice, and business tone, songs obscurely emblematic, clearly of most ignorant character; a fine Roman-nosed steel-complexioned fellow, the singer; who also awoke echoes, worth not much. I remember a most rapid *strait*, between black rocks, sometimes reckoned dangerous; item, an old black bridge (beggar-girls at it, "we been waiting for ye all day!"). Boatman steered—(song—boatman chiefly) and *shot* the lightened boat, we passing on foot, along the rapid rock-walled channel here. Dangerous this truly; especially in floods; gentleman (young Lawlor's acquaintance) drowned there, in spite of best swimming skill. We waited, in rain, below some other bridge (I remember till boat came up;) passed also below a wooden bridge (woody, wild, but pleasant country all this); and now we are in the *lower* lake, bigger but not so interesting. Land at some ornamental cottage called —, where the people being understood to be at dinner we do not call; go on to "Lady Kenmare's cottage;" and return. Beautiful little cottage, "which her Ladyship never inhabits;" in the sweetest little woody bay or cove; * * * Big lake is rather windy, even rough; some religious island with edifice (name forgotten) is visible in it to left or *north-west*. Mucross House (Herbert's) indistinctly, Mucross Abbey hardly at all, with woods and those bare Mangartons and mountains in front; pale brassy sky glitters cold on us, boat pitches, wind blows; one is hungry, and glad enough to reach Castle-Lough. * * * Dinner was noisy-Irish, not unpleasant, not anywhere unpolite; nor was intelligence or candour (partly got up for me it might be, yet I think was not) amid the roughish but genial mirth a quite missing element. Shea talked largely, wanted *me* to open on O'Connell that he might hear him well denounced; but I wouldn't; Shine talked, workhouse labour &c., and Mr. Pooble O'Keefe talked; bad tea in fireless parlour; finally we emerge in pitch dark night, with escort thro' the woods; and bid our kind Irish entertainers a kind adieu. Good be with them, good struggling people; that is my hearty feeling for them now.

Friday, 20th July.—* * * We are for Limerick road now; uncertain rather how. One Crosbie of Tralee has written inviting me, to whom I have written appointing notice from him *hither*; none has yet come. Public-car starts from Killarney at 11. Off we; meet postboy, no letter *yet*,—Crosbie of Tralee, is off then. Drive on to Shea Lawlor's in Killarney main-street, and consult about "King William's Town," and the possibilities of that. Quite possible;—start on car for that; will

make "Castle-Island" after it to night, and wait there for Limerick car or coach to-morrow. Jolt, jolt, (bad car); away, away! * * *

Road ("made by Queen Elizabeth") runs straight as an arrow, over hill, over hollow; steep and rough, and unspeakably dreary; bare, *blue*, bog without limit, ragged people in small force working languidly at their scantlings or peats, no other work at all; look hungry in their rags; hopeless, air as of creatures sunk beyond hope, look into one of their huts under pretence of asking for a draught of water; dark, narrow, *two* women nursing, other young women on foot as if for work; but it is narrow, dark, as if the people and their life were covered under a tub, or "tied in a sack"; all things smeared over too with a liquid *green*;—the cow (I find) has her habitation here withall. No water; the poor young woman produces butter-milk; in real pity I give her a shilling. Duffy had done the like in the adjoining cottage. Ditto, ditto in Charcuty, with the addition then a man lay in a fever there. These were the wretchedest population I saw in Ireland. "Live, sir? The Lord knows; what we can beg, and rob," (rob means *scrape up*; I suppose?): Lord Kinmare's people, he never looks after them, "hates," worthless bog and I know not what. Bog all reclaimable, lime everywhere in it; swift exit to Lord Kinmare and the leases, or whatever the accursed *incubus* is! The people, as I surmise, do *live* by "butter-milk;" wretched produce of a lean cow here and there, still alive upon the bog; pound or two of butter (precious stuff it must be in these huts!) Indian-meal, and there is sour milk over and above.

Good road at last, broader one, and down swiftly by it to "King William's Town," where are slated cottages, hedges, and little fields, with crops and even cabbages in them; a blessed change indeed. Sad dilapidated inn,—potatoe-failure, and farther the poor landlady's broken heart (we find), "hardly in her mind since loss of her son." Here, at police barrack produce Mc Gregor's circular; and all is made handy for us; and before we have dinner done, "Mr. Boyne," a jolly effectual-looking man of fifty, waits civilly upon us, has his car on the road, and will "shew us everything."

Poole O'Keefe's country was confiscated in the rebellion of 1641; this huge tract of moor (part or whole of his territory) was, clandestinely at length let on many-lived leases to the O'Keefe representative (i. e. nominally to some other, in reality to him), of which the present specimen ("slightly squinting") had dined with us last night. Some 18 years ago, the many-lived lease

ran out; rent had been some £45; question is, Let it again? Griffith of Irish Board of Works, backed by Lords Besborough and Monteagle (Spring Rice) then in office, got an answer, "No, try to improve it," and a grant, or successive grants, which have now run to £24,000 under the guidance of this Boyne, a Meath man, Land-surveyor's son, who had already "cut the Gatty mountains in four" by roads thro' them and was known by Griffith for an excellent "colonel of spademen" which he *is*. Boyne has now been 17 years there: a most solid, eupeptic, energetic, useful-looking man; whose *mark* stands indelible on this bog. "Couldn't stand without sinking here, when I first came"—excellent rye and oats growing now, hedges of thorn, bright copious green of grass, 100 head of "specimen cattle" (among others), clean cottage-farms; a country beautiful to eye and mind as we drove thro' it in the bright fresh evening. Boyne has a farm of (I think?) three hundred acres, or was it £150 a year; first-rate farm, first-rate dairy, &c., as we ourselves saw. His rent goes into the Government Grants; for he is yearly taking in new moor, only some 750 acres out of (5 or 6000?) being yet under plough and scythe. His cottagers, perhaps 30 or 40 with *farms*, had none of them quarreled with him, tho' all had been *shifted* from their lots; they had brimless hats, even of dirty tanned skin, and had incidental tatters on their coarse clothing; but they looked healthy, hearty, swift and brisk, and even joyful, as we saw them at their labours,—decidedly the pleasantest aspect, or the only "pleasant" one, I can remember in Ireland. Brimless man, for example, issuing from the lime-kiln, dust wholly, but a pair of inextinguishably brisk healthy-eager eyes,—to solicit, with impetuous rapid eloquence, "some little of the ould turf to mix with the new," that it might burn better: granted! Other man near Boyne's potatoe-field; cottagers all, of still *better* expression. Boyne's own farm; his dairy the *best* (or equal practically to the best) I ever saw. Excellent "*rye*," "walk through it, gentl., you wont hurt it!" as high as one's chin, thick, clean and regular, tho' the soil below seemed mere pieces of *peat*, which would have burnt still. Tea with Mrs. Boyne and him; excellent Dandie-Dinmont parlour personal and entertainment altogether. But the expense, £24,000? B. admitted that it was immense; urged, however, what was true, that most of it had been laid out on *roads*, "being road to Kantuck," road to &c., &c., which was raising the value of *other* properties, of all properties; and that what he had laid out on this

specially was *partly* returned to him—almost *wholly*, as we computed from his *data*; though B. himself was candid enough to admit that if this moor were *his*, he would not take quite that method of reclaiming it, he would "get good farmers and let it with improving leases."—"But if you had 2000 labourers already fed and clothed to your hand (such as sit in the Killarney workhouse idle at this moment)?"—Boyne's eyes sparkled; but his practical solid soul refused to admit so transcendent a speculation, and he did not dwell on that outlook. Moor enough nevertheless, worth little to any creature, *is* lying hereabouts for all the paupers in Cork county this half century to come; Lord Kenmare or whatever lord or mortal obstructs that result, ought to be informed that he musn't!—positively! Anecdote of the late "Land Improvement Society." Bull about Limerick: "What price?" asked B. "£20"—"Pooh! will give you £8"—"Secy of Land Impt. Society gave us £30 for the very fellow of it." "If you like to send it down from Limerick to King William's Town within a week, I will give you £8";—and it was *sent*. Land Improvement Society is now, naturally, *extinct* in bankruptcy. Remarkable Triptolemus, this Boyne.—Heavy broad man, fat big cheeks, gray beard well shaven; clean enough; smallish but honest kindly intelligent hazel-eyes and nice brows to his big round head, which he flings slightly back in speaking and rather droops his eyelids; Irish accent, copious *bubbling* speech in querulous-genial tone, wholly *narrative* in character. Simplicity, energy, eupepticity; a right healthy thick-sided Irish soul; would one knew of 1000 such. Catholic, I should think, but we didn't ask. Wife, a timidly-polite, yet sufficiently energetic-looking, rather beautiful woman of the due age; was recorded (by B. with oblique politeness) as admiring Duffy; had excellent *scones*, tea, cream and butter;—which ended we, really with emotion and admiration, quitted Boyne-dom. Police-serjt was there, who brought up our car for us; many thanks (*money*, said Duffy, will insult); and so off,—not now to Castle-Island and the Limerick coach or car; but to Kantuck (of like distance, and of more certain *inn*), by which from Mallow the Limerick *rail* would receive us. * * *

Saturday, 21 July * * * I have decided now to go by Lady Beecher's and Ballygiblin; Duffy, in route to Mallow, can set me down at their gate; and we are to rendezvous in Limerick, at the chief hotel. Newspaper vendors, curious-impertinents;—after various delays we do depart. Pleasant country, hill and hollow and no longer moory; culture toler-

able in general. Horse's saddle needs *repair*; beggar-woman; clean cap, sincere-looking creature.—Duffy's shilling. "Lady Beecher's schoolhouse," then Ballygiblin gate; soon after noon I think; and there I am left; walking pensive, in a grey genial day, thro' a fine park, half a mile, towards this unknown mansion. Two letters I had, one from Gn. Sterling to Lady, one from Lord Monteagle to Sir W., and these, for I think I was hardly known otherwise, except by alarming rumour (heterodoxy, &c.) procured me handsome admittance.

Lady B. a tall stately leanish figure of 55; of strict, hard aspect, high-cheek bones, and small blue eyes,—expression of vigour, energy, honesty; tone of voice, and of talk, dry, stunted-practical. Luncheon with two of her youths just setting off for Killarney, a do. that was to stay, and her two young ladies—handsome, fair-skinned, fine-featured people all; quite English in type and ways. House and grounds beautiful; school, cottages, peasants, all in perfect order;—walk with Lady B.—and then with Sir W.'s brother ("Wrixon" is the original name, "Beecher" was adopted for *heritable* reasons). All things trim and nice, without doors and within; as in the best English or Scotch houses of the kind. A strict religionist, Lady B., really wholesome and worthy, easy enough to talk with, nor quite unproductive; her *boudoir* by the side of the hall, father and mother's portraits in it; and all manner of lady-elegancies; people meeting her "mylady-ing, the boy is better-ing:" everything has been subdued to herself, I find, and carries the image of her own strict methodic vigorous character, and perfect Church of Englandism, which I find she zealously adopts as the exponent of this universe, and struggles continually to make serve her as a complete rule of life. Very well indeed.—Sir W. much lamed now (by some fall from his horse) appears towards dinner; fine mildly dignified old gentleman, reminds me of Johnstone of Grange. Evening pleasant enough; one young lady plays me innumerable Jacobite tunes; rest of the party playing whist; Lady B. herself ended by singing me "Bonnie Prince Charlie." To sleep, in excellent room and bed; a place where one *can* sleep,—infinitely grateful to me.

Sunday, 22 July.—Dim breezy morning. Train doesn't run to Limerick to-day; must stay, am as well pleased!—Decide to give Duffy leave to go himself,—and do so in the afternoon; one of the various notes I wrote there. To church in the meanwhile; walk with Mr. Wrixon, Sir W. B.'s brother, a farmer on his own account, and general manager, as I can gather, at Ballygiblin; Lady and Sir are

in the big old carriage by some circuitous road. Sudden change, in passing a hedge as we walk along the highway: what is this? Lord Limerick's estate; ground untiled some of it, thistles, docks, dilapidated cottages, ragged men; two years troublous insolvency, and now they are *evicted*: "Here is one of them; I will just set him going for you; turn the spigot, and he will run all day!" Middle-aged farmer-peasant, accordingly, takes off his hat, salutes low, walks hat in hand, wind blowing his long thick hair, black with a streak of gray. His woes, his bad usages. I distinguish little but at all turns "tham vagobonds!" he has been fellow sub-lessee of lands along with various other "vagabonds;" he paid always to the nail, they not; all are now turned out into the road together, the innocent along with the guilty; kind neighbor has taken *him* in, with wife and children, for the time. A reasonably good kind of man, to appearance, and in the truest perplexity, with laws of the truest injustice. "And have you any notion what you are to do now?" "Not a ha'p'orth, yer honour!" Mr. W. can give no work, wishes he could; the poor man will write to Mr. Somebody (the agent) at Cork, begging passage to America, begging something or other. W. will ratify his respectability;—and so we make away, and leave him to clap on his hat again. Sad contrast continues; ugly cottages, unploughed lands, all gone to savagery;—poor-house alone like to reap much produce from this kind of culture. Lord Limerick's method, and his father's before him. Loud and very just complaint that a Beecher should be tied to a Limerick in this way; not left to swim the gulph of pauperism separately, but obliged to do it together! A universal complaint; quite tragic to see the justice of, everywhere;—Larcom and his men are doing what they can to help it; which practically is but little hitherto.

Church service; clean congregation of 40; redhaired young Irish parson, who is very evidently "performing" the service. Decency everywhere; poor little decent Church with the tombs round it, and a tree or two shading it, (on the top of a high rough-green bank with a brook at the bottom): service here, according to the natural English method, "decently performed." I felt how decent English Protestants, or the sons of such, might with zealous affection like to assemble here once a week, and remind themselves of English purities and decencies and gospel ordinances, in the midst of a black howling Babel of superstitious savagery—like Hebrews sitting by the streams of Babel:—but I feel more clearly than ever how *impossible* it was

that an extraneous son of Adam, first seized by the terrible conviction that he had a soul to be saved or damned, that he must rede the riddle of this universe or go to perdition everlasting, could for a moment think of taking this respectable "performance" as the solution of the mystery for him! Oh, Heaven, never in this world! Weep ye by the stream of Babel, decent clean English-Irish; weep for there is cause, till you can do something *better* than weep; but expect no Babylonian or any other mortal to concern himself with that affair of yours! And on the whole I would recommend you rather to give up "weeping,"—to take to working out your meaning rather than weeping it. No sadder truth presses itself upon one than the necessity there will soon be, and the call there everywhere already is, to *quit* these old rubrics and give up these empty performances altogether. All "religions" that I fell in with in Ireland seemed to me too irreligious; really, in sad truth, doing mischief to the people in place of good!—Our ladies joined zealously in the responses, the gentlemen too kept up a form of following, but were passive rather. Home in the carriage, good "moral talk" with Lady B. whose hard eyes have a good deal softened towards me. Note-writing,—then I think an hour of sleep (the afternoon proved showery, with high breezes); at half past six to dinner: * * * What the latter part of our evening was I hardly recollect at all: autobiography came on the carpet; I spoke with Lady B. now quite softened to me, and her fears hushed, about writing down *her* life; dry feeble laugh of gratification in reply, and talk enough, (though in quite general terms) about her life as an actress. The big picture of Juliet (of which I remembered engravings from my boyhood) hung conspicuous in the drawing-room. * * *

Monday, 23 July.—Some difficulty about a car for me to railway at 2. Sir W. and brother at length take me in their carriage; 8 miles, not unattended with rain-showers. Commonplace green country, with weedy fields, ragged hedges, many brooks and boggy places; here and there a big mill,—the only kind of efficient manufactory one sees in Ireland, that of corn into meal. The meal too is *bad*, not well made generally but quite ill; the mill however is *large* enough;—there is surely a potentiality of good meal! To the station just in time; amid fierce scuds of wet, kind and polite farewell; and the steamhorse snorts away for Limerick; * * * Symptoms of Limerick at last, in the blessed showery afternoon.

Long low street, paralled to our rail; exotic in aspect, *Limk.* plebs live there.—

Station, strait confused; amid rain;—and poor Duffy stands there, with sad loving smile, a glad sight to me after all. * * * Richd. Bourke has at once followed me into my bedroom, an old London acquaintance busy here in Poor-law; am to join him at Lisnagry to-morrow for dinner. * * *

Wet chief street of Limerick, glimpse of harbour, with poor turf-craft, mainly thro' an opening on the other side. Sickly, weary; Duffy reads *choice* Irish ballads to me,—unmusical enough. Priest O'Brien, he that roused the mob against Mitchell last year; a brandy-faced, pock-marked, very ugly man, of Irish physiognomy, comes in, with wild-eyed, still more Irish younger priest, and some third party of the editorial sort whom I do not recollect at all.—Tea with these; and copious not pleasant talk. * * *

Tuesday, 24 July.—* * * Have walked about Limerick what I could; broad, level, strong new bridge, *better* kind of ships lying below it; Government Grants, and works, hear enough about there in reference to this Shannon concern! River broad, deep I suppose, drab-colored, by no means over-beautiful. Back street, on hill top, parallel to main one; here all the *natives* seem to congregate. Ragged turf-burning, turf-dealing long narrow street.—*Irish name* of it forgotten. * * * Adieu to Limerick by a broad open road * * * Lisnagry, "Blind farmer" (only docks and nettles, pay no rents); one Browne's, who *will* turn them away now: "no fear of being shot"—*was* shot at; got policeman, humour fallen now and less fear. Very ugly this particular spot. How a man "prints his image" here on the face of the earth; and you have beauty alternating with sordid disordered ugliness, abrupt as squares in a chess-board! So, all over Ireland. Sir Richard, nor any Bourke, not here, polite young Englishman visitor, in dish hat, steps out to do the honours; at length young Bourke himself, Old Bourke, two ladies (Mrs. and Miss,—Scotch one of them, immemorable both); and the evening, in small polite parlour and dining room, passes tolerably enough. Card from Engineer de Vere. Yes; no matter now. Settle to abide *here* over the morrow, and if I *can*, sleep, or at least lie horizontal all day; next day with Bourke to Gort, and thence Galway [to meet Driffy].

Wednesday, 25 July.—Sir Richd. Bourke, a fine old soldier, once Govr. of New South Wales, man of 75 or 80; rises at 6, but is not visible, has his own hours &c. Something still military, mildly arbitrary, in his whole household-government (I find), and ways of procedure. Interesting kind of old Irish-British figure. Lean, clean face hacked with sabre scars and bullet scars; inextinguishably

lively, grey bead-eyes, head snow white; low-voiced, steady, methodic and practical intelligence, looks thro' his existence here. Bought this place on his return, 30 years ago; a black bare bog then; beautifully improved now, shaded with good wood, neat little house and offices, neat walks, sunk-fences, drains and flourishing fields; again the "stamp of a man's image." Dispensary, chapel near the gate,—already bare and unbeautiful there; the "image" of the country and people, there, not Sir Rs. image. I smoke, and lounge about the grounds, all morning, having breakfasted with "Master Richard" who is off for Limerick for the day. Welcome enough solitude. The two ladies kind and polite, do. the young Englishman:—solitude is preferable.

In the afternoon, Sir Rd, I beside him on the box, drives us. Lord Clare's place, the chief object;—large park, haymaking; big block of a house; gardens very greatly taken care of,—women washing the greenhouse, (Lordship just *expected*); quincunques, foreign books, whirligigs; thought of his Lordship what he *was*, and felt all this to be a kind of painful *mockery* for a soul so circumstanced. First Earl Clare (father) a Fitzgibbon, lawyer, Chancellor did the "union;" a sorry jobber (I supposed); son of a do., some squireen of trading talent; and now it has come to this, as the finale!—Old soldier as gatekeeper; Sir

R. and he salute, as old friends. To O'Brien's bridge (by the low road,—woody with occasional glimpses of the river); village, white; lower end of it pretty, in the sunshine; upper part of it squalid, *deserted* mostly: relief-work road,—*half* breadth cut away, and so left: duckwood ditches, drowned bog, inexpressibly ugly for most part, some cleared improved spot, abruptly alternating with the drowned squalor which produces only bad brown stacks of peat. Sir Rd. in mild good-humour trots gently along. Two drunk blockheads, stagger into a cross road to be alone; are seen *kissing* one another as we pass,—just Heaven, what a kiss, with the drowned bog, and gaping full ditches on each hand! Long meagre village, hungry single street "Castle Connell"? Sir Richard's man has been at a fair with sheep ("Six-mile-bridge?"), is met or overtaken here: "prices so and so, rather bad."—Home; wait for "master;" dinner and evening have much sunk with me into the vague, and are not much worth recalling. Talk from sir Richard about wonderful viaducts, canals, and industrial joint-stock movements, seen and admired by himself, done during Louis Philippe's time. Good for something, then, that royal Ikey-Solomon's? Most things are good for *something*:—out of a slain hero you will at least, if you manage his remains at all, get a few cartloads more of turnip-fodder * * *

(To be continued.)

Thomas Carlyle.

LONGFELLOW.

O GENTLE minstrel! songs of thine can start
In eyes of stony calm the boon of tears;
The thoughts that swell the current of the years
Vex not the placid sweetness of thine art;
But whoso goeth from the fray apart
To weep away his wounds, while in his ears
Still rankle cruel taunts and sullen sneers,
Will bless thee—healer of the bruised heart!

The clamorous day heeds not thy plaintive notes,
But when the night with wand of darkness stills
The strife of bustling hands and blatant throats,
And twilight's last gray lingers on the hills,
Then through my reverie thy music floats,
As through the dusk the song of whip-poor-wills.

Wilbur Larremore.



A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

XIX.

Now that Bartley had got his basis, and had no favors to ask of any one, he was curious to see his friend Halleck again; but when, in the course of the "Solid Men Series," he went to interview the "Nestor of the Leather Interest," as he meant to call the elder Halleck, he resolved to let him make all the advances. On a legitimate business errand it should not matter to him whether Mr. Halleck welcomed him or not. The old man did not wait for Bartley to explain why he came; he was so simply glad to see him that Bartley felt a little ashamed to confess that he had been eight months in Boston without making himself known. He answered all the personal questions with which Mr. Halleck plied him; and in his turn he inquired after his college friend.

"Ben is in Europe," said his father. "He has been there all summer; but we expect him home about the middle of September. He's been a good while settling down," continued the old man, with an unconscious sigh. "He talked of the law at first, and then he went into business with me; but he didn't seem to find his calling in it; and now he's taken up the law again. He's been in the law school at Cambridge, and he's going back there for a year or two longer. I thought you used to talk of the law yourself when you were with us, Mr. Hubbard."

"Yes, I did," Bartley assented. "And I haven't given up the notion yet. I've read a good deal of law already; but when I came up to Boston, I had to go into newspaper work till I could see my way out of the woods."

"Well," said Mr. Halleck, "that's right. And you say you like the arrangement you've made with Mr. Witherby?"

"It's ideal—for me," answered Bartley.

"Well, that's good," said the old man. "And you've come to interview me. Well, that's all right. I'm not much used to being in print, but I shall be glad to tell you all I know about leather."

"You may depend upon my not asking anything that will be disagreeable to you, Mr. Halleck," said Bartley, touched by the

old man's trusting friendliness. When his inquisition ended, he slipped his note-book back into his pocket, and said with a smile:

"We usually say something about the victim's private residence, but I guess I'll spare you that, Mr. Halleck."

"Why, we live in the old place, and I don't suppose there is much to say. We are plain people, and we don't like to change. When I built there, thirty years ago, Rumford street was one of the most desirable streets in Boston. There was no Back Bay, then, you know, and we thought we were doing something very fashionable. But fashion has drifted away, and left us high and dry enough on Rumford street; though we don't mind it. We keep the old house and the old garden pretty much as you saw them. You can say whatever you think best. There's a good deal of talk about the intrusiveness of the newspapers; all I know is that they've never intruded upon me. We shall not be afraid that you will abuse our house, Mr. Hubbard, because we expect you to come there again. When shall it be? Mrs. Halleck and I have been at home all summer; we find it the most comfortable place; and we shall be very glad if you'll drop in any evening and take tea with us. We keep the old hours; we've never taken kindly to the late dinners. The girls are off at the mountains, and you'd see nobody but Mrs. Halleck. Come this evening!" cried the old man, with mounting cordiality.

His warmth, as he put his hand on Bartley's shoulder, made the young man blush again for the reserve with which he had been treating his own affairs. He stammered out, hoping that the other would see the relevancy of the statement:

"Why, the fact is, Mr. Halleck, I—I'm married."

"Married!" said Mr. Halleck. "Why didn't you tell me before? Of course we want Mrs. Hubbard, too. Where are you living? We won't stand upon ceremony among old friends. Mrs. Halleck will come with the carriage and fetch Mrs. Hubbard, and your wife must take that for a call. Why, you don't know how glad we shall be to have you both! I wish Ben was married. You'll come?"

* Copyright, 1881, by W. D. Howells. All rights reserved.

"Of course we will," said Bartley. "But you mustn't let Mrs. Halleck send for us; we can walk perfectly well."

"You can walk if you want, but Mrs. Hubbard shall ride," said the old man.

When Bartley reported this to Marcia,

"Bartley!" she cried. "In her carriage? I'm afraid!"

"Nonsense! She'll be a great deal more afraid than you are. She's the bashfullest old lady you ever saw. All that I hope is that you won't overpower her."

"Bartley, hush! Shall I wear my silk, or—"

"Oh, wear the silk, by all means. Crush them at a blow!"

Rumford street is one of those old-fashioned thoroughfares at the west end of Boston, which are now almost wholly abandoned to boarding-houses of the poorer class. Yet they are charming streets, quiet, clean, and respectable, and worthy still to be the homes, as they once were, of solid citizens. The red brick houses, with their swell fronts, looking in perspective like a succession of round towers, are reached by broad granite steps, and their doors are deeply sunken within the wagon-roofs of white-painted Roman arches. Over the door there is sometimes the bow of a fine transom, and the parlor windows on the first floor of the swell front have the same azure gleam as those of the beautiful old houses which front the Common on Beacon street.

When her husband bought his lot there, Mrs. Halleck could hardly believe that a house on Rumford street was not too fine for her. They had come to the city simple and good young village people, and simple and good they had remained, through the advancing years which had so wonderfully—Mrs. Halleck hoped, with a trembling heart, not wickedly—prospered them. They were of faithful stock, and they had been true to their traditions in every way. One of these was constancy to the orthodox religious belief in which their young hearts had united, and which had blessed all their life; though their charity now abounded perhaps more than their faith. They still believed that for themselves there was no spiritual safety except in their church; but since their younger children had left it, they were forced tacitly to own that this might not be so in all cases. Their last endeavor for the church in Ben's case was to send him to the college where he and Bartley met; and this was such a failure on the main point, that it left them remorsefully indulgent. He had submitted, and had foregone his boyish dreams of Harvard, where all his mates were going; but the sacrifice seemed to have put

him at odds with life. The years which had proved the old people mistaken would not come back upon their recognition of their error. He returned to the associations from which they had exiled him too much estranged to resume them, and they saw, with the unavailing regrets which visit fathers and mothers in such cases, that the young know their own world better than their elders can know it, and have a right to be in it and of it, superior to any theory of their advantage which their elders can form. Ben was not the fellow to complain; in fact, after he came home from college, he was allowed to shape his life according to his own rather fitful liking. His father was glad now to content him in anything he could, it was so very little that Ben asked. If he had suffered it, perhaps his family would have spoiled him.

The Halleck girls went early in July to the Profile House, where they had spent their summers for many years; but the old people preferred to stay at home, and only left their large, comfortable house for short absences. Their ways of life had been fixed in other times, and Mrs. Halleck liked better than mountain or sea the high-walled garden that stretched back of their house to the next street. They had bought through to this street when they built, but they had never sold the lot that fronted on it. They laid it out in box-bordered beds, and there were clumps of hollyhocks, sunflowers, lilies, and phlox in different corners; grapes covered the trellised walls; there were some pear-trees that bore blossoms and sometimes ripened their fruit beside the walk. Mrs. Halleck used to work in the garden; her husband seldom descended into it, but he liked to sit on the iron-railed balcony overlooking it from the back parlor.

As for the interior of the house, it had been furnished, once for all, in the worst style of that most tasteless period of household art which prevailed from 1840 to 1870; and it would be impossible to say which was most hideous, the carpets or the chandeliers, the curtains or the chairs and sofas; crude colors, lumpish and meaningless forms, abounded in a rich and horrible discord. The old people thought it all beautiful, and those daughters who had come into the new house as little girls revered it; but Ben and his younger sister, who had been born in the house, used the right of children of their parents' declining years to laugh at it. Yet they laughed with a sort of filial tenderness.

"I suppose you know how frightful you have everything about you, Olive?" said Clara Kingsbury, one day after the Eastlake movement began, as she took a comprehensive

survey of the Halleck drawing-room through her *pince-nez*.

"Certainly," answered the youngest Miss Halleck. "It's a perfect chamber of horrors. But I like it, because everything's so exquisitely in keeping."

"Really, I feel as if I had seen it all for the first time," said Miss Kingsbury. "I don't believe I ever realized it before."

She and Olive Halleck were great friends, though Clara was fashionable and Olive was not.

"It would all have been different," Ben used to say, in whimsical sarcasm of what he had once believed, "if I had gone to Harvard. Then the fellows in my class would have come to the house with me, and we should have got into the right set naturally. Now, we're outside of everything, and it makes me mad, because we've got money enough to be inside, and there's nothing to prevent it. Of course, I'm not going to say that leather is quite as blameless as cotton, socially, but taken in the wholesale form it isn't so very malodorous; and it's quite as good as other things that are accepted."

"It's not the leather, Ben," answered Olive, "and it's not your not going to Harvard altogether, though that has something to do with it. The trouble's in me. I was at school with all those girls Clara goes with, and I could have been in that set if I'd wanted; but I didn't really want to. I saw, at a very tender age, that it was going to be more trouble than it was worth, and I just quietly kept out of it. Of course, I couldn't have gone to Papanti's without a fuss, but mother would have let me go if I had made the fuss; and I could be hand and glove with those girls now, if I tried. They come here whenever I ask them; and when I meet them on charities, I'm awfully popular. No, if I'm not fashionable, it's my own fault. But what difference does it make to you, Ben? You don't want to marry any of those girls as long as your heart's set on that unknown charmer of yours." Ben had once seen his charmer in the street of a little Down-East town, where he met her walking with some other boarding-school girls; in a freak, with his fellow-students, he had bribed the village photographer to let him have the picture of this young lady, which he had sent home to Olive, marked, "My Lost Love."

"No, I don't want to marry anybody," said Ben. "But I hate to live in a town where I'm not first chop in everything."

"Pshaw!" cried his sister, "I guess it does n't trouble you much."

"Well, I don't know that it does," he admitted.

Mrs. Halleck's black coachman drove her to Mrs. Nash's door on Canary Place, where she alighted and rang with as great perturbation as if it had been a palace, and these poor young people to whom she was going to be kind were princes. It was sufficient that they were strangers; but Marcia's anxiety, evident even to meekness like Mrs. Halleck's, restored her somewhat to her self-possession; and the thought that Bartley, in spite of his personal splendor, was a friend of Ben's, was a help, and she got home with her guests without great chasms in the conversation, though she never ceased to twist the window-tassel in her embarrassment.

Mr. Halleck came to her rescue at her own door, and let them in. He shook hands with Bartley again, and viewed Marcia with a fatherly friendliness that took away half her awe of the ugly magnificence of the interior. But still she admired that Bartley could be so much at his ease. He pointed to a stick at the foot of the hat-rack, and said, "How much that looks like Halleck!" which made the old man laugh, and clap him on the shoulder, and cry: "So it does! so it does! Recognized it, did you? Well, we shall soon have him with us again, now. Seems a long time to us since he went."

"Still limps a little?" asked Bartley.

"Yes, I guess he'll never quite get over that."

"I don't believe I should like him to," said Bartley. "He wouldn't seem natural without a cane in his hand, or hanging by the crook over his left elbow, while he stood and talked."

The old man clapped Bartley on the shoulder again, and laughed again at the image suggested.

"That's so! that's so! You're right, I guess!"

As soon as Marcia could lay off her things in the gorgeous chamber to which Mrs. Halleck had shown her, they went out to tea in the dining-room overlooking the garden.

"Seems natural, don't it?" asked the old man, as Bartley turned to one of the windows.

"Not changed a bit, except that I was here in winter, and I had n't a chance to see how pretty your garden was."

"It is pretty, is n't it?" said the old man. "Mother—Mrs. Halleck, I mean—looks after it. She keeps it about right. Here's Cyrus!" he said, as the serving-man came into the room with something from the kitchen in his hands. "You remember Cyrus, I guess, Mr. Hubbard?"

"Oh, yes!" said Bartley, and when Cyrus had set down his dish, Bartley shook hands

with the New Hampshire exemplar of freedom and equality; he was no longer so young as to wish to mark a social difference between himself and the inside man who had served Mr. Halleck with unimpaired self-respect for twenty-five years.

There was a vacant place at table, and Mr. Halleck said he hoped it would be taken by a friend of theirs. He explained that the possible guest was his lawyer, whose office Ben was going into after he left the law school; and presently Mr. Atherton came. Bartley was prepared to be introduced anew, but he was flattered and the Hallecks were pleased to find that he and Mr. Atherton were already acquainted; the latter was so friendly that Bartley was confirmed in his belief that you could not make an interview too strong, for he had celebrated Mr. Atherton among the other people present at the Indigent Surf-Bathing entertainment.

Mr. Atherton was put next to Marcia, and after a while he began to talk with her, feeling with a tacit skill for her highest note, and striking that with kindly perseverance. It was not a very high note, and it was not always a certain sound. She could not be sure that he was really interested in the simple matters he had set her to talking about, and from time to time she was afraid that Bartley did not like it; she would not have liked him to talk so long or so freely with a lady. But she found herself talking on, about boarding, and her own preference for keeping house; about Equity, and what sort of place it was, and how far from Crawford's; about Boston, and what she had seen and done there since she had come in the winter. Most of her remarks began or ended with Mr. Hubbard; many of her opinions, especially in matters of taste, were frank repetitions of what Mr. Hubbard thought; her conversation had the charm and pathos of that of the young wife who devotedly loves her husband, who lives in him and for him, tests everything by him, refers everything to him. She had a good mind, though it was as bare as it could well be of most of the things that the ladies of Mr. Atherton's world put into their minds.

Mrs. Halleck made from time to time a little murmur of satisfaction in Marcia's loyalty, and then sank back into the meek silence which she only emerged from to propose more tea to some one, or to direct Cyrus about offering this dish or that.

After they rose, she took Marcia about and showed her the house, ending with the room which Bartley had had when he visited there. They sat down in this room and had a long chat, and when they came back to the parlor they found Mr. Atherton already gone. Marcia

inferred the early habits of the household from the departure of this older friend, but Bartley was in no hurry; he was enjoying himself, and he could not see that Mr. Halleck seemed at all sleepy.

Mrs. Halleck wished to send them home in her carriage, but they would not hear of this; they would far rather walk, and when they had been followed to the door, and bidden to mind the steps as they went down, the wide open night did not seem too large for their content in themselves and each other.

"Did you have a nice time?" asked Bartley, though he knew he need not.

"The best time I ever had in the world!" cried Marcia.

They discussed the whole affair; the two old people; Mr. Atherton, and how pleasant he was; the house and its splendors, which they did not know were hideous.

"Bartley," said Marcia at last, "I told Mrs. Halleck."

"Did you?" he returned, in trepidation; but after a while he laughed. "Well, all right, if you wanted to."

"Yes, I did; and you can't think how kind she was. She says we must have a house of our own somewhere, and she's going round with me in her carriage to help me to find one."

"Well," said Bartley, and he fetched the sort of sigh, half of pride, half of dismay.

"Yes, I long to go to housekeeping. We can afford it now. She says we can get a cheap little house, or half a house, up at the South End, and it won't cost us any more than to board, hardly; and that's what I think, too."

"Go ahead, if you can find the house. I don't object to my own fireside. And I suppose we must."

"Yes, we must. Aint you glad of it?"

They were in the shadow of a tall house, and he dropped his face toward the face she lifted to his, and gave her a silent kiss that made her heart leap toward him.

xx.

WITH the other news that Halleck's mother gave him on his return, she told him of the chance that had brought his old college comrade to them again, and how Bartley was now married, and was just settled in the little house she had helped his wife to find.

"He has married a very pretty girl," she said.

"Oh, I dare say!" answered her son. "He isn't the fellow to have married a plain girl."

"Your father and I have been to call upon them in their new house, and they seem very

happy together. Mr. Hubbard wants you should come to see them. He talks a great deal about you."

"I'll look them up in good time," said the young man. "Hubbard's ardor to see me will keep."

That evening Mr. Atherton came to tea, and Halleck walked home with him to his lodgings, which were over the hill, and beyond the Public Garden.

"Yes, it's very pleasant, getting back," he said, as they sauntered down the Common side of Beacon street, "and the old town is picturesque after the best they can do across the water."

He halted his friend, and brought himself to a rest on his cane, for a look over the hollow of the Common and the level of the Garden, where the late September dark was keenly spangled with lamps. "'My heart leaps up,' and so forth, when I see that. Now that Athens and Florence and Edinburgh are past, I don't think there is any place quite so well worth being born in as Boston." He moved forward again, gently surging with his limp, in a way that had its charm for those that loved him. "It's more authentic and individual, more municipal, after the old pattern, than any other modern city. It gives its stamp, it characterizes. The Boston Irishman, the Boston Jew, is a quite different Irishman or Jew from those of other places. Even Boston provinciality is a precious testimony to the authoritative personality of the city. Cosmopolitanism is a modern vice, and we're antique, we're classic, in the other thing. Yes, I'd rather be a Bostonian, at odds with Boston, than one of the curled darlings of any other community."

A friend knows how to allow for mere quantity in your talk, and only replies to the quality; separates your earnest from your whimsicality, and accounts for some whimsicality in your earnest.

"I didn't know but you might have got that bee out of your bonnet on the other side," said Atherton.

"No, sir; we change our skies but not our bees. What should I amount to without my grievance? You wouldn't have known me. This talk to-night about Hubbard has set my bee to buzzing with uncommon liveliness; and the thought of the law school next week does nothing to allay him. The law school isn't Harvard; I realize that more and more, though I have tried to fancy that it was. No, sir, my wrongs are irreparable. I had the making of a real Harvard man in me, and of a Unitarian, nicely balanced between radicalism and amateur episcopacy. Now, I am an orthodox ruin, and the undutiful step-son of

a Down-East *alma mater*. I belong nowhere; I'm at odds. Is Hubbard's wife really handsome, or is she only country-pretty?"

"She's beautiful,—I assure you, she's beautiful," said Atherton, with such earnestness that Halleck laughed.

"Well, that's right, as my father says. How's she beautiful?"

"That's difficult to tell. It's rather a superb sort of style; and——What did you really use to think of your friend?" Atherton broke off to ask.

"Who? Hubbard?"

"Yes."

"He was a poor, cheap sort of a creature. Deplorably smart, and regrettably handsome. A fellow that assimilated everything to a certain extent, and nothing thoroughly. A fellow with no more moral nature than a base-ball. The sort of chap you'd expect to find, the next time you met him, in Congress or the house of correction."

"Yes, that accounts for it," said Atherton, thoughtfully.

"Accounts for what?"

"The sort of look she had. A look as if she were naturally above him, and had somehow fascinated herself with him, and were worshipping him in some sort of illusion."

"Doesn't that sound a little like refining upon the facts? Recollect, I've never seen her, and I don't say you're wrong."

"I'm not sure I'm not, though. I talked with her, and found her nothing more than honest and sensible and good; simple in her traditions, of course, and countrified yet, in her ideas, with a tendency to the intensely practical. I don't see why she mightn't very well be his wife. I suppose every woman hoodwinks herself about her husband in some degree."

"Yes; and we always like to fancy something pathetic in the fate of pretty girls that other fellows marry. I notice that we don't sorrow much over the plain ones. How's the divine Clara?"

"I believe she's well," said Atherton. "I haven't seen her, all summer. She's been at Beverly."

"Why, I should have supposed she would have come up and surf-bathed those indigent children with her own hand. She's equal to it. What made her falter in well-doing?"

"I don't know that we can properly call it faltering. There was a deficit in the appropriation necessary, and she made it up herself. After that, she consulted me seriously as to whether she ought not to stay in town and superintend the execution of the plan. But I told her she might fitly delegate that. She was all the more anxious to perform her

whole duty, because she confessed that indigent children were personally unpleasant to her."

Halleck burst out laughing.

"That's like Clara! How charming women are! They're charming even in their goodness! I wonder the novelists don't take a hint from that fact, and stop giving us those scaly heroines they've been running lately. Why, a real woman can make righteousness delicious and virtue piquant. I like them for that!"

"Do you?" asked Atherton, laughing in his turn at the single-minded confession. He was some years older than his friend.

They had got down to Charles street, and Halleck took out his watch at the corner lamp.

"It isn't at all late yet; only half-past eight. The days are getting shorter."

"Well?"

"Suppose we go and call on Hubbard now? He's right up here on Clover street."

"I don't know," said Atherton. "It would do for you; you're an old friend. But for me, — wouldn't it be rather unceremonious?"

"Oh, come along! They'll not be punctilious. They'll like our dropping in, and I shall have Hubbard off my conscience. I must go to see him sooner or later, for decency's sake."

Atherton suffered himself to be led away.

"I suppose you wont stay long?"

"Oh, no; I shall cut it very short," said Halleck.

And they climbed the narrow little street where Marcia had at last found a house, after searching the South End quite to the Highlands, and ransacking Charlestown and Cambridgeport. These points all seemed to her terribly remote from where Bartley must be at work during the day, and she must be alone without the sight of him from morning till night. The accessibility of Canary Place had spoiled her for distances; she wanted Bartley at home for their one-o'clock dinner; she wanted to have him within easy call at all times; and she was glad when none of those far-off places yielded quite what they desired in a house. They took the house on Clover street, though it was a little dearer than they expected, for two years, and they furnished it, as far as they could, out of the three or four hundred dollars they had saved, including the remaining hundred from the colt and cutter, kept sacredly intact by Marcia. When you entered, the narrow staircase cramped you into the little parlor opening out of the hall; and back of the parlor was the dining-room. Overhead were two chambers, and overhead again were two chambers more; in the basement was the kitchen. The

house seemed absurdly large to people who had been living for the last seven months in one room, and the view of the Back Bay from the little bow-window of the front chamber added all outdoors to their superfluous space.

Bartley came himself to answer Halleck's ring, and they met at once with such a "Why, Halleck!" and "How do you do, Hubbard?" as restored something of their old college comradery. Bartley welcomed Mr. Atherton under the gas-light he had turned up, and then they huddled into the little parlor, where Bartley introduced his old friend to his wife. Marcia had on a sort of dark wrapper, trimmed with bows of crimson ribbon, which she had made herself, and in which she looked a Roman patrician in an avatar of Boston domesticity; and Bartley was rather proud to see his friend so visibly dazzled by her beauty. It quite abashed Halleck, who limped helplessly about, after his cane had been taken from him, before he sat down, while Marcia, from the vantage of the sofa and the covert of her talk with Atherton, was content that Halleck should be plain and awkward, with close-cut drab hair and a dull complexion. She would not have liked even a man who knew Bartley before she did to be very handsome.

Halleck and Bartley had some talk about college days, from which their eyes wandered at times; and then Marcia excused herself to Atherton and went out, re-appearing after an interval at the sliding doors, which she rolled open between the parlor and dining-room. A table set for supper stood behind her, and, as she leaned a little forward, with her hands each on a leaf of the door, she said, with shy pride, "Bartley, I thought the gentlemen would like to join you," and he answered, "Of course they would," and led the way out, refusing to hear any demur. His heart swelled with satisfaction in Marcia; it was something like, having fellows drop in upon you, and be asked out to supper in this easy way. It made Bartley feel good, and he would have liked to give Marcia a hug on the spot. He could not help pressing her foot under the table, and exchanging a quiver of the eyelashes with her, as he lifted the lid of the white tureen, and looked at her across the glitter of their new crockery and cutlery. They made the jokes of the season about the oyster being promptly on hand for the first of the R months, and Bartley explained that he was sometimes kept at the "Events" office rather late, and that then Marcia waited supper for him, and always gave him an oyster stew, which she made herself. She could not stop him, and the guests praised the oysters, and then they praised the dining-room and the parlor. And when they rose

from the table Bartley said, "Now we must show you the house," and persisted, against her deprecations, in making her lead the way. She was, in fact, willing enough to show it; her taste had made their money go to the utmost in furnishing it; and, though most people were then still in the period of green reps and tan terry, and of dull black-walnut movables, she had everywhere bestowed little touches that told. She had covered the marble parlor-mantel with cloth and fringed it, and she had set on it two vases in the Pompeian colors then liked; her carpet was of wood colors and a moss pattern; she had done what could be done with folding carpet chairs to give the little room a specious air of luxury; the center-table was heaped with her sewing and Bartley's newspapers.

"We've just moved in, and we haven't furnished *all* the rooms yet," she said of two empty ones which Bartley perversely flung open.

"And I don't know that we shall. The house is much too big for us; but we thought we'd better take it," he added, as if it were a castle for vastness.

Halleck and Atherton were silent for some moments after they came away, and then:

"I don't believe he whips her," suggested the latter.

"No, I guess he's fond of her," said Halleck, gravely.

"Did you see how careful he was of her, coming up and down stairs? That was very pretty; and it was pretty to see them both so ready to show off their young housekeeping to us."

"Yes, it improves a man to get married," said Halleck, with a long, stifled sigh. "It's improved the most selfish hound I ever knew."

XXI.

THE two elder Miss Hallecks were so much older than Olive, the youngest, that they seemed to be of a sort of intermediary generation between her and her parents, though Olive herself was well out of her teens, and was the senior of her brother Ben by two or three years. The elder sisters were always together, and they adhered in common to the religion of their father and mother. The defection of their brother was passive, but Olive, having conscientiously adopted an alien faith, was not a person to let others imagine her ashamed of it, and her Unitarianism was outspoken. In her turn she formed a kind of party with Ben inside the family, and would have led him on in her own excesses of independence if his somewhat melancholy indifference had con-

sented. It was only in his absence that she had been with her sisters during their summer sojourn in the White Mountains; when they returned home, she vigorously went her way, and left them to go theirs. She was fond of them in her defiant fashion; but in such a matter as calling on Mrs. Hubbard, she chose not to be mixed up with her family, or in any way to countenance her family's prepossessions. Her sisters paid their visit together, and she waited for Clara Kingsbury to come up from the sea-side. Then she went with her to call upon Marcia, sitting observant and non-committal while Clara swooped through the little house, up stairs and down, clamoring over its prettiness, and admiring the art with which so few dollars could be made to go so far. "Think of finding such a bower on Clover street!" She made Marcia give her the cost of everything; and her heart swelled with pride in her sex when she heard that Marcia had put down all the carpets herself. "I wanted to make them up," Marcia explained, "but Mr. Hubbard wouldn't let me,—it cost so little at the store."

"Wouldn't let you!" cried Miss Kingsbury. "I should hope as much, indeed! Why, my child, you're a Roman matron!"

She came away in agony lest Marcia might think she meant her nose. She drove early the next morning to tell Olive Halleck that she had spent a sleepless night from this cause, and to ask her what she *should* do. "Do you think she will be hurt, Olive? Tell me what led up to it? How did I behave before that? The context is everything in such cases."

"Oh, you went about praising everything, and screaming and shouting, and my-dearing and my-childing her, and patronizing —"

"There, there! say no more! That's sufficient! I see,—I see it all! I've done the very most offensive thing I could, when I meant to be the most appreciative."

"These country people don't like to be appreciated down to the quick, in that way," said Olive. "I should think Mrs. Hubbard was rather a proud person."

"I know! I know!" moaned Miss Kingsbury. "It was ghastly."

"I don't suppose she's ashamed of her nose —"

"Olive!" cried her friend, "be still! Why, I can't *bear* it! why, you wretched thing!"

"I dare say all the ladies in Equity make up their own carpets, and put them down, and she thought you were laughing at her."

"Will you be still, Olive Halleck?" Miss Kingsbury was now a large blonde mass of suffering. "Oh, dear, dear! What shall I do? It was sacrilege—yes, it was nothing less than sacrilege—to go on as I did. And

I meant so well; I did so admire, and respect, and revere her!" Olive burst out laughing. "You wicked girl!" whimpered Clara. "Should you—should you write to her?"

"And tell her you didn't mean her nose? Oh, by all means, Clara,—by all means! Quite an inspiration. Why not make her an evening party?"

"Olive," said Clara, with guilty meekness, "I have been thinking of that."

"No, Clara! Not seriously!" cried Olive, sobered at the idea.

"Yes, seriously. Would it be so very bad? Only just a *little* party," she pleaded. "Half a dozen people or so; just to show them that I really feel—friendly. I know that he's told her all about meeting me here, and I'm not going to have her think I want to drop him because he's married, and lives in a little house on Clover street."

"Noble Clara! So you wish to bring them out in Boston society? What will you do with them after you've got them there?" Miss Kingsbury fidgeted in her chair a little. "Now look me in the eye, Clara! Whom were you going to ask to meet them? Your unfashionable friends, the Hallecks?"

"My friends, the Hallecks, of course."

"And Mr. Atherton, your legal adviser?"

"I had thought of asking Mr. Atherton. You needn't say what he is, if you please, Olive; you know that there's no one I prize so much."

"Very good. And Mr. Cameron?"

"He has got back,—yes. He's very nice."

"A Cambridge tutor; young and of recent attachment to the college, with no local affiliations, yet. What ladies?"

"Miss Strong is a nice girl; she is studying at the Conservatory."

"Yes. Poverty-stricken votary of Miss Kingsbury. Well?"

"Miss Clancy."

"Unfashionable elderly sister of fashionable artist. Yes?"

"The Brayhems."

"Young radical clergyman, and his wife, without a congregation, and hoping for a pulpit in Billerica. Parlor lectures on German literature in the meantime. Well?"

"And Mrs. Savage, I thought."

"Well-preserved young widow of uncertain antecedents tending to grassiness; outdoor *protégée* of the hostess. Yes, Clara, go on and give your party. It will be *perfectly safe*! But do you think it will *deceive* anybody?"

"Now, Olive Halleck!" cried Clara, "I am not going to have you talking to me in that way! You have no right to do it, and you have no business to do it," she added, trying to pluck

up a spirit. "Is there anybody that I value more than I do you and your sisters, and Ben?"

"No. But you don't value us *just in that way*, and you know it. Don't you be a humbug, Clara. Now go on with your excuses."

"I'm not making excuses! Isn't Mr. Atherton in the most fashionable society?"

"Yes. Why don't you ask some other fashionable people?"

"Olive, this is all nonsense,—perfect nonsense! I can invite any one I like to meet any one I like, and if I choose to show Mr. Hubbard's wife a little attention, I can do it, can't I?"

"Oh, of course!"

"And what would be the use of inviting fashionable people—as you call them—to meet them? It would just embarrass them all round."

"Perfectly correct, Miss Kingsbury. All that I want you to do is to face the facts of the case. I want you to realize that, in showing Mr. Hubbard's wife this little attention, you're not doing it because you scorn to drop an old friend, and want to do him the highest honor; but because you think you can palm off your second-class acquaintance on them for first-class, and try to make up in that way for telling her she had a hooked nose!"

"You *know* that I didn't tell her she had a hooked nose."

"You told her that she was a Roman matron,—it's the same thing," said Olive.

Miss Kingsbury bit her lip and tried to look a dignified resentment. She ended by saying, with feeble spite, "I shall have the little evening for all you say. I suppose you won't refuse to come because I don't ask the whole Blue Book to meet them."

"Of course we shall come! I wouldn't miss it for anything. I always like to see how you manage your pieces of social duplicity, Clara. But you needn't expect that I will be a party to the swindle. No, Clara! I shall go to these poor young people and tell them plainly, 'This is not the *best* society; Miss Kingsbury keeps that for —'"

"Olive! I think I never saw even you in such a teasing humor." The tears came into Clara's large, tender blue eyes, and she continued, with an appeal that had no effect, "I'm sure I don't see why you should make it a question of anything of the sort. It's simply a wish to—have a little company of no particular kind, for no partic— Because I want to."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Then I highly approve of it," said Olive. "When is it to be?"

"I sha'n't tell you, now! You may wait

till I'm ready," pouted Clara, as she rose to go.

"Don't go away thinking I'm enough to provoke a saint because *you've* got mad at me, Clara!"

"Mad? You know I'm not mad! But I think you might be a *little* sympathetic sometimes, Olive!" said her friend, kissing her.

"Not in cases of social duplicity, Clara. My wrath is all that saves you. If you were not afraid of me, you would have been a lost worldling long ago."

"I know you always really love me," said Miss Kingsbury, tenderly.

"No, I don't," retorted her friend, promptly. "Not when you're humbugging. Don't expect it, for you won't get it." She followed Clara with a triumphant laugh as she went out of the door; and except for this parting taunt, Clara might have given up her scheme. She first ordered her *coupé* driven home, in fact, and then lowered the window to countermand the direction, and drove to Bartley's door on Clover street.

It was a very handsome equipage, and was in keeping with all the outward belongings of Miss Kingsbury, who mingled a sense of duty and a love of luxury in her life in very exact proportions. When her *coupé* was not standing before some of the wretchedest doors in the city, it was waiting at the finest; and Clara's days were divided between the extremes of squalor and of fashion.

She was the only child of parents who had early left her an orphan. Her father, who was much her mother's senior, was an old friend of Olive's father, and had made him his executor and the guardian of his daughter. Mr. Halleck had taken her into his own family, and, in the conscientious pursuance of what he believed would have been her father's preference, he gave her worldly advantages which he would not have desired for one of his own children. But the friendship that grew up between Clara and Olive was too strong for him in some things, and the girls went to the same fashionable school together.

When his ward came of age, he made over to her the fortune, increased by his careful management, which her father had left her, and advised her to put her affairs in the hands of Mr. Atherton. She had shown a quite ungirlish eagerness to manage them for herself. In the midst of her profusion she had odd accesses of stinginess, in which she fancied herself coming to poverty; and her guardian judged it best that she should have a lawyer who could tell her at any moment just where she stood. She hesitated, but she did as he advised; and having once intrusted

her property to Atherton's care, she added her conscience and her reason in large degree, and obeyed him with embarrassing promptness in matters that did not interfere with her pleasures. Her pleasures were of various kinds. She chose to buy herself a fine house, and, having furnished it luxuriously, and unearthed a cousin of her father's in Vermont and brought her to Boston to matronize her, she kept house on a magnificent scale, pinching, however, at certain points with unexpected meanness. When she was alone, her table was of a Spartan austerity; she exacted a great deal from her servants, and paid them as small wages as she could. After that, she did not mind lavishing money upon them in kindness. A seamstress whom she had once employed fell sick, and Miss Kingsbury sent her to the Bahamas and kept her there till she was well, and then made her a guest in her house till the girl could get back her work. She watched her cook through the measles, caring for her like a mother; and, as Olive Halleck said, she was always portioning or burying the sisters of her second-girls. She was in all sorts of charities, but she was apt to cut her charities off with her pleasures at any moment, if she felt poor. She was fond of dress, and went a great deal into society: she suspected men generally of wishing to marry her for her money, but with those whom she did not think capable of aspiring to her hand, she was generously helpful with her riches. She liked to patronize; she had long supported an unpromising painter at Rome, and she gave orders to desperate artists at home.

The world had pretty well hardened one half of her heart, but the other half was still soft and loving, and into this side of her mixed nature she cowered when she believed she had committed some blunder or crime, and came whimpering to Olive Halleck for punishment. She made Olive her discipline partly in her lack of some fixed religion. She had not yet found a religion that exactly suited her, though she had many times believed herself about to be anchored in some faith forever.

She was almost sorry that she had put her resolution in effect when she rang at the door, and Marcia herself answered the bell, in place of the one servant, who was at that moment hanging out the wash. It seemed wicked to pretend to be showing this pretty creature a social attention, when she meant to palm off a hollow imitation of society upon her. Why should she not ask the very superfinest of her friends to meet such a brilliant beauty? It would serve Olive Halleck right if she should do this, and leave the Hallecks out, and Marcia would certainly be a sensation. She

half-believed that she meant to do it when she quitted the house with Marcia's promise that she would bring her husband to tea on Wednesday evening, at eight; and she drove away so far penitent that she resolved at least to make her company distinguished, if not fashionable. She said to herself that she would make it fashionable yet, if she chose, and as a first move in this direction she easily secured Mr. Atherton: he had no engagements, so few people had got back to town. She called upon Mrs. Witherby, needlessly reminding her of the charity committees they had served on together; and then she went home and actually sent out notes to the plainest daughter and the maiden aunt of two of the most high-born families of her acquaintance. She added to her list an artist and his wife ("Now I shall *have* to let him paint me!" she reflected), a young author whose book had made talk, a teacher of Italian, with whom she was pretending to read Dante, and a musical composer and his daughter.

Olive came late, as if to get a whole effect of the affair at once; and her smile revealed Clara's failure to her, if she had not realized it before. She read there that the aristocratic and æsthetic additions which she had made to the guests Olive originally divined had not availed; the party remained a humbug. It had seemed absurd to invite anybody to meet two such little, unknown people as the Hubbards; and then, to avoid marking them as the subjects of the festivity by the precedence to be observed in going out to supper, she resolved to have tea served in the drawing-room, and to make it literally tea, with bread and butter, and some thin, ascetic cake.

However sharp he was in business, Mr. Witherby was socially a dull man; and his wife and daughter seemed to partake of his qualities by affinité and heredity. They tried to make something of Marcia, but they failed through their want of art. Mrs. Witherby, finding the wife of her husband's assistant in Miss Kingsbury's house, conceived an awe of her, which Marcia would not have known how to abate if she had imagined it; and in a little while the Witherby family segregated themselves among the photograph albums and the bric-à-brac, from which Clara seemed to herself to be fruitlessly detaching them the whole evening. The plainest daughter and the maiden aunt of the patrician families talked to each other with unavailing intervals of the painter and the author. The radical clergyman and his wife were in danger of a conjugal devotion which society does not favor; the unfashionable sister of the fashionable artist conversed with the young Har-

vard tutor and the Japanese law-student, whom he had asked leave to bring with him, and whose small, mouse-like eyes continually twinkled away in pursuit of the blonde beauty of his hostess. The widow was winningly attentive, with a tendency to be confidential, to everybody. The Italian could not disabuse himself of the notion that he was expected to be light and cheerful, and when the pupil of the Conservatory sang, he abandoned himself to his error, and clapped and cried bravo with unseemly vivacity. But he was restored to reason when the composer sat down at the piano and played, amid the hush that falls on society at such times, something from Beethoven, and again something of his own, which was so like Beethoven that Beethoven himself would not have known the difference.

Mr. Atherton and Halleck moved about among the sufferers, and did their best to second Clara's efforts for their relief; but it was useless. In the desperation which owns defeat, she resolved to devote herself for the rest of the evening to trying to make at least the Hubbards have a good time; and then, upon the dangerous theory, of which young and pretty hostesses cannot be too wary, that a wife is necessarily flattered by attentions to her husband, she devoted herself exclusively to Bartley, to whom she talked long and with a reckless liveliness of the events of his former stay in Boston. Their laughter and scraps of their reminiscences reached Marcia where she sat in a feint of listening to Ben Halleck's perfunctory account of his college days with her husband, till she could bear it no longer. She rose abruptly, and, going to him, she said that it was time to say good-night.

"Oh, so soon!" cried Clara, mystified and a little scared at the look she saw on Marcia's face. "Good-night," she added, coldly.

The assembly hailed this first token of its disintegration with relief; it became a little livelier; there was a fleeting moment in which it seemed as if it might yet enjoy itself; but its chance passed; it crumbled rapidly away, and Clara was left looking humbly into Olive Halleck's pitiless eyes.

"Thank you for a *delightful* evening, Miss Kingsbury! Congratulate you!" she mocked, with an unsparing laugh. "Such a success! But why didn't you give them something to eat, Clara? Those poor Hubbards have a one-o'clock dinner, and I famished for them. I wasn't hungry myself,—*we* have a two-o'clock dinner!"

XXII.

BARTLEY came home elate from Miss Kingsbury's entertainment. It was something like

the social success which he used to picture to himself. He had been flattered by the attention specially paid him, and he did not detect the imposition. He was half-starved, but he meant to have up some cold meat and bottled beer, and talk it all over with Marcia.

She did not seem inclined to talk it over on their way home, and when they entered their own door, she pushed in and ran upstairs.

"Why, where are you going, Marcia?" he called after her.

"To bed!" she replied, closing the door after her with a crash of unmistakable significance.

Bartley stood a moment in the fury that tempted him to pursue her with a taunt, and then leave her to work herself out of the transport of senseless jealousy she had wrought herself into. But he set his teeth, and, full of inward cursing, he followed her upstairs with a slow, dogged step. He took her in his arms without a word, and held her fast, while his anger changed to pity, and then to laughing. When it came to that, she put up her arms, which she had kept rigidly at her side, and laid them round his neck, and began softly to cry on his breast.

"Oh, I'm not myself at all, any more!" she moaned penitently.

"Then this is very improper—for me," said Bartley.

The helpless laughter broke through her lamentation, but she cried a little more to keep herself in countenance.

"But I guess, from a previous acquaintance with the party's character, that it's really all you, Marcia. I don't blame you. Miss Kingsbury's hospitality has left me as hollow as if I'd had nothing to eat for a week; and I know you're perishing from inanition. Hence these tears."

It delighted her to have him make fun of Miss Kingsbury's tea, and she lifted her head to let him see that she was laughing for pleasure now, before she turned away to dry her eyes.

"Oh, poor fellow!" she cried, "I did pity you so when I saw those mean little slices of bread and butter coming round!"

"Yes," said Bartley, "I felt sorry myself. But don't speak of them any more, dearest."

"And I suppose," pursued Marcia, "that all the time she was talking to you there, you were simply ravening."

"I was casting lots in my own mind to see which of the company I should devour first."

His drollery appeared to Marcia the finest that ever was; she laughed and laughed again; when he made fun of the elderly aristocrat's conjecturable toughness, she implored him to stop if he did not want to kill her.

Marcia was not in the state in which woman best convinces her enemies of her fitness for empire, but she was charming in her silly happiness, and Bartley felt very glad that he had not yielded to his first impulse to deal savagely with her.

"Come," he said, "let us go out somewhere, and get some oysters."

She began at once to take out her ear-rings and loosen her hair.

"No, I'll get something here in the house; I'm not very hungry. But *you* go, Bartley, and have a good supper, or you'll be sick to-morrow, and not fit to work. Go," she added to his hesitating image in the glass, "I insist upon it. I won't *have* you stay."

His reflected face approached from behind; she turned hers a little, and their mirrored lips met over her shoulder. "Oh, how *sweet* you are, Bartley!" she murmured.

"Yes, you will always find me obedient when commanded to go out and repair my wasted tissue."

"I don't mean *that*, dear," she said softly. "I mean—your not quarreling with me when I'm unreasonable. Why can't we always do so?"

"Well, you see," said Bartley, "it throws the whole burden on the fellow in his senses. It doesn't require any great degree of self-sacrifice to fly off at a tangent, but it's rather a maddening spectacle to the party that holds on."

"Now I will show you," said Marcia, "that I can be reasonable, too: I shall let you go alone to make our party call on Miss Kingsbury." She looked at him heroically.

"Marcia," said Bartley, "you're such a reasonable person when you're the most unreasonable, that I wonder I *ever* quarrel with you. I rather think I'll let *you* call on Miss Kingsbury alone. I shall suffer agonies of suspicion, but it will prove that I have perfect confidence in you." He threw her a kiss from the door, and ran down the stairs. When he returned, an hour later, he found her waiting up for him.

"Why, Marcia!" he exclaimed.

"Oh! I just wanted to say that we will both go to call on her *very soon*. If I sent you, she might think I was mad, and I won't give her that satisfaction."

"Noble girl!" cried Bartley, with irony that pleased her better than praise. Women like to be understood, even when they try not to be understood.

When Marcia went with Bartley to call, Miss Kingsbury received her with careful, perhaps anxious, politeness, but made no further effort to take her up. Some of the

people whom Marcia met at Miss Kingsbury's called; and the Witherbys came, father, mother, and daughter together; but between the evident fact that the Hubbards were poor, and the other evident fact that they moved in the best society, the Witherbys did not quite know what to do about them. They asked them to dinner, and Bartley went alone; Marcia was not well enough to go.

He was very kind and tractable, now, and went whenever she bade him go without her, though tea at the Hallecks was getting to be an old story with him, and it was generally tea at the Hallecks to which she sent him. The Halleck ladies came faithfully to see her, and she got on very well with the two older sisters, who gave her all the kindness they could spare from their charities, and seemed pleased to have her so pretty and conjugal, though these things were far from them. But she was afraid of Olive at first, and disliked her as a friend of Miss Kingsbury. This rather attracted the odd girl. What she called Marcia's snubs enabled her to declare in her favor with a sense of disinterestedness, and to indulge her repugnance for Bartley with a good heart. She resented his odious good looks, and held it a shame that her mother should promote his visible tendency to stoutness by giving him such nice things for tea.

"Now, I like Mr. Hubbard," said her mother, placidly. "It's very kind of him to come to such plain folks as we are, whenever we ask him; now that his wife can't come, I know he does it because he likes us."

"Oh, he comes for the eating," said Olive, scornfully. Then another phase of her mother's remark struck her: "Why, mother!" she cried, "I do believe you think Bartley Hubbard's a distinguished man, somehow!"

"Your father says it's very unusual for such a young man to be in a place like his. Mr. Witherby really leaves everything to him, he says."

"Well, I think he'd better not, then! The 'Events' has got to be perfectly horrid, of late. It's full of murders and all uncleanness."

"That seems to be the way with the papers, nowadays. Your father hears that the 'Events' is making money."

"Why, mother! What a corrupt old thing you are! I believe you've been bought up by that disgusting interview with father. Nestor of the Leather Interest! Father ought to have turned him out of doors. Well, this family is getting a little *too* good, for me! And Ben's almost as bad as any of you, of late,—I haven't a bit of influence with him any more. He seems determined to be friendlier with that *person* than ever; he's always trying to do him good,—I can see it,

and it makes me sick. One thing I know: I'm going to stop Mr. Hubbard's calling me Olive. Impudent!"

Mrs. Halleck shifted her ground with the pretense which women use, even amongst themselves, of having remained steadfast.

"He is a very good husband."

"Oh, because he likes to be!" retorted her daughter. "Nothing is easier than to be a good husband."

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Halleck, "wait till you have tried."

This made Olive laugh; but she answered with an argument that always had weight with her mother:

"Ben doesn't think he's a good husband."

"What makes you think so, Olive?" asked her mother.

"I know he dislikes him intensely."

"Why, you just said yourself, dear, that he was friendlier with him than ever."

"Oh, that's nothing. The more he disliked him, the kinder he would be to him."

"That's true," sighed her mother. "Did he ever say anything to you about him?"

"No," cried Olive shortly; "he never speaks of people he doesn't like."

The mother returned, with logical severity, "All that doesn't prove that Ben thinks he isn't a good husband."

"He dislikes him. Do you believe a bad man can be a good husband, then?"

"No," Mrs. Halleck admitted, as if confronted with indisputable proof of Bartley's wickedness.

In the meantime the peace between Bartley and Marcia continued unbroken, and these days of waiting, of suffering, of hoping and dreading, were the happiest of their lives. He did his best to be patient with her caprices and fretfulness, and he was at least manfully comforting and helpful, and instant in atonement for every failure. She said a thousand times that she should die without him; and when her time came, he thought that she was going to die before he could tell her of his sorrow for all that he had ever done to grieve her. He did not tell her, though she lived to give him the chance; but he took her and her baby both into his arms, with tears of as much fondness as ever a man shed. He even began his confession; but she said, "Hush! you never did a wrong thing yet that I didn't drive you to." Pale and faint, she smiled joyfully upon him, and put her hand on his head when he hid his face against hers on the pillow, and put her lips against his cheeks. His heart was full; he was grateful for the mercy that had spared him; he was so strong in his silent repentance that he felt like a good man.

"Bartley," she said, "I'm going to ask a great favor of you."

"There's nothing that I can do that I shall think a favor, darling!" he cried, lifting his face to look into hers.

"Write for mother to come. I want her!"

"Why, of course."

Marcia continued to look at him, and kept the quivering hold she had laid of his hand when he raised his head.

"Was that all?"

She was silent, and he added,

"I will ask your father to come with her."

She hid her face for the space of one sob.

"I wanted you to offer."

"Why, of course! of course!" he replied.

She did not acknowledge his magnanimity directly, but she lifted the coverlet and showed him the little head on her arm, and the little creased and crumpled face.

"Pretty?" she asked. "Bring me the letter before you send it."

"Yes, that is just right,—perfect!" she sighed, when he came back and read the letter to her, and she fell away to happy sleep.

Her father answered that he would come with her mother as soon as he got the better of a cold he had taken. It was now well into the winter, and the journey must have seemed more formidable in Equity than in Boston. But Bartley was not impatient of his father-in-law's delay, and he set himself cheerfully about consoling Marcia for it. She stole her white, thin hand into his, and now and then gave it a little pressure to accent the points she made in talking.

"Father was the first one I thought of—after you, Bartley. It seems to me as if baby came half to show me how unfeeling I had been to him. Of course I'm not sorry I ran away and asked you to take me back, for I couldn't have had you if I hadn't done it; but I never realized before how cruel it was to father. He always made such a pet of me; and I know that he thought he was acting for the best."

"I knew that *you* were," said Bartley, fervently.

"What sweet things you always say to me!" she murmured. "But don't you see, Bartley, that I didn't think enough of him? That's what baby seems to have come to teach me." She pulled a little away on the pillow, so as to fix him more earnestly with her eyes. "If baby should behave so to *you* when she grew up, I should hate her."

He laughed, and said,

"Well, perhaps your mother hates you."

"No, they don't—either of them," said Marcia with a sigh. "And I behaved very stiffly and coldly with him when he came up to see

me,—more than I had any need to. I did it for your sake; but he didn't mean any harm to you,—he just wanted to make sure that I was safe and well."

"Oh, that's all right, Marsh."

"Yes, I know. But what if he had died!"

"Well, he didn't die," said Bartley, with a smile. "And you've corresponded with them regularly, ever since, and you know they've been getting along all right. And it's going to be altogether different from this out," he added, leaning back, a little weary with a matter in which he could not be expected to take a very cordial interest.

"Truly?" she asked, with one of the eagerness of those hand-pressures.

"It won't be my fault if it isn't," he replied, with a yawn.

"How good you are, Bartley!" she said, with an admiring look, as if it was the goodness of God she was praising.

Bartley released himself, and went to the new crib, in which the baby lay, and with his hands in his pockets stood looking down at it with a curious smile.

"Is it pretty?" she asked, envious of his bird's-eye view of the baby.

"Not definitely so," he answered. "I dare say she will smooth out in time; but she seems to be considerably puckered yet."

"Well," returned Marcia, with forced resignation, "I shouldn't let any one else say so."

Her husband set up a soft, low, thoughtful whistle.

"I'll tell you what, Marcia," he said, presently. "Suppose we name this baby after your father?"

She lifted herself on her elbow, and stared at him as if he must be making fun of her.

"Why, how could we?" she demanded. Squire Gaylord's parents had called his name Flavius Josephus, in a superstition once cherished by old-fashioned people, that the Jewish historian was somehow a sacred writer.

"We can't name her Josephus, but we can call her Flavia," said Bartley. "And if she makes up her mind to turn out a blonde, the name will just fit. Flavia,—it's a very pretty name." He looked at his wife, who suddenly turned her face down on the pillow.

"Bartley Hubbard," she cried, "you're the best man in the world!"

"Oh, no! Only the second-best," suggested Bartley.

In these days they took their fill of the delight of young fatherhood and motherhood. After its morning bath Bartley was called in, and allowed to reverse the baby's mottled and dimpled back as it lay face downward on the nurse's lap, feebly wiggling its arms and legs, and responding with ineffectual little sighs and

gurgles to her acceptable rubbings with warm flannel. When it was fully dressed, and its long clothes pulled snugly down, and its limp person stiffened into something tenable, he was suffered to take it into his arms, and to walk the room with it. After all, there is not much that a man can actually do with a small baby, either for its pleasure or his own, and Bartley's usefulness had its strict limitations. He was perhaps most beneficial when he put the child in its mother's arms, and sat down beside the bed, and quietly talked, while Marcia occasionally put up a slender hand and smoothed its golden-brown hair, bending her neck over to look at it where it lay, with the action of a mother bird. They examined with minute interest the details of the curious little creature: its tiny finger-nails, fine and sharp, and its small queer fist doubled so tight, and closing on one's finger like a canary's claw on a perch; the absurdity of its foot, the absurdity of its toes, the ridiculous inadequacy of its legs and arms to the work ordinarily expected of legs and arms, made them laugh. They could not tell yet whether its eyes would be black, like Marcia's, or blue, like Bartley's; those long lashes had the sweep of hers, but its mop of hair, which made it look so odd and old, was more like his in color.

"She will be a dark-eyed blonde," Bartley decided.

"Is that nice?" asked Marcia.

"With the telescope sight, they're warranted to kill at five hundred yards."

"Oh, for shame, Bartley! To talk of baby's ever killing!"

"Why, that's what they all come to. It's what you came to yourself."

"Yes, I know. But it's quite another thing with baby." She began to mumble it with her lips, and to talk baby-talk to it. In their common interest in this puppet they already called each other papa and mamma.

Squire Gaylord came alone, and when Marcia greeted him with "Why, father! Where's mother?" he asked, "Did you expect her? Well, I guess your mother's feeling rather too old for such long winter journeys. You know she don't go out a great deal. I guess she expects your family down there in the summer."

The old man was considerably abashed by the baby when it was put into his arms, and being required to guess its name, he naturally failed.

"Flavia!" cried Marcia, joyfully. "Bartley named it after you."

This embarrassed the Squire still more.

"Is that so?" he asked, rather sheepishly.

"Well, it's quite a compliment."

Marcia repeated this to her husband as evi-

dence that her father was all right now. Bartley and the Squire were in fact very civil to each other; and Bartley paid the old man many marked attentions. He took him to the top of the State House, and walked him all about the city, to show him its points of interest, and introduced him to such of his friends as they met, though the Squire's dress-coat, whether fully revealed by the removal of his surtout, or betraying itself below the skirt of the latter, was a trial to a fellow of Bartley's style. He went with his father-in-law to see Mr. Warren in "Jefferson Scattering Batkins," and the Squire grimly appreciated the burlesque of the member from Cranberry Center; but he was otherwise not a very amusable person, and off his own ground he was not conversable; while he refused to betray his impressions of many things that Bartley expected to astonish him. The "Events" editorial rooms had no apparent effect upon him, though they were as different from most editorial dens as tapestry carpets, black-walnut desks, and swivel chairs could make them, Mr. Witherby covered him with urbanities and praises of Bartley that ought to have delighted him as a father-in-law; but apparently the great man of the "Events" was but a strange variety of the type with which he was familiar in the despised country editors. He got on better with Mr. Atherton, who was of a man's profession. The Squire wore his hat throughout their interview, and everywhere except at table and in bed; and as soon as he rose from either, he put it on.

Bartley tried to impress him with such novel traits of cosmopolitan life as a *table d'hôte* dinner at a French restaurant; but the Squire sat through the courses as if his barbarous old appetite had satisfied itself in that manner all his life. After that, Bartley practically gave him up; he pleaded his newspaper work, and left the Squire to pass the time as he could in the little house on Clover street, where he sat half a day at a stretch in the parlor with his hat on, reading the newspapers, his legs sprawled out toward the grate. In this way he probably reconstructed for himself some image of his wonted life in his office at home, and was for the time at peace; but otherwise he was very restless, except when he was with Marcia. He was as fond of her in his way as he had ever been, and though he apparently cared nothing for the baby, he enjoyed Marcia's pride in it; and he bore to have it thrust upon him with the surly mildness of an old dog receiving children's caresses. He listened with the same patience to all her celebrations of Bartley, which were often tedious enough, for she bragged of him constantly, of his smartness

and goodness, and of the great success that had crowned the merit of both in him.

Mr. Halleck had called upon the Squire the morning after his arrival, and brought Marcia a note from his wife, offering to have her father stay with them if she found herself too much crowded at this eventful time.

"There! That is just the sort of people the Hallecks are!" she cried, showing the letter to her father. "And to think of our not going near them for months and months after we came to Boston, for fear they were stuck up! But Bartley is always just so proud. Now you must go right in, father, and not keep Mr. Halleck waiting. Give me your hat, or you'll be sure to wear it in the parlor." She made him stoop down to let her brush his coat-collar a little. "There! Now you look something like."

Squire Gaylord had never received a visit except on business in his life, and such a thing as one man calling socially upon another, as women did, was unknown to the civilization of Equity. But, as he reported to Marcia, he got along with Mr. Halleck; and he got along with the whole family when he went with Bartley to tea, upon the invitation Mr. Halleck made him that morning. Probably it appeared to him an objectless hospitality; but he spent as pleasant an evening as he could hope to spend with his hat off and in a frock-coat, which he wore as a more ceremonious garment than the dress-coat of his every-day life. He seemed to take a special liking to Olive Halleck, whose habit of speaking her mind with vigor and directness struck him as commendable. It was Olive who made the time pass for him; and as the occasion was not one for personal sarcasm or question of the Christian religion, her task in keeping the old pagan out of rather abysmal silences must have had its difficulties.

"What did you talk about?" asked Marcia, requiring an account of his enjoyment from him the next morning, after Bartley had gone down to his work.

"Mostly about you, I guess," said the Squire, with a laugh. "There was a large, sandy-haired young woman there —"

"Miss Kingsbury," said Marcia, with vindictive promptness. Her eyes kindled, and she began to grow rigid under the coverlet.

"Whom did *she* talk with?"

"Well, she talked a little with me; but she talked most of the time to the young man. She engaged to him?"

"No," said Marcia, relaxing. "She's a great friend of the whole family. I don't know what they meant by telling you it was to be just a family party, when they were going to have strangers in," she pouted.

"Perhaps they didn't count her."

"No."

But Marcia's pleasure in the affair was tainted, and she began to talk of other things.

Her father staid nearly a week, and they all found it rather a long week. After showing him her baby, and satisfying herself that he and Bartley were on good terms again, there was not much left for Marcia. Bartley had been banished to the spare room by the presence of the nurse; and he gave up his bed there to the Squire, and slept on a cot in the unfurnished attic room; the cook, and a small girl got in to help, had the other. The house that had once seemed so vast was full to bursting.

"I never knew how little it was till I saw your father coming down-stairs," said Bartley.

"He's too tall for it. When he sits on the sofa, and stretches out his legs, his boots touch the mop-board on the other side of the room. Fact!"

"He wont stay over Sunday," began Marcia, with a rueful smile.

"Why, Marcia, you don't think I want him to go!"

"No; you're as good as can be about it. But I hope he wont stay over Sunday."

"Haven't you enjoyed his visit?" asked Bartley.

"Oh, yes, I've enjoyed it." The tears came into her eyes. "I've made it all up with father; and he doesn't feel hard to me. But, Bartley — Sit down, dear, here on the bed." She took his hand and gently pulled him down. "I see more and more that father and mother can never be what they used to be to me,—that you're all the world to me. Yes, my life is broken off from theirs forever. Could anything break it off from yours? You'll always be patient with me, wont you? And remember that I'd always rather be good when I'm behaving the worst?"

He rose, and went over to the crib, and kissed the head of their little girl.

"Ask Flavia," he said, from the door.

"Bartley!" she cried, in utter fondness, as he vanished from her happy eyes.

The next morning they heard the Squire moving about in his room, and he was late in coming down to breakfast, at which he was ordinarily so prompt.

"He's packing," said Marcia, sadly. "It's dreadful to be willing to have him go."

Bartley went out and met him at his door, bag in hand.

"Hollo!" he cried, and made a decent show of surprise and regret.

"M-yes!" said the old man, as they went down-stairs. "I've made out a visit. But I'm an old fellow, and I aint easy away from

home. I shall tell Mis' Gaylord how you're gettin' along, and she'll be pleased to hear it. Yes, she'll be pleased to hear it. I guess I shall get off on the ten-o'clock train."

The conversation between Bartley and his father-in-law was perfunctory. Men who have dealt so plainly with each other do not assume the conventional urbanities in their intercourse without effort. They had both been growing more impatient of the restraint; they could not have kept it up much longer.

"Well, I suppose it's natural you should want to be home again, but I can't understand how any one can want to go back to Equity when he has the privilege of staying in Boston."

"Boston will do for a young man," said the Squire, "but I'm too old for it. The city cramps me: it's too tight a fit; and yet I can't seem to find myself in it."

He suffered from the loss of identity which is a common affliction with country people coming to town. The feeling that they are of no special interest to any of the thousands they meet bewilders and harasses them; after the searching neighborhood of village life, the fact that nobody would meddle in their most intimate affairs if they could, is a vague distress. The Squire not only experienced this, but, after reigning so long as the censor of morals and religion in Equity, it was a deprivation for him to pass a whole week without saying a bitter thing to any one. He was tired of the civilities that smoothed him down on every side.

"Well, if you must go," said Bartley, "I'll order a hack."

"I guess I can walk to the depot," returned the old man.

"Oh, no, you can't."

Bartley drove to the station with him, and they bade each other adieu with a handshake. They were no longer enemies, but they liked each other less than ever.

"See you in Equity next summer, I suppose," suggested the Squire.

"So Marcia says," replied Bartley. "Well, take care of yourself.—You confounded tight-fisted old woodchuck!" he added, under his breath, for the Squire had allowed him to pay the hack-fare.

He walked home, composing variations on his parting malison, to find that the Squire had profited by his brief absence in ordering the hack to leave with Marcia a silver cup, knife, fork, and spoon, which Olive Halleck had helped him choose, for the baby. In the cup was a check for five hundred dollars. The Squire was embarrassed in presenting the gifts, and when Marcia turned upon him with: "Now, look here, father, what do you mean?" he was at a loss how to explain.

"Well, it's what I always meant to do for you."

"Baby's things are all right," said Marcia. "But I'm not going to let Bartley take any money from you unless you think as well of him as I do, and say so, right out."

The Squire laughed.

"You couldn't quite expect me to do that, could you?"

"No, of course not. But what I mean is, do you think *now* that I did right to marry him?"

"Oh, *you're* all right, Marcia. I'm glad you're getting along so well."

"No, no! Is Bartley all right?"

The Squire laughed again, and rubbed his chin in enjoyment of her persistence.

"You can't expect me to own up to everything all at once."

"So you see, Bartley," said Marcia, in repeating these words to him, "it was quite a concession."

"Well, I don't know about the concession, but I guess there's no doubt about the check," replied Bartley, jocosely.

"Oh, don't say that, dear," protested his wife. "I think father was pleased with his visit every way. I know he's been anxious about me all the time; and yet it was a good deal for him to do, after what he had said, to come down here and as much as take it all back. Can't you look at it from his side?"

"Oh, I dare say it was a dose," Bartley admitted. The money had set several things in a better light. "If all the people that have abused me would take it back as handsomely as your father has,"—he held the check up,—"*why*, I wish there were twice as many of them."

She laughed for pleasure in his joke.

"I think father was impressed by everything about us,—beginning with baby," she said, proudly.

"Well, he kept his impressions to himself," said Bartley.

"Oh, that's nothing but his way. He never was demonstrative,—like me."

"No, he has his emotions under control—not to say under lock and key—not to add, in irons."

Bartley went on to give some instances of the Squire's fortitude when apparently tempted to express pleasure or interest in his Boston experiences.

They both undeniably felt freer now that he was gone. Bartley staid longer than he ought from his work, in tacit celebration of the Squire's departure, and they were very merry together; but, when he left her, Marcia called for her baby, and, gathering it close to her heart, sighed over it, "Poor father! poor father!"

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

By a series of events, none of them noisy or startling, but which have become historic, or, as some would say, by a singular leading of divine Providence, one by nature retiring and shy holds a position of higher dignity than any other, not hereditary, in England. A small room in a religious house, only technically differing from a monk's cell, is the home of the one English writer of transcendent intellectual and literary merit left by the deaths of Carlyle and George Eliot.

Whatever a man's religious or political opinions,—and the majority of my readers have different views to those of my subject,—that must be a dull imagination which is untouched by the ecclesiastical and storied splendor of the office of cardinal. The Pope and the members of the Sacred College alone are they whose dignity and influence go beyond the bounds of kingdoms or states; they, whatever their authority, wield it equally in Rome, their center, and Japan or San Francisco, points of their circumference; their sway, being over the mind, is far more real than rule over the mere bodies of men. Yet, because of the once temporal dignities of the pontifical court, there still encompasses them, also, a state and a majesty which impresses the eye, and lends the sanction of sense to their intellectual empire.

In England, this historic grandeur has been strongly felt, even by those who most repudiate the papal claim, and, though somewhat illogically, men rejoiced and felt that Englishmen were honored when spiritual honor flowed on Dr. Newman from an authority which they do not recognize. It came tardily, but the late Pope had not, perhaps, so fair a chance of discovering intellectual worth as his successor, and, more narrowly Italian, did not, it may be, fully understand so thoroughly English a mind as that of Dr. Newman. But if the dignity came late, it came at a good time. After many years of misunderstanding, mists have cleared off as, in the natural course of human life, Dr. Newman's sun draws to its setting, and the honor from abroad coincided opportunely with the full recognition of its recipient as one of our greatest, wisest, and best. Much of the improved understanding is due to the publication of "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*,"—a fragment of autobiography written with rare courage and frankness, a work which has become classical, and is, or ought to be, known to all students of religious

life, of psychology, or of pure and vigorous English.

It seemed well to the editor of this magazine that a critical analysis of such a life and character should be presented by an outsider, and I was consulted in regard to the writer. Certain names of persons, younger, indeed, than the Cardinal, but still workers with him in Oxford days, at once suggested themselves. These were interested in the desire to make their friend better known and understood, but the old days and times were too sacred in their memories, too dear and too painful to allow them, as yet, to treat of them in full. "The Parting of Friends," in the cases of which I speak, has left a wound fresh as though it were of yesterday. They who now know best Dr. Newman's life and mind are not especially qualified to write of the Oxford past, nor can they be free to speak of one, their master and their father, with whom they are in daily companionship. It was equally clear that such a memoir could not be written by any former opponent—then, as now, out of sympathy with the mind with which they would deal, nor, if there were such, by any once familiar friend who had lifted up his heel against him.

So, by a process of natural elimination, the thoughts of those old friends of whom I have spoken, and my own, suggested that the task should be mine. One word, not for egoism, but for explanation, of what I may know on the matter. My entrance into Oxford life almost coincided with Mr. Newman's secession. The high-church movement of that day had reached its furthest water-mark. It remained at the full for some years before the ebb preceding the new tide which we call ritualism; all the doctrines of the movement had been settled and defined by the Tractarians, and in that full, still time, though Newman was gone in person, his was the one influence abiding in the place—his spirit and his name were everywhere. With it Oxford resounded, as Hebrus of old with that of Eurydice:

"Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rang."

Dr. Pusey's was the name which stamped the Oxford movement in the country, but in spite of his long retirement at Littlemore, Newman's was the one potent memory in the

university, alike a charm to conjure with and a dangerous force to execrate. The men who had been his friends were kind to me, a younger man; the glamour which had attached to him wrapped me round. I well remember a home near Oxford, in which a veiled crucifix seemed to its possessors to have gained a special sanctity because it had been his, and many of us who attended his former church at Littlemore prayed all the more fervently because he had prayed there before us; it was hard to say if the young zealots of that day loved St. Mary's most for the porch which Laud had built, or for the pulpit whence Newman had preached.

Having, then, had a clear understanding of these things from the first, from eye-witnesses and fellow-workers, my veneration and my interest have never flagged. But my interest then, as now, was mainly intellectual, not doctrinal. It is true that I now feel, even far more than then, that, granting the premises, Dr. Newman's church is the only logical outcome of them; but even then I scarce accepted the premises with a whole assent. And there is no seeming paradox more certainly true than this, that a man may largely agree with and give full intellectual admiration to those with whom he remains irreconcilably at variance. So near but so far is not a contradiction in terms. A liberal of the liberals, one of those, therefore, falling under Dr. Newman's stern disapproval, with the affectionate sympathy of a pupil for a master whom he cannot follow, with genuine admiration for the subtlest intellect, the largest heart, the most unselfish life I know, I try to give my readers some faint portraiture of John Henry Newman, Cardinal of St. George.

He was born in London eighty-one years ago, the eldest son of Mr. John Newman, a London banker. His brother, still living, is Mr. Francis Newman, the well-known author of "Phases of Faith." One of his sisters, Mrs. Thomas Mozley, now dead, was the writer of several exceedingly clever stories for young people, among which "The Fairy Bower" and "The Lost Brooch" are the best known. Some graceful lines in the second of these are understood to be by her brother John. That literary tastes and reading were not exceptional in the family shows, in a measure, the character of the home. The religious tone was what would now be called evangelical, and, indeed, religious earnestness in that day usually took no other form, save in a few nooks of cathedral cities, and in some old-world aristocratic families. But it was not of a narrow or fanatical type. Dr. Newman speaks of his having read "some romance, Mrs. Radcliffe's or Miss Porter's," of having been taken

by his father, "who wanted to hear some piece of music," into the Catholic chapel in Warwick street, and, in other directions than fiction, the boy's own reading was allowed to be discursive. Tom Paine's tracts, Hume's "Essay on Miracles," some of Voltaire, all seem to have been studied without parental opposition, and, indeed, a father might well have judged that such a boy would refuse the evil and choose the good. For, from a child, he took delight in sermons and in theological reading—"all of the school of Calvin," and the same teaching had deep effect on him after mere boyhood; he went up to Trinity as a scholar, after education at Ealing School, near London, with the same opinions dominant in his mind. Yet, as Dr. Newman is himself careful to point out, he was, to a certain extent, eclectic in his acceptance of the theology set before him; he denied and abjured the doctrine of predestination to eternal death, nor had that of final perseverance any tendency to lead him to be careless about pleasing God. It had some influence, he tells us, "in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my distrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two, and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings—myself and my Creator." In this we may indeed see the boy of fifteen father of the man, for there is no single strain of teaching which so runs through all Dr. Newman's works as that of the direct relation of the human soul to God, its isolation from all else, however it may seem involved with others, "the everlasting face to face with God." And, even at that early date, a guiding fact was fixed as well as a guiding dogma. A deep imagination took hold of him that it would be the will of God that he should lead a single life. This expectation, which coalesced by degrees with personal decision, had a great effect in fitting him to be the guide and friend of many men. For the religious adviser in his ideal state must be celibate, free from other absorbing ties. Such an one is also able to contract friendships which are personal to himself alone, and not involved in the tastes and needs of others. Dr. Newman's friendships have been singularly firm and strong. The affectionate epithet "*cavissime*" is applied to more than one in his published letters, and the love thus given has been returned in as full measure as has been compatible with other calls on the heart. He was surely in some measure describing himself, also, when he spoke of St. Paul, "who had a thousand friends and loved each as his own soul, and seemed to live a thousand lives in them, and died a thousand deaths

when he must quit them." But in friendship as in love the feeling is perhaps always stronger on one side than the other; there can be no exact reciprocity.

Dr. Newman's residence at Oxford introduced him to wholly new ideas. The vigorous mind of Whately, the cautious shrewdness of Dr. Hawkins, the free speculations of Blanco White, whose tendency was not then as yet recognized, were among the personal influences which surrounded him, while the study of "Butler's Analogy" was "an era in his religious opinions." A time of change had begun for the university as well as for its new and distinguished student, who passed from his Trinity scholarship to a fellowship at Oriel. The old high-church tradition had never died out at Oxford; the daily chapel, so often a formal observance, still had its effect on many minds, and the whole spirit of the English Prayer-book was realized with a vividness unknown in the country at large. There were elderly men linked by tradition to the days of Wesley, whose influence at Oxford was all in the direction of Catholic observance—men who walked out week by week to Godstowe on each Friday, that they might dine off fish, who discontinued their darling indulgence of snuff through Lent, did reverence to the altar on entering church, and turned to the east at the Creeds. The bones had become very dry, but they were the bones of Catholic doctrines and observances, and the wind of change breathed on them—the same wind whose influence had already been shown in Scott and Wordsworth in the fields of literature. It is true, men did not know it. The same persons, or those most closely allied to them, were they whom Dr. Newman calls unintellectual and "most fond of port,"—one of whom, when Dr. Pusey first showed acquaintance with continental literature, wished "that German theology and German philosophy were both at the bottom of the German ocean." Many of them opposed the innovators who fully restored their own imperfect tradition, but they yet made it possible that the new revival should for a time remain, as Wesley had remained, within the boundaries of Oxford and the English Church.

In 1828, Mr. Newman became vicar of St. Mary's. Though the nave is used as the university church, and in it are preached the majority of sermons delivered to the university as such, St. Mary's is really the church of a very small parish, the area of which is covered by Oriel and St. Mary's Hall, together with a few houses in the High street and Oriel Lane. To it was attached the then small hamlet of Littlemore, on rising ground about three miles from Oxford—a spot which was to be-

come famous, and, when Mr. Newman had left the English Church, almost a place of pilgrimage for enthusiastic young Oxford men who loved his memory. He says himself: "It was at this time that I began to have influence, which steadily increased for a course of years." This influence was gained, first, by his sermons; secondly, by the boundless sympathy which he showed to those who, recognizing from his pulpit-teaching his great knowledge of the human heart, came to lay bare before him their troubles and ask his advice. As his view of the dignity and power of his office deepened, his ministrations assumed more and more a sacerdotal character. Private confession had perhaps never become wholly extinct in the Church of England, but it had certainly been confined to extremely rare occasions. Mr. Newman and his friends were the first, for many years, to make it habitual; and independent of its theological character, this close intercourse between themselves and younger men became one of the modes of breaking down the fence which had so long divided the don from the undergraduate. That moral, social, and intellectual sympathy which has of late years characterized the relations of tutor and pupil has been manifested in various forms. It passed in its early stages into the relation of priest and penitent, and in some instances the confessional was the way in which it began.

We have evidence of the power of Newman's preaching, not only in those ten eloquent volumes which all may read for themselves, but from his own description and from the unwilling testimony of his enemies. When, many years later than the time of which we are now speaking, he preached at Littlemore his sermon on the "Parting of Friends," the speaker and the hearers alike knowing that it was his farewell to them and to the English Church, he used the following words:

"And, O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the enquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfill it."

Mr. J. A. Froude, a younger brother of one of Newman's dearest friends, himself in a measure and for a time his disciple, wrote in

the once widely known romance, now forgotten, "The Nemesis of Faith," of "that voice so keen, so preternaturally sweet, whose very whisper used to thrill through crowded churches, when every breath was held to hear; that calm gray eye; those features, so stern and yet so gentle!"

Mr. Kingsley, though of the sister university, knew well the sway that was exercised over men of his own age at Oxford when he, too, characterized that wonderful preaching in terms at once of strong condemnation and unwilling admiration; and neither of these descriptions is in any degree overstrained. The reader may begin by thinking the sermons cold; so, in some cases, did their hearers, for there is little attempt at rhetoric: profound thoughts and logical conclusions are stated in the simplest and most direct words. By degrees, only, did the hearer or does the reader find himself, by accepting simple premises, implicated in the web of a relentless logic, and fused in the fire of the preacher's intense conviction. Now and then, indeed, as if unconsciously, the words rise to a lofty strain almost unequalled in the language, though even then the style is severe and simple, stripped of all those ornaments which men usually regard as eloquence. One such example is the passage on music in the University Sermon on "The Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrine":

"Let us take another instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home, they are the voice of Angels,

or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."

It is no part of our intention to tell over again, save in small measure, the story of the Tractarian movement, so well told by Dr. Newman himself in the "Apologia." The masterly sketches of Pusey, Keble, Froude, and others in that work leave nothing to be desired. But though these were the leaders, the party itself was not definitely formed for five years after Mr. Newman became vicar of St. Mary's. The year before this event, the *rates sacer* had indeed appeared, "The Christian Year" having been published in 1827. For six months previous to the definite formation of the party, Mr. Newman was not in Oxford. At the end of 1832 he stood in need of rest, after the completion of the "History of the Arians," and went abroad with Archdeacon Froude and Mr. Hurrell Froude, for the health of the latter. His body was weary, his mind full of care; fortunately for us, he threw many of the thoughts of that period into verse—those short poems which afterward appeared in the "Lyra Apostolica"; the most beautiful of them all, the well-known "Lead, Kindly Light," was, as he has told us, written at sea in an orange-boat, between Palermo and Marseilles. He returned early in the following July, to find that the Liberalism he so much dreaded, and the reaction against it, had each assumed decided shape; and, on Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached his celebrated sermon on "National Apostacy," of which Mr. Newman says, "I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833." The first outward and visible form of the party was that of an "Association of Friends of the Church." The leaders, or, at least, the Oxford leaders, determined to put out a series of "Tracts for the Times," of which Mr. Newman was editor. They were published at varying intervals from 1833 to February, 1841, the date of "Tract XC." They were of lengths between a mere leaflet and a great theological pamphlet. They were written, some *ad clerum*, some *ad populum*. About half a dozen are, perhaps, still unforgotten; the last only, "Tract XC," is of any real historical importance. Before that came to be written, the party, with Mr. Newman in its van, had advanced far on the Romeward road, though he was not always fully aware of it. Three things during that time had tended to weaken his reverence for the existing state of things in the English Church

and in his own Oxford, the visible embodiment of so large a portion of that church. These were the suppression of the Irish sees, which proved the church under the iron grasp of the state; the appointment of Dr. Hampden, an avowed liberal, and, as Dr. Newman and his friends thought, dangerously heretical, to the Regius Professorship of Theology; and, at the last, the establishment of an English bishopric at Jerusalem. It will be remembered that this last was brought about by the joint action of the Prussian and English Governments. By such action, two Catholic principles were violated. The Anglican Church, by acting with Lutherans, seemed to declare itself Protestant, to consider that Episcopal orders were no note of the church, but merely a convenient form of church government, while the ancient Patriarchate of Jerusalem was unchurched by the intrusion of such a bishop. It need hardly be said that against all these things the party protested, and protested in vain; yet the more they felt the unsatisfactory state of things around them, the more they desired to reform the English Church. They held almost all Catholic doctrine, but they were not prepared as yet to leave that which had been their home for so many happy years. The Articles were, of course, the great difficulty in their way. Though ritualism was not as yet, it was felt that there was nothing in the words of the services, or in the rubrics, necessarily inconsistent with the extremest developments of doctrine and ceremony; but the Articles drawn up by Puritan divines were generally held to represent a totally different phase of thought. Was the Prayer-book, then, as it has been termed, only "an Elizabethan compromise"? It has been said that Acts of Parliament are so loosely drawn that it is possible to drive a coach and four through the clauses of any one of them. Mr. Newman was about to try whether he could not drive his coach through the clause of an Act of which, on the whole, he disapproved. He tried, therefore, to discover whether within the grammatical meaning of the Articles it might not be possible to hold all Catholic doctrine; nor in this was there anything dishonest. In considering any legal document, "the legal obligation is the measure of the moral," to use the words of Mr. H. B. Wilson, at a later period. If the framers of an Act of Parliament decide, contrary to the desire of the promoters of a railway, that it shall not go through a certain valley, and it afterward be found that, through some error in the drafting, the valley is not exempted from its passage, no one can surely complain should the promoters, or their successors on the

board, take their line down that valley, however much the inhabitants may regret that the Act was not more carefully framed. Mr. Newman wished to show that, in holding certain opinions, he and his friends were not what Mr. Faber, long years afterward, designated as "straying under the shadow of condemned propositions." He had not only laid down what he thought his party might legitimately hold, but he had cleared his own mind. He had rendered his own position unmistakable, and he had challenged his university and the bench of bishops. The other party was not long in taking up the gage thus flung down. The tract appeared on February 27, 1841, and on March 8th was issued a solemn protest of four of the senior tutors in Oxford. The senior tutors of the other colleges either agreed with Mr. Newman, or, at least, did not agree with his assailants. These grounded their interference on the fact that the Articles were "the textbook for tutors in their theological teaching." They alleged that the tract had "a tendency to mitigate beyond what charity requires . . . the very serious differences which separate the Church of Rome from" that of England. They admitted "the necessity of allowing liberty in interpreting the formularies of the church," but demurred to the extent to which that liberty had here been carried, and, although the editorship of the whole series and the authorship of this tract was an open secret, it was yet necessary to call upon the editor that "some person, other than the printer and publisher of the tract, should acknowledge himself responsible for its contents." The letter was signed by T. T. Churton, tutor of Brasenose; H. B. Wilson, tutor of St. John's; John Griffiths, tutor of Wadham; and A. C. Tait, tutor of Balliol. Of these, only two were afterward found to be men of real weight. Mr. Churton accepted a college living, and died a year or two since. Mr. Griffiths has lately retired, full of years and honored by all, from the wardenship of Wadham, but neither of them had at any time a claim to be called a theologian. The same, indeed, may be said of Dr. Tait, an energetic tutor, an excellent head master, and who, both as Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury, has done so much to uphold the dignity, honor, and firmness of the English bench. But we suppose that many even of those who have the interest of the Church of England at heart would think it, on the whole, well that her chief representative should be commonplace. The fourth, Mr. Wilson, was a man of very different stamp, a theologian, and as a writer of graceful English inferior to few. His Bampton

Lectures, published not long after Mr. Newman's secession, were the nearest approach to a theological treatise, constructed on other than Catholic lines, that has been known in England for many years. His aim, as laid down in these Lectures, was to build up a Zwinglian school within the church, and a further development of his opinions was put forth in his article in the "Essays and Reviews," the ablest contribution made to that volume. Had his health lasted, he was the one man who could have given a cohesion and a headship to the broad-church party, which neither the mystical piety of Mr. Maurice nor the poetic enthusiasm of Dean Stanley has been able to furnish. That river of thought has almost ceased to run within the church, or dribbles away in the little stream of followers of Mr. Llewellyn Davies and a few writers in the "Spectator," while he who might have been a leader is stricken down by paralysis and weakness of brain.

We do not know whether Mr. Newman would have recognized that the tutors had any right to call him to account, but on March 15th a more weighty appeal was made to him by an authority which he was bound to respect. The Hebdomadal Board, consisting of the vice-chancellor, the heads of houses, and the proctors, resolved "that the modes of interpretation such as are suggested in the said tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object and are inconsistent with the due observance of the above mentioned statutes." On this appeal, Mr. Newman at once informed the vice-chancellor that he was "the author, and had the sole responsibility of the tract"; and on an appeal from his bishop he discontinued the series. It was the second time that he had entirely submitted himself to the bishop's judgment, but on the former occasion the cessation of the tracts had not been required.

The "Lives of the Saints" is another publication with which Mr. Newman's name is connected about the same time. Although the tone of the "Lives" would now be recognized by most persons as Roman, it was undertaken in the same inclusive spirit as "Tract XC." Mr. Newman started it with the idea that "it would be useful, as employing the minds of men who were in danger of running wild, bringing them from doctrine to history, and from speculation to fact; again, as giving them an interest in the English soil and the English Church, and keeping them from seeking sympathy in Rome as she is: and further, as tending to promote the spread of right views."

But no sooner was the "Life of Saint Stephen Harding" written than persons of great weight decided that it could not proceed even from an Anglican publisher, and, therefore, after the issue of two numbers, Dr. Newman ceased to be editor. But men still persisted in associating him in their minds with the scheme; some blamed the series because they thought of him; others wrote in it because the idea had been his, and if any were disloyal in carrying out the work which had been given them to do, their disloyalty was unfaith to him. Considered as literature, the "Lives" are of singular beauty and grace. It can scarcely have been anticipated, even by their writers, that they could ever be taken as serious history. There is little attempt at original research. Legend and admitted facts are mixed inextricably with one another.

One writer alone avowedly drew on his imagination. His conduct in so doing has always been regarded by those who knew the circumstances as an act of singular unfaithfulness to the dear friend of his dead brother. The "Life of Saint Bettelin" was intrusted to Mr. James Anthony Froude, and the following is the peroration of this very graceful work of fiction: "And this is all that is known, and more than all,—yet nothing to what the angels know,—of the life of a servant of God, who sinned and repented, and did penance and washed out his sins, and became a saint, and reigns with Christ in heaven." Mr. Froude has not alluded to it in his recent account of the Tractarian movement at Oxford; but the matter is not without interest, and may perhaps throw some light on his whole method of writing history and biography.

On September 18, 1843, Dr. Newman resigned the living of St. Mary's. He says himself that the ostensible, direct, and sufficient reason for his doing so was the persevering attack of the bishops on "Tract XC."; the immediate cause was the secession to Rome of a young friend under his spiritual care. And so his work was over, and he withdrew still more completely into his seclusion at Littlemore, where for some time past he and a band of religious-minded men had been endeavoring to lead a life more simple and more by rule than was possible in the ordinary social distractions of collegiate life. Here, thrown in on his own thoughts, which had been moving so long in one direction, it soon became visible to himself whither they must bear him; but he had not attained certainty; until that certainty came, he felt that he could take no further voluntary step. In 1845, he began his "History of the Develop-

ment of Doctrine," an expansion of his last university sermon, preached February 2, 1843, and this landed him with certainty in Rome. The book remains a fragment, but it is sufficient to sum up what he had taught, and to show whither all his teaching tended. The argument is flawless. Given the premises from which he starts, his conclusions follow by simple rules of logic, unless it be held that an absolutely sufficient doctrine and teaching are to be gained from the very letter of the Bible; and few but unlearned and unhistorical persons would be found to maintain this. If it be admitted that any one body of men has authority to bring out explicitly and infallibly what is implicit in simple statements and imperfect observances, the Catholic Church is that body, and the Roman is the true Church Catholic. The only escape from his conclusions is illogical, such as that adopted by one who, when pushed into a corner on a philosophical question, said, "I admit your premises, I see the conclusion, but I decline to draw it"; or there is the bolder but more scientific method of denying the premises. But in such a case knowledge, certainty, and a great deal of faith are destroyed; while all that remains is a hazy speculation and a hazardous hope.

Meantime Oxford was, as we have already said, still full of the spirit of him whose bodily presence was secluded at Littlemore. The tracts had ceased, but "Tract XC." was still alive and at work. In 1844 Mr. Ward, fellow of Balliol, published his "Ideal of a Christian Church," and as men gazed at the stately fabric raised before their imagination it was plain that the church so described—if it ever had found realization at all—had found it nowhere but on the Seven Hills. In this work was to be found contravention of the Articles still more alarming than that of "Tract XC.," because it was the language of an assailant, not of one who would fain find terms of peace. The party so long opposed to the movement endeavored to procure Mr. Ward's degradation from his degrees, and they joined to the censure intended to be pronounced upon him a condemnation of Mr. Newman. The number of pamphlets, addresses, memoranda, etc., which this produced was so vast that even a collection of some of the more striking fills many thick volumes, and there is no need to speak of more than two or three. One is remarkable as bearing out all and more than all that we have said of the love felt for Mr. Newman by his friends. Mr. Rogers, fellow of Oriel, now Lord Blachford, wrote a short appeal to members of Convocation upon the proposed censure of No. XC., from which we may quote the following passage:

"Those who have been ever honored by Mr. Newman's friendship must feel it dangerous to allow themselves thus to speak. And yet they must speak, for no one else can appreciate it as truly as they do. When they see the person whom they have been accustomed to revere as few men are revered—whose labors, whose greatness, whose tenderness, whose singleness and holiness of purpose they have been permitted to know intimately—not allowed even the poor privilege of satisfying, by silence and retirement, by the relinquishment of preferment, position, and influence, the persevering hostility of persons whom they cannot help comparing with him,—not permitted even to submit in peace to these irregular censures to which he seems to have been even morbidly alive, but dragged forth to suffer an oblique and tardy condemnation; called again to account for matters now long ago accounted for, on which a judgment has been pronounced, which, whatever others may think of it, he at least has accepted as conclusive;—when they contrast his merits, his submission, his treatment which they see or know, with the merits, the bearing, and the fortunes of those who are doggedly pursuing him, it does become very difficult to speak without sully what it is a kind of pleasure to feel is *his* cause by using hard words, or betraying it by not using them."

But the most interesting now of all these papers is a little leaflet bearing only the signature "Nemesis," and written by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, then fellow of University College. It is as follows:

"OXFORD, February 10, 1845.

"1. In 1836, Dr. Hampden was censured by Convocation on an undefined charge of want of confidence. In 1845, Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward are to be censured by the same body.

"2. In 1836, the country was panic-stricken with a fear of Liberalism. In 1845, the country is panic-stricken with a fear of Popery.

"3. 474 was the majority that condemned Dr. Hampden. 474 is the number of requisitionists that induced the censure on Mr. Newman.

"4. The censure on Dr. Hampden was brought forward at ten days' notice. The censure on Mr. Newman was brought forward at ten days' notice.

"5. Two proctors of decided character, and of supposed leaning to the side of Dr. Hampden, filled the proctor's office in 1836. Two proctors of decided character, and of supposed leaning to the side of Mr. Newman, fill the proctor's office in 1845.

"6. The 'Standard' newspaper headed the attack on Dr. Hampden. The 'Standard' newspaper heads the attack on Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman.

"7. The 'Globe and Morning Chronicle' defended Dr. Hampden. The 'Globe and Morning Chronicle' defends Mr. Ward.

"8. The Thirty-nine Articles were elaborately contrasted with the writings of Dr. Hampden as the ground of his condemnation. The Thirty-nine Articles are made the ground of the condemnation of Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman.

"9. The Bampton Lectures were preached four years before they were censured. The 90th 'Tract for the Times' was written four years before it is now proposed to be censured.

"10. Two eminent lawyers pronounced the censure on Dr. Hampden illegal. Two eminent lawyers have pronounced the degradation of Mr. Ward illegal.

"11. The 'Edinburgh Review' denounced the mockery of a judgment by Convocation then. The 'English Churchman' denounces it now.

"12. And if on the one hand the degradation of Mr.

Ward is more severe than the exemptions of Dr. Hampden, on the other hand, the extracts from Mr. Ward give a truer notion of the Ideal than the extracts from Dr. Hampden of the Bampton Lectures."

"The wheel then is come full circle.' The victors of 1836 are the victims of 1845. The victors of 1845 are the victims of 1836. The assailants are assailed, the assailed are the assailants. The condemners are condemned, the condemned are the condemners.

"The wheel is come full circle.' Voters of the 13th, take this in its true spirit—not as an idle note of triumph, nor as a merely striking coincidence, but as a solemn warning to all who were concerned then, to all who are concerned now,—as a sign that there are principles of justice equally applicable to opposite cases, and that sooner or later their violation recoils on the heads of those who violated them.

"The wheel is come full circle.' How soon may it come round again? Voters of the 13th, deal now to your opponents that justice which perhaps you may not expect to receive from them; remembering that the surest hope of obtaining mercy and justice then is by showing mercy and justice now. Judge, therefore, by 1836, what should be your conduct in 1845; and by your conduct in 1845, what should be your opponent's conduct in 1856, when Puseyism may be as triumphant as it is now depressed; when none can with any face cry for toleration then who have refused toleration now; or protest against a mob tribunal then, if they have used it now; or deprecate the madness of a popular clamor then, if they have kindled or yielded to it now."

Making full allowance for the fact that the points in dispute concern controversy in an insular church, and that civilization and culture have softened manners, there was much to remind us of the Councils of Sardis and Soissons in the existing state of Oxford when this question came before Convocation. The proceedings were brought to a summary and dramatic close by the proctors Mr. Guillemard, fellow of Trinity, and Mr. Church, of Oriel, the present dean of St. Paul's, who exercised the power they possessed of interposing their own veto on the condemnation which would have been passed. It required no little courage to make this stand against an angry and excited majority, and thus to save the university from an unjust and dishonorable action—unjust because a charge which had been virtually condoned was revived; dishonorable because the blow was aimed at Mr. Newman through a second work, with which he had nothing whatever to do. How little, indeed, he considered Mr. Ward as the exponent of his own views is seen in the curious fact that, in the "Apologia pro Vita Sua," Mr. Ward's name is not even mentioned. When the late dean of Westminster used to speak of these times, in which he, too, began to play a not inconspicuous part, he was wont to attribute the collapse of the Oxford movement to Mr. Ward's marriage, and to say, "*Solvuntur risu tabulae.*" There was, however, no real inconsistency in

the fact that Mr. Ward, vehemently as he upheld the necessity of clerical celibacy, should have married so soon as he had convinced himself that Anglican orders were naught, and when about to join a church in which he would be no priest; but the event had its comic side, and might perhaps be styled the collapse, for the time, of Ward, though not the collapse of the Oxford movement. This really came from the secession of Mr. Newman. In that was gathered up and brought to an end the strife of many anxious years. It, and nothing else, made men who had followed him so long almost unquestioningly, ask themselves, "Am I prepared also to go?" and in the "No" of many there was not only the unavoidable pause, but a resistance to further advance. Those so long carried forward by the current were now stranded and became fixed. The tide ebbed away and left them there. It gathered strength again and came on in its new phase of ritualism, but, opposed by them in some instances, has passed it, but not changed or moved them. Their convictions were fixed when Newman left; they have felt no further duty, as certainly they have had no inclination, to ask themselves again the questions of that time. It is not, however, unnatural that Dean Stanley should have taken the view he did. He was always a little inclined to minimize the Oxford movement. Great as was his tolerance when he looked at anything from the side of the affections, he was yet intellectually somewhat intolerant; with all his courteous allowance there was ever mingled a something of scorn for that which he did not wholly understand.

And so the end had come. The foremost man in the English Church was content to send for the humble Italian monk, Father Dominic, the Passionist, and, falling at his feet, to ask reception into the Roman Church. At the call of conscience he had already resigned preferment and leadership; he now abandoned home and nearly all his friends; for ease he accepted comparative poverty; for rule over others he took on him obedience; "*et exiit nesciens quo iret.*"

II.

For a while after his reception, Mr. Newman proposed to devote himself to some secular calling, but Cardinal Wiseman, in whose hands he had placed himself, decided otherwise; and, indeed, it must have been obvious to all the leading members of the church which now had gained him that so great gifts of preaching, such deep theological

learning, so keen a power of analyzing the workings of the human heart, should be available for the service of the priesthood. In the intervals of the close study at Rome which the change of belief required, he relaxed his mind by writing the extremely interesting story, "Loss and Gain." A friend, also a convert, related not long since how, in the winter of 1847, he was a very constant visitor to Dr. Newman, and was puzzled at finding him so frequently laughing to himself over the manuscript on which he was then engaged, till he said: "You do not know what I have been doing. Poor Burns" (the late high-church publisher), "a convert like ourselves, has got into difficulties owing to his change of faith, and I am going to give him this manuscript to see if it may not help him a little out of them."

Of course, Dr. Newman is to be believed implicitly when he tells us that none of the characters in this little romance of Oxford life are drawn from nature; real persons were, he says, far from his thoughts. Free use was made, however, of sayings and doings which were characteristic of the time and place in which the scene was laid, and he admits that "it is impossible that, when a general truth or fact is exhibited in individual specimens of it, an ideal representation should not more or less coincide, in spite of the author's endeavor, or even without his recognition, with its existing instances or champions." And so it came to pass that, whether intended or not, the book was a presentation, on the somewhat lighter side, of not only the conflicting opinions, but of the men who had held them, in Oxford during the late years. It exhibits the author's good-humored and more playful sarcasm. We shall see presently what he could do in this strain when he thought the time was fitting for its still more vigorous use.

The history of his religious opinions, we are told, ended with his conversion; and though this is strictly true, since he who accepts the Roman system accepts it in faith and as an unchangeable whole, yet that development which Dr. Newman claimed for doctrine in the church takes place also in the life of the individual. Each dogma which he held implicitly, some, perhaps, unconsciously, had to be brought out and formularized in his Roman retirement. Each that at first was only a faith had to be grasped afterward by the reason, and put into its proper relation with other tenets. Again, since his reception into the Roman Church, certain great doctrines, hitherto undefined, have been dogmatically fixed, and until they were so, he, with other divines, was free to take either

side of the controversy concerning them. Before the definition of any dogma, it is in the very nature of things that the matter shall be weighed, discussed, arguments for and against heard. Hence it is quite possible that in regard to these Cardinal Newman's attitude of mind may not be precisely that which it was in the early days of his conversion; but this is not to say that there has been any change in his religious opinions. What he accepted, he accepted once for all. His mind has been at rest. He has possibly not always seen the same aspect of divine truth; the doctrines have developed in his mind as the whole system of Catholic doctrine has developed in the church at large. But all his mental progress must have seemed to him like stepping from firm to ever firmer ground, or, at least, to the increasing assurance that under his feet was solid rock. For the Church of England, in so far as it had been possible to hold in it Catholic truth, and in so far as its offices had fostered devotion, he has been full of affectionate memories. In so far as it has been regarded by him as a Protestant establishment, he has had nothing but scorn. Two short passages will give his attitude of mind as he regarded his past from those two stand-points.

"Why should I deny to your memory what is so pleasant in mine? Cannot I, too, look back on many years past and many events in which I myself experienced what is now your confidence? Can I forget the happy life I have led all my days, with no cares, no anxieties worth remembering—without desolateness, or fever of thought, or gloom of mind, or doubt of God's love to me, and Providence over me? Can I forget—I never can forget—the day when, in my youth, I first bound myself to the ministry of God in that old church of St. Frideswide, the patroness of Oxford?—nor how I wept most abundant and most sweet tears when I thought what I then had become, though I looked on ordination as no sacramental rite, nor even to baptism ascribed any supernatural virtue? Can I wipe out from my memory, or wish to wipe out, those happy Sunday mornings, light or dark, year after year, when I celebrated your communion rite in my own church of St. Mary's, and, in the pleasantness and joy of it, heard nothing of the strife of tongues which surrounded its walls? When, too, shall I not feel the soothing recollection of those dear years which I spent in retirement, in preparation for my deliverance from Egypt, asking for light, and by degrees gaining it, with less of temptation in my heart and sin on my conscience than ever before?"

But, on the other hand, he says:

"We see in the English Church, I will not merely say no descent from the first ages, and no relationship to the Church in other lands, but we see no body politic of any kind; we see nothing more or less than an establishment, a department of Government, or a function or operation of the state,—without a substance,—a mere collection of officials, depending on and living in the supreme civil power. Its unity and personality are gone, and with them its power of exciting feelings

of any kind. It is easier to love or hate an abstraction than so commonplace a framework or mechanism. We regard it neither with anger, nor with aversion, nor with contempt, any more than with respect or interest. It is but one aspect of the state, or mode of civil governance; it is responsible for nothing; it can appropriate neither praise nor blame; but whatever feeling it raises is to be referred on, by the nature of the case, to the Supreme Power whom it represents, and whose will is its breath. And hence it has no real identity of existence in distinct periods, unless the present Legislature or the present Court can affect to be the offspring and disciple of its predecessor. Nor can it in consequence be said to have any antecedents, or any future; or to live, except in the passing moment. As a thing without a soul, it does not contemplate itself, define its intrinsic constitution, or ascertain its position. It has no traditions; it cannot be said to think; it does not know what it holds, and what it does not; it is not even conscious of its own existence. It has no love for its members, or what are sometimes called its children, nor any instinct whatever, unless attachment to its master, or love of its place, may be so called. Its fruits, as far as they are good, are to be made much of, as long as they last, for they are transient, and without succession; its former champions of orthodoxy are no earnest of orthodoxy now; they died, and there was no reason why they should be reproduced. Bishop is not like bishop, more than king is like king, or ministry like ministry; its Prayer-book is an Act of Parliament of two centuries ago, and its cathedrals and its chapter-houses are the spoils of Catholicism."

While it was still uncertain in what special post Dr. Newman's great powers could be used in England, he was attracted by the elasticity, beauty, and usefulness of the Oratorian congregation in Rome, and, with the full consent of the Pope, he was the first to introduce the Oratorians into England. The congregation of the Oratory had gradually grown up around St. Philip Neri toward the middle of the sixteenth century, and was formally approved in 1575. The Oratorians "are secular priests without vows, bound together by the simple tie of charity. Their aim is the conversion and sanctification of souls by means of prayer, daily preaching, and frequentation of sacraments." St. Philip made few rules, but would have these perfectly kept. The character of the Oratorians at this present day is as at their foundation; each congregation is independent of the others; each priest is free to go when he will; but the simple life that they live together is very beautiful, and the various works of preaching, education, and the like most efficiently and admirably performed. It is an interesting fact that Dr. Newman himself gives, as the remote cause of his attraction to the Oratory, Ranke's sketch of St. Philip (Bk. IV., Sec. 10, "On the Roman Curia"). It had struck him while still in the Anglican Church. This was a curious place in which to find the germ of a vocation.

While he was working at Birmingham, in 1851, occurred the first event which brought

Dr. Newman again prominently before the world, from which he had to so large an extent retired. He gave a course of lectures on "The Position of Catholics in England," addressed to the brethren of the Oratory, exposing in a lively manner some of the vast number of misconceptions which have attached themselves to Catholics in England. In words at once indignant and pathetic, he explained how a number of gentlemen who had devoted themselves to live a religious life, and who would build a house for their own accommodation, were exposed to the most malignant insinuations from persons "who peeped into the under-ground brickwork and were curious about the drains," to discover cells of imprisonment, or even places of murder, which must, they thought, necessarily exist in every Catholic establishment; and he was not unnaturally indignant that the religious world of Birmingham should consider that these malignant insinuations gained some color from the words of those who, profligate in life and false in tongue, had left the Roman Church, not because they were no longer able to agree with its dogmas intellectually, but because moral rules were disagreeable to them, and because denouncing an unpopular religion was easier than leading a virtuous and cleanly life. Foremost among these persons was a certain Father Achilli, an Italian, an ex-Dominican monk, who had been lecturing at the Birmingham town-hall against the church he had left, and to which he had been a disgrace. "It is, indeed, our great confusion," said Dr. Newman, "that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him." What more he said need not be quoted; though necessary at the time, it is not now edifying to lay bare the scandals of an evil life, exposed as they were by a master of indignant eloquence. Every word of his burning accusation was true, and even less than the truth, but it was actionable according to our singular English law of libel. Dr. Newman was prosecuted, and by the Court of Queen's Bench condemned to pay a fine of one hundred pounds; but Father Achilli was disposed of once for all. The price was a cheap one to pay for having finally routed such a rascal, while with his exposure fell a large part of the hinted accusations against the Birmingham Oratorians. It is recognized by all fair-minded men and women that, in England at least, Catholics are much like other people, and that they do not, because they happen to hold certain opinions about the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, and about the supernatural in this world and the next, necessarily secrete horns and grow a tail.

In the same lectures Dr. Newman incidentally refuted one very common statement, which had been made in regard to his position as a Catholic in England. It was the fashion to say that a man of his intellect must have accepted the Roman faith with reservations; that it was impossible he could believe all the church taught; that he was a Protestant among Catholics, holding only what his reason could accept, and leaving all the rest on one side; but the fact was far otherwise. Here are his own words in contradiction:

"The Catholic Church, from east to west, from north to south, is, according to our conceptions, hung with miracles. The store of relics is inexhaustible; they are multiplied through all lands, and each particle of each has in it at least a dormant, perhaps an energetic, virtue of supernatural operation. At Rome there is the true cross, the crib of Bethlehem, and the chair of St. Peter; portions of the crown of thorns are kept at Paris; the holy coat is shown at Trèves; the winding-sheet at Turin; at Monza, the iron crown is formed out of a Nail of the Cross; and another Nail is claimed for the Duomo of Milan; and pieces of our Lady's habit are to be seen in the Escorial. The Agnus Dei, blessed medals, the scapular, the cord of St. Francis, all are the medium of Divine manifestations and graces. Crucifixes have bowed the head to the suppliant, and Madonnas have bent their eyes upon assembled crowds. St. Januarius's blood liquefies periodically at Naples, and St. Winifred's well is the scene of wonders even in our unbelieving country. Women are marked with the sacred stigmata; blood has flowed on Fridays from their five wounds, and their heads are crowned with a circle of lacerations. Relics are ever touching the sick, the diseased, the wounded; sometimes with no result at all, at other times with marked and undeniable efficacy. Who has not heard of the abundant favors gained by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and of the marvelous consequences which have attended the invocation of St. Antony of Padua? These phenomena are sometimes reported of Saints in their life-time, as well as after death, especially if they were evangelists or martyrs. The wild beasts crouched before their victims in the Roman amphitheatre; the axe-man was unable to sever St. Cecilia's head from her body, and St. Peter elicited a spring of water for his jailor's baptism in the Mamertine. St. Francis Xavier turned salt water into fresh for five hundred travellers; St. Raymond was transported over the sea on his cloak; St. Andrew shone brightly in the dark; St. Scholastica gained by her prayers a pouring rain; St. Paul was fed by ravens; and St. Frances saw her guardian Angel. I need not continue the catalogue; here, what one party urges, the other admits; they join issue over a fact; that fact is the claim of miracles on the part of the Catholic Church; it is the Protestants' charge, and it is our glory."

I must give one specimen, also, of how in these most telling lectures his pathos passes into sarcasm, his sarcasm into impassioned argument, when he endeavors to explain the manner in which the Church of Rome uses images; and in a passage of great humor he shows that the Protestant practice is not so different as it is the fashion to represent it:

"A Protestant blames Catholics for showing honour to images; yet he does it himself. And first, he sees

no difficulty in a mode of treating them quite as repugnant to his own ideas of what is rational as the practice he abominates; and that is, the offering insult and mockery to them. Where is the good sense of showing dishonour, if it be stupid and brutish to show honour? Approbation and criticism, praise and blame go together. I do not mean, of course, that you dishonour what you honour; but that the two ideas of honour and dishonour go together, that where you *can* apply (rightly or wrongly, but still)—where it is *possible* to apply the one, it is possible to apply the other. Tell me, then, what is meant by burning bishops, or cardinals, or popes, in effigy? has it no meaning? is it not plainly intended for an insult? Would any one who was burned in effigy feel it no insult? Well, then, how is it *not* absurd to feel pain at being dishonoured in effigy, yet absurd to feel pleasure at being honoured in effigy? How is it childish to honour an image, if it is not childish to dishonour it? This only can a Protestant say in defence of the act which he allows and practices, that he is used to it, whereas to the other he is not used. Honour is a new idea—it comes strange to him; and, wonderful to say, he does not see that he has admitted it in principle already, in admitting dishonour; and after preaching against the Catholic who crowns an image of the Madonna, he complacently goes his way, and sets light to a straw effigy of Guy Fawkes.

"But this is not all; Protestants actually set up images to represent their heroes, and they show them honour without any misgiving. The very flower and cream of Protestantism used to glory in the statue of King William on College Green, Dublin; and, though I cannot make any reference in print, I recollect well what a shriek they raised, some years ago, when the figure was unhorsed. Some profane person one night applied gunpowder, and blew the king right out of his saddle; and he was found by those who took interest in him, like Dagon, on the ground. You might have thought the poor, senseless block had life, to see the way people took on about it, and how they spoke of his face, his arms, and his legs; yet those same Protestants, I say, would at the same time be horrified had I used 'he' and 'him' of a crucifix, and would call me one of the monsters described in the Apocalypse did I but honour my living Lord as they their dead king."

In 1852 Dr. Newman, who had, both in Oxford and at Birmingham, shown the deep interest he took in education, and his ability as a teacher, was called from his post at Birmingham to be rector for a time of the Catholic University in Dublin. We need not deal with this episode in his life further than to say that his residence in Dublin drew from him one of his most interesting books—his nine lectures on "The Idea of a University Defined and Illustrated," in which his recollections of what Oxford was at its best, and his former dreams of what it might become, were happily blended with a larger vision of some greater Oxford in a once more Catholic land. But after this short episode was over he returned again to his quiet work at Birmingham, content to be obscure and unknown, except to his spiritual children. Once more, however, by no means through his own seeking, he came forward in controversy, and was able to put before his countrymen a statement and an explanation of his life and his religious opin-

ions. It seemed good to Mr. Kingsley, an eager controversialist, when anxious to maintain that truth for its own sake was not esteemed a virtue by Roman ecclesiastics, to put Dr. Newman's name forward as an example of what he was saying. It is probable that he at first used Dr. Newman's name only as a concrete way of expressing the Roman priesthood. It was the mightiest English name, but he could not have lighted on a more unlucky instance. The "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*" was the answer to what its author says "was the impression of large classes of men, the impression twenty years ago, and the impression now."

"There has been a general feeling that I was for years where I had no right to be; that I was a 'Romanist' in Protestant livery and service; that I was doing the work of a hostile Church in the bosom of the English Establishment, and knew it, or ought to have known it. There was no need of arguing about particular passages in my writings when the fact was so patent, as men thought it to be."

But the English mind, if suspicious, is not on the whole unfair, and it is quick to recognize the ring of truth. When, therefore, Dr. Newman at last spoke out, men saw directly that here was very fact. A life was laid before them bare to its inmost cell. Although the writer had for years felt "*secretum meum mihi*," he at last spoke out all that he had to say, and his countrymen believed him. However they may differ, however some of them may abhor the opinions which he holds, however dangerous to the well-being of society at large and to many individuals they may think them, they have recognized that here at least is one who holds the opinions he does, because he honestly believes they are the best guides and safeguards to wandering men, because they tend to produce holy, happy, and consistent lives. There are few more touching dedications to any man or company of men than that in which Dr. Newman inscribes his "*History of My Religious Opinions*" work to his brethren of the Oratory. I must quote the closing words:

"In you" (that is, in those to whom he dedicates his book) "I gather up and bear in memory those familiar, affectionate companions and counsellors who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed; and of all these thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church."

"And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who were once so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd."

And so, having nobly vindicated himself, he was again silent, publishing only from time to time collections of his former works, and as a new contribution to literature "*The Grammar of Assent*," in which he put forward arguments satisfactory to his own mind for theism, for Christianity, and for the Catholic religion. Every intelligent Catholic would be ready to admit that, though in the Church faith is one, the schools of thought and shades of feeling are more than one; that the late Pope did not perhaps belong to the same school as the present, certainly had not always the same feeling and tone; or that it was unlikely that one called to the highest eminence in the church under the present pontiff should have been selected by Pío Nono. It is said, however, by one likely to be well informed on this subject, that had the late Pope known, or been allowed to know, about Dr. Newman all that his successor knew, he would have probably bestowed the same honor. In his residence at Gaeta, in 1849, Pío Nono spoke of Dr. Newman in terms of high, even enthusiastic, admiration. But another school of thought was preponderant in his councils, and the Pope in Italy may not always have been conversant with English thought. None can fairly blame a dominant party for promoting its own men,—but the party was narrow and provincial. As Dr. Newman has himself said: "The rock of St. Peter enjoys at its summit a pure and serene atmosphere, but there is" (was then especially) "a great deal of Roman malaria at the foot of it." By the present Pope, Dr. Newman's long services have been rewarded by the highest dignity in his power to bestow. And he added to his gift by dispensing Dr. Newman from all those duties and services which might have been burdensome to him at his great age, and to one who for so long had lived apart from the stir of the world in his peaceful home at Edgbaston.

It will not be to trespass unduly on his privacy if we give those who have not seen it some glimpse of what that home is, and what is the life within it. Above the dingy streets of Birmingham, and within short distance of the open, still wild and beautiful country, spread the broad roads of Edgbaston, with their wide gardens and villas, their shrubberies which sift the smoke, and in spring, at least, are bright with lilac and laburnum. The Oratory fronting one of these roads, within sight of thickets and sound of singing birds, is an imposing brick building, with spacious corridors and well-proportioned rooms within. Each father has his own comfortable room, library and bedroom in one, the bed within

a screen, the crucifix above, and the prized personal little fittings on the walls. The library is full of valuable books, many of them once the private property of Dr. Newman, now forming the nucleus of a stately collection for the use of the community. The quiet men who share this home come and go about their several businesses—the care of the school, whose buildings join but are separate from the Oratory proper, the work in the church, in hearing confessions, saying masses, and preaching. In the house the long *soutane* and *biretta* are worn; to go abroad they wear the usual dress of the clergy in England. Perhaps it is the dinner hour, and the silent figures pass along the galleries to the refectory, a lofty room with many small tables, and a pulpit at one end opposite the tables. At one of these sits the superior alone, clad like the rest save the red lines of his *biretta*, which mark his cardinal's rank. But among his children, and in his home, he is still more the superior and the father than a prince of the church. At a table near him may perhaps be a guest, and at others the members of the community, two and two. The meal is served by two of the fathers who take this office in turn, and it is only of late that Dr. Newman has himself ceased to take his part in this brotherly service, owing to his advanced years. During the meal a novice reads from the pulpit a chapter of the Bible, then a short passage from the life of St. Philip Neri, and then from some book, religious or secular, of general interest. The silence is otherwise unbroken save for the words needful in serving the meal. Toward the end, one of the fathers proposes two questions for discussion, or rather for utterance of opinion. On one day there was a point of Biblical criticism proposed, and one of ecclesiastical etiquette (if the word may be allowed), whether, if a priest called in haste to administer Extreme Unction did so inadvertently with the sacred oil set apart for another purpose, instead of that for Unction, the act were gravely irregular. Each gave his opinion on one or other of these questions, the Cardinal on the first, gravely, and in well-chosen words. Yet it seemed to the observer that, while he, no doubt, recognized that such a point must be decided and might have its importance, there was a certain impatience in the manner in which he passed by the ritual question and fastened on that proposed from Scripture. After this short religious exercise, the company passed into another room for a frugal dessert and glass of wine, since the day chanced to be a feast, and there was much to remind an Oxford man of an Oxford common room, the excellent talk sometimes to be heard there,

and the dignified unbending for a while from serious thought.

As might be inferred from the passage on music quoted above, which none but a musician could have written, Dr. Newman once took great delight in the violin, which he played with considerable skill. Even now the fathers hear occasionally the tones awakened by the old man's hand ring down the long gallery near his room, and know that he has not lost the art he loved, while he calms a mind excited from without, or rests from strenuous labor, in the creation of sweet sound. He is still a very early riser, punctual as the sun, still preaches often with what may be best described in words he has applied to St. Philip, "thy deep simplicity."

The Cardinal has of late been engaged on a careful revision, in the light of modern researches, of his translation of St. Athanasius, with notes of some treatises of St. Athanasius against the Arians. He regards this as the end of his life's work—a life which is now appreciated and honored not only by his spiritual sons, but by all fair-minded men of English speech.

May he long remain in the possession of bodily ease and intellectual vigor! Long may it be before any life of him has to be written! Till that day comes, when his loving friends shall gather such private letters and memoranda as he may have desired should be given to the world, he who would speak of Cardinal Newman is bound, whatever his sources of information, to trench but little on any but published matter. One paper, however, may be given which has not yet seen the light. The following memorandum was written in answer to an inquirer, who wished to know the Catholic view on certain subjects, not in themselves the most important, but which were at the time of interest to him, and each of which answered incidentally several other questions of the same sort. With these few words of explanation the following paper explains itself:

"Very little has been formally determined by the church on the subject of the authority of Scripture further than this, that it is one of the two channels given to us by which the *salutaris veritas* and the *morum disciplina* (in the words of the Council of Trent), which our Lord and his apostles taught, are carried down from age to age to the end of the world. In this sense Scripture is the 'word of God,' *i. e.*, the written word.

"There has been no formal definition on the part of the church that Scripture is inspired.

"It is defined that Almighty God is *auctor utriusque Testamenti*. I do not know of any definition that he is *auctor omnium librorum* which belong to each Testament.

"But it is not to be supposed that, because there is no definition on the part of the church that Scripture

is inspired, therefore we are at liberty at once to deny it.

"1. First, St. Paul's words cannot be passed over *omnis scriptura divinitus inspirata*.

"2. Next, the very strong opinion on the subject of the early fathers must be taken into account.

"3. Thirdly, the universal feeling, or *ψώνημα*, of the Church in every age down to the present time.

"4. The consent of all divines, which, whatever their differences on the subject in detail, is clear so far as this, viz., that Scripture is true. This, when analyzed, I consider to signify this, viz., 'Truth in the sense in which the inspired writer, or, at least, the Holy Ghost, meant it, and means to convey it to us.'

"Thus, though it be not proposed to us by the church *de fide* that we should accept the doctrine of the inspiration of Scripture, only that we must accept all the church teaches us to be in Scripture and teaches us out of Scripture, yet it is a matter of duty, for the first reasons I have given, not to encourage, to spread, or to defend doubts about its inspiration.

"As to the extent of its inspiration, I do not see that the Council of Trent speaks of it as the authoritative channel of doctrine in other matters than faith and morals; but here, besides the four considerations above set down, I would observe that it is often a most hazardous process to attempt to enunciate faith and morals out of the sacred text which contains them. It is not a work for individuals. At last it has been felt and understood that faith and morals are not involved in a doctrine which Scripture seems to teach, that the earth is fixed and the sun moves over it. The time was necessary to ascertain the fact, viz., that the earth *does* move, and therefore that the divine spirit did not dictate these expressions of Scripture which imply that it does not, rather that He did not mean to convey that notion by these expressions.

"As to the questions you put to me, I do not see anything in the text of Scripture which obliges us, or even leads us, to consider the six days of Genesis i. to be literal days.

"The literal accuracy of the history of Jonah, or that of Elisha, rests upon a different principle, viz., whether miracles are possible, and to be expected. I see no difficulty in believing that iron, on a particular occasion, had the lightness of wood, if it is the will of God in any case to work miracles, *i. e.*, to do something contrary to general experience. And while I say the same of Jonah and the whale, I feel the additional grave and awful hazard how to attempt to deny the history without irreverence toward the express teaching of the incarnate God."

It would ill become me to dare to pronounce a critical judgment on Dr. Newman, except so far as such judgment is involved in any account of the man and his works. The scales of comparison at the disposal of the writer are too small to weigh and judge so great an intellect, such deep learning, such subtle literary skill, as is possessed by Cardinal Newman. I can only say that, during the last few months, I have re-read a very large part of what he has written, always with fresh admiration and even wonder.

One word, however, may be permitted of Cardinal Newman, considered as a poet, in addition to what comes out incidentally in the foregoing sketch. If I have said nothing hitherto of his poetry, it is not that I am unmindful of it. Who can forget that the lyric "Lead, Kindly Light" has found its

way into almost every hymnal? Who can ignore the wonderful "Dream of Gerontius," in which the peaceful and beautiful side of the doctrine of purgatory is presented to all who can receive it? His poetry, however, is to be found chiefly in the beautiful thoughts scattered through his prose rather than in the form of verses. These have been the lighter flowers of his literature, and, graceful as they are, are not those by which he is to be judged.

We suspect, however, that few who know the gravity and greatness of such a mind would have been prepared for the flower of religious fancy which broke forth in his "Valentine to a Little Girl":

"Little maiden, dost thou pine
For a faithful Valentine?
Art thou scanning timidly
Every face that meets thine eye?
Art thou fancying there may be
Fairer face than thou dost see?
Little maiden, scholar mine,
Wouldst't thou have a Valentine?"

"Go and ask, my little child,
Ask the Mother undefiled:
Ask, for she will draw thee near,
And will whisper in thine ear:
'Valentine! the name is good;
For it comes of lineage high,
And a famous family:
And it tells of gentle blood,
Noble blood,—and nobler still,
For its owner freely poured
Every drop there was to spill
In the quarrel of his Lord.
Valentine! I know the name;
Many martyrs bear the same,
And they stand in glittering ring
Round their warrior God and King,—
Who before and for them bled,—
With their robes of ruby red
And their swords with cherub flame.'

"Yes! there is plenty there,
Knights without reproach or fear,—
Such St. Denys, such St. George,
Martin, Maurice, Theodore,
And a hundred thousand more,
Guerdon gained and warfare o'er
By that sea without a surge.

"And beneath the eternal sky,
And the beatific Sun
In Jerusalem above,
Valentine is every one;
Choose from out that company
Whom to serve, and whom to love."

But it is time to draw these words to an end. The readers of THE CENTURY will have had enough of the interpreter, who trusts that he has not said so much as to weary them, but that he may have succeeded in imparting something of his own reverence and affection to some who knew only as a name this man, so old with the weight of honored years, but, in ecclesiastical dignity, the youngest English cardinal.

C. Kegan Paul.

THE DANGER OF AN OFFICE-HOLDING ARISTOCRACY.

THERE is probably no objection to permanent tenure in office, or to tenure during good behavior, which has a stronger hold on that portion of the public which has no direct interest in the spoils system—that is, which does not seek office as the reward of political services—than the objection that it would convert the officers into a sort of aristocracy, whose manners toward those with whom they had to transact business would be haughty and overbearing. I can hardly describe this objection better than in the words of a Western friend of the movement, in a private letter written nearly two years ago. He said:

"The people mean by this [an aristocracy of office-holders] that a continuance in office of the same set of men creates in the mind of the office-holder the idea that he owns the office, and instead of being a public servant, he becomes a master, haughty toward those whom he ought to serve. Is it not quite a general experience with office-holders of long standing that they are apt to become somewhat overbearing? I am inclined to think that they view it in that light, and my experience is based upon conversation with men of ordinary position in society, who make our majorities for us, who must be educated to whatever of good there is in the reform idea, and must be consulted as to its adoption, if the reform ever becomes permanently ingrafted upon our Government and administration."

If Americans had had any such experience as this of the effect of permanence in office on the manners of office-holders, I admit freely that it would be very difficult for civil-service reformers to make head against it. In politics no *a priori* argument can stand for a moment with the mass of mankind against actual observation. There would be no use, for instance, in our saying that the effect of appointment through competitive examination upon the character of office-holders would be so improving that they would be sure to be polite and considerate in their intercourse with the people, if the people had found that permanent officers, selected by any method whatever, were haughty, overbearing, and acted as if the offices were their private property. Nothing is more difficult to eradicate than the remembrance of insulting treatment at the hands of an aristocracy of any kind. If the American people had suffered in mind even, though not in body or estate, from such a class at any time since the Revolution, and that class happened to be a permanent office-holding class, we should, in short, be forced to admit that, great as

might be the abuses of the present system, it was certainly the one best adapted to the conditions of American society, and that we must make the best of it, just as we make the best of the drawbacks on universal suffrage.

Curiously enough, however, no trace of any such experience appears in the history of the American civil service. Down to 1820, office-holders practically held during good behavior. It was considered at first doubtful whether the President had the discretionary power of removal at all. It was settled in 1789 that he had it, but its exercise was long viewed with great disfavor. It was, said Webster, speaking in 1835, "regarded as a suspected and odious power. Public opinion would not always tolerate it, and still less frequently did it approve it. Something of character, something of the respect of the intelligent and patriotic part of the community, was lost by every instance of its unnecessary exercise." And it was very sparingly exercised. During Washington's administration only nine persons were removed from office; during John Adams's, ten; during Jefferson's, thirty-nine; during Madison's, five; during John Quincy Adams's, only two. In 1820, the first change in this tenure was made by the passage of an act which fixed at four years the term of all those called accounting officers—that is, officers who had the handling of considerable sums of public money. Now, if this act was due, in part even, to the popular perception of the growth among the office-holders of pride of station and of a sense of proprietorship in the office, it would undoubtedly have found expression in the discussions which preceded or attended its passage. But there is no trace of any such motive in the reports or chronicles of the day. Nothing of the kind appears to have been alleged by the promoters of the measure. In fact, it does not appear to have occurred to any one as an argument likely to help its passage. The bill was due to the fact that there had been many defalcations and irregularities among this class of officers, owing to want of proper supervision, and to the belief that if the tenure were limited to four years, and they were thus compelled to account periodically by mere operation of law, they would be more careful and strict in the discharge of their duties in the meantime.

In 1830, a resolution was introduced in the Senate, calling on the President for the reason of his removing certain officers; and in the

debate which followed, Mr. Barton, of Missouri, stated very clearly and succinctly the motives which animated those who brought about the legislation of 1820. He said:

"The legislator in 1820 naturally asked himself what term and tenure of office would attain the desired public security? To hold for life would be too irresponsible. To fix his tenure during good behavior would not remedy the evils of the old law. There must be a process at law to convict him of the cause before the removing power could be exerted. To make him removable at the will of the President alone, as in the case of 1789, would make the President too absolute; and hence the provision for a term of years, provided he so long behaved faithfully, removable at the pleasure of the appointing power during his term, if he gave cause."

Now, what were these "evils of the old law" to which he refers? He thus describes them, and his description was not gainsaid by anybody:

"By the old law there was no summary power except the disputed one of taking care that the laws be faithfully executed, to arrest the career of official delinquency; and the process was doubtful and dilatory by which the cause of removal was to be established, whether by impeachment, indictment, or by civil suit. The evil of the old law was that, while the Government was plodding through some tedious process of law, amidst its delays and proverbial uncertainties, the defaulter could embezzle our funds and ruin our affairs so far as they lay within his control, and escape to Texas, etc., before the process had ascertained whether there was lawful cause for removal or not."

In short, the act of 1820 was intended to provide a safeguard against speculation. The safeguard, it is true, was a clumsy one, but nobody appears to have thought of it as a safeguard also against the growth of bureaucratic pride and insolence. Webster spoke on the same subject five years later, in a debate on a bill repealing the act of 1820. He was opposed to this act, but he confessed that some good had resulted from it. "I agree," he said, "that it has in some instances secured promptitude, diligence, and a sense of responsibility. These were the benefits which those who passed the law expected from it, and these benefits have in some measure been realized." He goes on to say, however, that the benefits wrought by the change have been accompanied by a far more than equivalent amount of evil—an opinion which, if he were alive today, he would probably express in a still stronger and more unqualified form. But neither he nor any of his contemporaries appears to have thought of the act as an act for the abolition of an official aristocracy, nor for reminding office-holders that they were the servants, not the masters, of the people. It made them prompter and more diligent than they had been in writing up their

books, and in collecting and arranging their vouchers, and in having their balances properly adjusted at the expiration of their term; but nowhere is there any indication that it was intended to reach the evil which we now hear spoken of as the very probable result of a tenure during good behavior, and as the greatest objection to a recurrence in our time to the old system. Webster defended the repealing bill, on the ground that the act of 1820 had given the President too much power, by creating vacancies for him to fill which he would not have ventured to create for himself, and which the Constitution, in his (Webster's) view, did not intend that he should have the power of creating, and the creation of which demoralized the service. He advocated the retention of the old tenure during good behavior, leaving the offenses committed by officers to be punished by some legal process, instead of having the tenure of office settled on the theory that every officer would commit offenses if left undisturbed in his place more than four years. In fact, he advocated it on precisely the grounds on which the friends of civil-service reform now advocate it. "I think," said he, "it will make the men more dependent on their own good conduct, and less dependent on the will of others. I believe it will cause them to regard their country more, their duty more, and the favor of individuals less. I think it will contribute to official respectability, to freedom of opinion, to independence of character; and I think it will tend in no small degree to prevent the mixture of selfish and personal motives with the exercise of political duties." But it evidently did not occur to him that it was necessary to show that it would not create a haughty bureaucracy.

The spoils system, as we now know it, was introduced by Jackson. The removals, which only amounted to two altogether under John Quincy Adams, suddenly rose in Jackson's first year to nine hundred and ninety. This sudden change in the way of looking at places in the Federal service of course provoked a great deal of discussion and denunciation. Jackson's use of his power was fiercely assailed and fiercely defended during his two terms, both in and out of Congress. But we may search the debates and the newspapers between 1830 and 1840 in vain for an assertion that the revolution had been called for, or was justified by the effect of security on the manners of office-holders, or by the growth of a feeling among office-holders that their tenure of their places made them a class apart from and superior to the rest of the community. There was, instead, a great deal of assertion in Jackson's defense that, if tenure during

good behavior had lasted, this feeling would have sprung up, just as there is now much prediction that, if this tenure were to be restored, the feeling would spring up. But no one alleged that it had sprung up, and had constituted a reason for beginning the practice of frequent removals, to which the absurd name of "rotation" was afterward given. In other words, no attempt was made to justify Jackson's introduction of the *régime* under which we are now living by pointing out that particular effect of the old *régime* on the office-holding mind, which is now alleged as the chief obstacle to its restoration. In short, the American people really knows nothing from its own experience, however much it may know in other ways, of the tendency of permanent tenure to create and perpetuate a caste.

The belief that this tendency exists must, therefore, be a deduction from the experience of foreign nations, or from general principles of human nature. It must rest, in other words, on the assumption that what happens in England or on the European continent is sure to happen here, and that it is his security of tenure which gives the foreign official that sense of his own superiority for the display of which he has long been famous. Nothing is older in story than the "insolence of office." We can go back to no time, in the annals of the Old World, when the man "dressed in a little brief authority" was not an object of popular odium. See, it is said, what the manners of the German and Russian, and even the French and English, officials are; such will the manners of our officials be should we ever permit them to hold their places, as these foreigners do, during good behavior, and fail to remind them by frequent or periodical dismissals without cause (which is really what is meant by short fixed terms) of how little consequence they are to the community which they serve. The answer to this is that the argument rests on the assumption that greater security of tenure constitutes the only difference between the condition of the American and that of the European office-holder, whereas there are numerous other differences. Nothing has so much to do with a man's manners as the manners of the society in which he lives. No one can wholly, or even in great part, withdraw himself from this influence without partial or complete isolation, such as that in which soldiers live in barracks or camp, or monks in their monastery. In order to make any body of men really peculiar, either mentally or physically, we have to take possession of their whole lives and impose great restrictions on their intercourse

with the community at large, and effect a considerable, if not complete, severance between their interests and the general interest. No modern state, however, subjects its civil functionaries to any such treatment. They all, out of office hours, live as they please. They marry and are given in marriage, and spend their salaries in precisely the same manner as other salaried people. Their society is the society of persons of like tastes and like manners. They are, in short, an integral part of the community, getting their livelihood by a kind of labor in which a large body of their fellow-citizens are engaged. A clerk in the post-office, or custom-house, or treasury is occupied in very much the same way as a clerk in a banking-house or store. If, therefore, the manners of the Government officials be marked by any peculiarity not visible in those of *employés* of private firms, it must be due to something else than the kind of work they do, and the manner in which they spend their salaries. It is due, in fact, to the place held by the governing class in the social and political organization.

If this governing class be a social aristocracy, the office-holders, as the machine through which power is exercised, will naturally and, indeed, almost inevitably, contract the habit of looking on themselves as a part of it. In a society made up of distinctly marked grades, the Government officials almost inevitably form a grade, and copy everybody else in looking down on the grades below them. The English or German official gives himself airs and thinks himself an aristocrat because, as a matter of fact, his official superiors are aristocrats, and the government is administered in all the higher branches by an aristocracy. It is difficult, if not impossible, for a servant of the Crown to avoid arrogating to himself a share of the Crown's dignity. In any country in which politics is largely managed by an aristocracy, the aristocratic view of life is sure to permeate the civil as well as the military service, be the terms long or short. In such a country, a great deal of the pleasure of life is derived from the reflection that one has "inferiors." The nobleman takes comfort in his superiority to the commoner; the gentleman in his superiority to the man in trade; the barrister in his superiority to the attorney; the merchant in his superiority to the shop-keeper. It would be impossible for any system of appointment or any tenure of office to cut off the Government officers, any more than any other class, from this source of happiness. The social position the place gives them is one of the rewards of their services, and they would be more than human if they did not reveal their appreciation of it. The state

official really shows his sense of his own importance no more than, if so much as, any other man who has an assured income and considers his position "gentlemanly." The manners of the Government clerk in England very much resemble those of the successful barrister's clerk, or the clerk in the great banking-house; they are neither better nor worse.

If the English and German officials were all appointed and held office under the spoils system, and had their "heads cut off" every time there was a change in the ministry, or a new man got the King's ear, there is every reason for believing that they would be much more insolent or overbearing than they are now, as they would share in the excitement of the political strife, and in the pride of victory, and in the contempt for the vanquished which form so marked a feature in official life here. They would, too, fall rapidly into the habit, which is so strong among our office-holders, of treating non-official criticism of their manner of performing their duties as simply a weapon in the hands of some one who wants their places, and not as a help toward the improvement of the public service.

In the United States, on the other hand, not only are the traditions of the Government democratic, but the social organization is democratic. What is of still more importance for our present purpose, the popular view of the social value of different callings is thoroughly democratic. There is little or no conventional dignity attached to any profession or occupation. As there is hardly anything honest which a man may not do for hire without damage to his social position, so there is hardly anything he can do for hire which will raise the value of his social position. In every country in the world the office-holder, like everybody else, bases his own opinion of himself and his office on the opinion of them entertained by the public. He thinks highly of them because his neighbors do. The Prussian or English civil or military officer bristles with the pride of station, largely because the public considers his station something to be proud of. So, also, in America, the office-holder does not bristle with pride of station, because nobody thinks his station anything to be proud of. He is not kept humble by the insecurity of his tenure, but by the absence of popular reverence for his place. The custom-house or post-office clerk as a matter of fact knows very well that nobody thinks any more of his place than it thinks of the place of a bank clerk or commercial traveler. One of the very odd things in the popular dread of an office-holding aristocracy is that it arises out of the belief that an

aristocracy can build itself up on self-esteem simply. But no aristocracy has ever been formed in any such way. It grows upon popular admission of its superiority, and not simply on its own estimate of itself. The attempts which have been occasionally made to create an aristocracy in new countries, or in countries in which the respect for station has died out, have always failed miserably for this reason.

Moreover, association with the Government and the exercise of a portion of its authority do less, and must always do less, for an office-holder in this than in other countries, because there is here absolutely no mystery about government. Its origin is not veiled from the popular gaze by antiquity, or tradition, or immemorial custom. Nowhere else in the world does sovereignty present itself in such naked, unadorned simplicity to those who have to live under it. Nowhere else is so little importance attached to permanence either in Government office or any other office. In America, it brings a man no particular credit to remain long in the same position doing the same thing. In fact, with the bulk of the population it brings him some discredit, as indicating a deficiency of the great national attribute of energy. Outside the farming class, the American who passes his life in the position in which he began it, without any extension or change of his business, or without in some manner improving his condition by a display of enterprise or activity, is distinctly held to have failed, or, rather, not to have succeeded. There is probably no country in the world in which the popular imagination is so little touched by a contented and tranquil life in a modest station, or by prolonged fidelity in the discharge of humble duties. Public opinion, indeed, almost exacts of every man the display of a restless and ambitious activity. The popular hero is not the contemplative scholar, or the cautious dealer who relies on small but sure profits for a provision for his old age. It is the bold speculator, who takes great risks, and is in constant pursuit of fresh markets to conquer and new demands to supply. It is not "the poor boy," who stays poor and happy, around whom the popular fancy plays admiringly, but the poor boy who becomes a great manufacturer, or the president of a bank or railroad company, or the master of large herds, or the owner of rich mines. The very familiar personage of European counting-houses and banks, the gray-headed clerk or book-keeper, is almost unknown here. In fact, employers would think but little of the young book-keeper or clerk who made no effort to improve his condition,

and did not look forward to a change of pursuits before he reached middle life. It may be said, indeed, without exaggeration, that the security of tenure which contributes so much to the value of a position in Europe counts for but little in popular estimate of it in America. Places which "lead to nothing" are not made any more attractive among us by the circumstance that they are easy to keep if one wishes. Indeed, such places are rather avoided by young men whose self-esteem is high, when they are entering on life, and those who accept them are apt to be set down as having, in a certain sense, withdrawn from the race.

In Europe, on the other hand, security or fixity of tenure, owing to the very much smaller number of chances offered there than here by social and commercial conditions to the enterprising and energetic man, adds very greatly to the value of an office of any kind, and not only to its value, but to its dignity. The person who has it, even if the salary be very small, is considered by the public to have drawn one of the prizes of life, and excites envy, rather than commiseration, even among the young. The prodigious eagerness for Government office in France is due, in a very large degree, to the fact that Government offices are permanent—a quality which more than makes up for the extreme smallness of the salaries. In England, commerce competes formidably in the labor market with the Crown, and the spirit of the people is much more adventurous; but the certainty of a small income has even there attractions for the young which are unknown in this country. This certainty always has a powerful influence in exalting the social position of the man who has managed to lay hold of it, in places in which recovery from failure or miscarriage is difficult, and in which mistakes in the choice of a calling are not easily rectified. The whole spirit of American society is, however, hostile to the idea that permanence is a thing which a young man will do well to seek. This feeling will, beyond question, operate in one way, if we ever come back to tenure in office during good behavior, to lower rather than raise the office-holding class, as a class, in the popular estimation. Far from converting it into an aristocracy, it will probably put a certain stamp of business inferiority on it in the eyes of "the live men," the pushing, active, busy, adventurous multitude, who after all make the standards of social value which are in commonest use.

At present, office-holding as a business really gets a kind of credit from its extreme precariousness and uncertainty. It is felt that anybody who gets into it must be in some sense "practical." He may

have failed in trade, or in some profession, or have, through some moral defect, lost all chance with private employers, but then he must have, if he has got a Government office, made himself useful to "an influence" through some kind of "work." Successful electioneering, for instance, may not require a high order of talent, or very much character, but anybody who achieves it must have push and energy and some knowledge of men, and these are, of course, no mean qualifications for success in life. Any one who possesses them, though he may make a wretched custom-house or post-office clerk, will be sure of a certain amount of consideration from the busy world, which would not be accorded to the modest, easily contented man who, in choosing his calling, seeks only mental peace. In truth, to sum up, there is no country in which it would be so hard for an aristocracy of any kind to be built up as this, and probably no class seeking to make itself an aristocracy would, in the United States, have a smaller chance of success than a body composed of unambitious, quiet-minded, unadventurous Government officers, doing routine work on small salaries, and with but little chance or desire of ever passing from the employed into the employing class. One might nearly as well try to make an aristocracy out of the college professors or public-school teachers.

There is no society which at present makes so little provision for this class as ours. We do nothing to turn them to account. They are a class eminently fitted for Government service, or any service of which tenure during good behavior is one of the conditions, and in which fidelity rather than initiative is a leading requirement. At present they furnish a very large share of the business failures, and contribute powerfully to produce our panics by being forced into the commercial arena without the kind of judgment or nerve which the commercial struggle calls for. If we tried to economize labor, and put the right men in the right places in our national administrative machine, we should undoubtedly offer this class, which has just the kind of talent and character we need for Government work, the thing which most attracts them, by offering them positions which no commercial crisis could put in peril, and which they could hold as long as they did their work well.

Even if it were established, however, that the selection by competitive examination and tenure during good behavior would make the office-holder feel himself the master of the people, and express his sense of his superiority in his behavior, the question whether

the present system establishes a satisfactory relation between the people and the civil servants of the Government would still have to be answered. It may be that the thing we propose would be no improvement on the thing that is, but the fact that the existing system has the very defect which it is contended that the new system would have, and which is offered as a fatal objection to the introduction of the new system, is one which the friends of "rotation" cannot expect us to pass over unnoticed.

It may be laid down as one of the maxims of the administrative art, that no public officer can ever take the right view of his office, or of his relation to the people whom he serves, who feels that he has owed his appointment to any qualification but his fitness, or holds it by any tenure but that of faithful performance. No code of rules can take the place of this feeling. No shortening of the term can take its place. The act of 1820 was simply a very rude, clumsy plan of getting rid of the duty of careful supervision and good discipline. Turning out all the officers every four years, in order to make sure that they keep their accounts well, instead of turning out as soon as possible those who do not keep their accounts well, and retaining as long as possible those who do keep their accounts well, reminds one of the old woman who whipped all her children every night on a general presumption of blameworthiness. A suggestion of such a scheme of precaution in a bank would excite merriment. A man's best service is given to those on whose good opinion he is dependent for the retention of his place. Under the spoils system, places are filled without any reference to the good opinion of the public; in fact, very often in defiance of the public. They are given as rewards to men of whom the public knows nothing, for services of which the public has never heard, and which have generally been rendered to individuals. An officer who owes his appointment to a party manager for aid given him in politics, cannot but feel that his main concern in discharging the duties of his place must be the continued favor of the person to whom he owes it, and not the favor of the public which has had nothing to do with it. It is, consequently, impossible to expect such an officer to feel that the public is his master, or to show in his manner that he is in any way dependent on its good opinion. He feels that the boss or Senator who got him his place is his master, and that his mode of discharging his duty must be such as to merit his approbation. He does not fancy that he himself owns the office, but he fancies that another man does, and as long as he considers it the

property of any one man, it makes little difference to the public which man.

The only way in which the proprietorship of the public can ever be brought home to office-holders is through a system which, whatever its *modus operandi*, makes capacity the one reason for appointment, and efficiency the one safeguard against dismissal. No such system now exists here. Those who say that the plan of the civil-service reformers would not produce it may be right, but it is not open to them to make in support of their opposition a charge which is notoriously true of the system they are upholding. Whether the proposed change, therefore, be the best one or not, some change, it must be admitted, is imperatively necessary. In fighting against any change, we are trying to avoid that adaptation of our administrative system to the vast social and commercial changes of the past half-century, from which no civilized people can now escape, and which all the leading nations of Europe have effected or are effecting. Any one who takes the trouble to examine the reforms which have been carried out since 1815, in France, or England, or Germany, which in all these countries have amounted to a social transformation, will be surprised to find how much of them consists simply in improvements in administration, or, rather, how fruitless the best legislative changes would have been without improved administrative machinery for their execution. We cannot very much longer postpone the work which other nations have accomplished, and neither can we avoid it by plans—like Mr. Pendleton's constitutional amendment—for getting rid of responsibility by making mere executive offices elective. This, like the act of 1820, is simply a makeshift. Nobody pretends that elected postmasters would be any better than, or as good as, properly appointed postmasters. All that can be said for them is that they would save the President a good deal of trouble under the present spoils system. But the remedy for one absurdity is not to be found in another absurdity. When a thing is being done by a wrong method, we do not mend matters by trying another wrong method. The true cure for the defects in the present system of transacting public business is the adoption of the methods which are found successful in private business. These are well known. They are as old as civilization. They are gradually taking possession of government business all over the world. Our turn will come next, and, in spite of "politics," will probably come soon.

E. L. Godkin.

THE COLONIZATION OF PALESTINE.

COLONIZATION eastward, like all efforts to turn back the hands of time, is likely to meet with little success. Even when prophecy and the religious instinct of the Hebrew race favor the return of the Jews, progress toward the Holy Land is slow-paced, and those who have gone there to reside within the last hundred years number less than the aggregate of emigrants arriving at the port of New York in a single month. From the time of the Crusades feeble efforts, of a semi-religious character, have been made to recover and occupy the country about Jerusalem, but always with barren results. Nearly all the elements of successful colonization are wanting there. The colonist may plant, but the harvest is pretty sure to leave little enough for seed after the predatory Arab and the organized Turk have taken their tithes from the field. Nor is commerce more attractive. The ports are inaccessible in bad weather and are unprotected at all seasons. The climate is unfavorable for the foreigner, and is often fatal to the tourist. The graves of modern travelers and explorers may be seen from Dan to Beersheba, and from Jerusalem to Damascus. Notwithstanding previous failures, there is, and always has been, a mysterious, indefinable attraction drawing the imagination of men toward Jerusalem, and new schemes for colonizing Palestine are still presented to the public, under auspices which command increased attention. The last and most important, as well as the most practical, is that advocated by Mr. Laurence Olyphant, whose project for a grand international joint-stock company, for the purchase or lease and occupation of the territory lying east of the Jordan, has received favorable consideration from members of the Royal Family and prominent statesmen in England and at Constantinople. The details and groundwork of his scheme, as set forth in his recent book, "The Land of Gilead," were, it appears, acceptable to many of the Sultan's advisers, but failed, last year, to receive his official sanction. His Highness was evidently pleased with the proposed relief which the plan offered to the Turkish treasury, but was naturally deterred from authorizing the establishment of an *imperium in imperio* within his already jeopardized territory. The contest for the control of the holy places produced the Crimean War, and the establishment of a million or two of European Jews upon as many acres, within a day's march of the Sepulcher,

would inevitably lead to European complications and another religious war.

In July, 1866, the *Nellie Chapin*, an American ship, sailed from the coast of Maine, freighted with about one hundred and sixty souls—men, women, and children. They had sold their goods and chattels, the slow accumulation of a toilsome life, and embarked with the proceeds for the port of Jaffa, Palestine. The motives which induced these people to turn their backs upon the land of their birth were of no ordinary kind. With them were the aged and infirm who could not reasonably expect to return, and there were infants whose destiny was thus being strangely influenced. Religious services were held on board with regularity. Their leader was their preacher and prophet, and the combined financial resources of these colonists were placed in the hands of this man, who by his preaching among the villages in Maine had founded a new church, "The Church of the Messiah," whose creed and doctrines were proclaimed in his church journal, known as "The Sword of Truth and the Harbinger of Peace": Published by G. J. Adams, editor and proprietor, South Lebanon, Maine. The first number of this publication was issued September 15, 1862, and it soon found friends in the villages of Indian River and Jonesport, the homes of the principal members of the colony. From an examination of this "Harbinger" it would appear that Adams aspired to become a religious leader and the founder of a church, and to succeed in this he sought to lead his people where they would be more dependent upon him. He seemed to have before his mind the example of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims and the history of Brigham Young. Like him, Adams possessed much personal magnetism and great power of vituperative denunciation, so that he was able to maintain his influence over his followers as much through fear as by the gentler arts of persuasion.

The writer of this paper had frequent interviews with Adams and his people during the two years of their oriental career, and after hearing his Sunday discourses and seeing their effect upon his people, I could understand something of his power over illiterate men and women, and at the same time discover that it must of necessity grow smaller as their experience with the world about them increased. This ambitious apostle of a new

faith appealed to three motives in calling upon his people to establish a colony in Palestine. To the pious and devout, he proclaimed the speedy coming of the Messiah for the purpose of establishing a temporal kingdom, and he invited them to stand ready with him to rally around the standard of the Redeemer when He should re-appear upon the Mount of Olives. The Saviour would then, he argued, be in need of friends, and those who were faithful would meet with rich reward. To the shrewd and calculating Yankee skipper and small trader who made up in part the male portion of his company, Adams had told of the return of the Jews, who, under divine command, would soon proceed from the four quarters of the globe, and take up the land of their forefathers, and become permanent residents in Palestine. And his discourses were rich in suggestion that a rise in values would be sure to follow, and that it would be a good thing to secure the corner-lots a little in advance, and derive the legitimate profits arising from a "corner" in real estate. To the farmer and the market-gardener, he spoke much of "milk and honey," the richness of the soil, and the certainty of three crops a year.

The *Nellie Chapin* landed her cargo of colonists in September, upon the sands of Jaffa, outside the city walls. They had brought their houses with them, in sections, but it required much time to land all the material and transport it to the locality designated for their future homes. The custom-house and heavy seas were not friendly to their enterprise, and delays were fatal, for while they were waiting in their tents upon the shore the heat was fearful, the water bad, and the food inappropriate. The aged and the infants died, and a score or more were buried before the families were housed, amid the orange-groves, about a mile from the town. And now they were confronted with a question of international importance. They had established a colony on Turkish soil without the consent of the Turkish authorities, and although they had paid a round price for the land, as aliens they could not obtain a good title.

The Ottoman Government, always jealous of foreign influence, avoids with care every pretext for foreign interference. At that time, foreigners were not permitted to take up land in their own names, and were obliged to hold it by some fiction, as in the name of a Turkish subject or of a female, women not being regarded as subjects of any government. This question of title became a source of much trouble among men who wished to own in fee simple the title to their individual hearthstones. And from this time the strife and bickerings which had broken out

on ship-board took a wider scope, until the boldest of them charged Adams with dishonesty in his financial dealings, and with the purpose of introducing polygamy as a new element in their creed.

Soon two camps were formed, the seceders feeling strong enough to call for an accounting and to set up for themselves, even at the cost of excommunication. None of them could speak the language of the people, and their intercourse with the natives, from whom they might have taken counsel, was of the most formal and unsatisfactory character. The worldly minded colonists who expected to derive advantage from the prospective rise in real estate soon found themselves without occupation. The Jews were slow in returning, and came singly and without capital. Real estate was not desirable if they could not obtain good titles, and they were not long in discovering that there was no activity in lands.

The agricultural members of the colony were even more unfortunate. They arrived at the wrong season for sowing, and having put all their money into land, had none left for current expenses. Failing in their expectations to obtain three crops, they would have been much consoled had they succeeded in reaping one, but their want of familiarity with the times and seasons, the necessity and modes of irrigation, and the nature of the crops worked sadly against them.

The dissensions in the colony became serious. Consular officers were called in to adjudicate between them, both at Jaffa and Jerusalem. General Beauboucher, who had lost a leg in the United States army during the rebellion, filled the office of consul, and he was frequently obliged to ride down to the coast to mediate between the belligerents and to dispense justice. This French gentleman was not fully master of the idioms spoken by the colonists, and they demurred to the military style in which the consular court is sometimes of necessity conducted in the East. Mr. Adams therefore appealed to the Department of State, requesting the removal of the consul from office, and offering to discharge its duties himself. The rebellious colonists sent counter statements, and their complaints against their chief, made to their friends at home, became widely known through the publication of their private letters. About this time (spring of 1867), items appeared in European journals describing the colonists as paupers, begging in the streets from tourists of every nationality. The publicity and scandal attending this phase of the colonial enterprise attracted the attention of the Department of State at Washington, and at the request of

Mr. Seward the late Rev. W. H. Bidwell, of New York, then about to travel in the East, accepted the office of special commissioner to make inquiry and report the true state of facts. Dr. Bidwell visited the colony and was pleasantly entertained by Mr. Adams, who succeeded in making a favorable impression and in securing a favorable report. But the troubles broke out afresh, and the colonists were obliged, in some cases, to sell all their furniture for food. Complaints against Mr. Adams and against the consul were multiplied, and great distress soon became manifest. At this point the writer, then United States consul-general at Beirut, was requested by Mr. Seward to proceed to Jaffa and examine into the nature of the complaints against General Beauboucher and his agent. It was found that the consular officers had earnestly endeavored to perform their duty—a rather difficult task in view of the ill-concealed hostility of the local authorities, the jealousy of the natives, and their mutual misunderstandings and dissensions. The colonists did not understand their relations to their consul under our treaty with a non-Christian country, and the military training of the consul was not adapted to a conciliatory work among people with whose extraordinary schemes he had little sympathy. After the inquiry as to the consular officials was concluded, I went from house to house among the colonists and offered them a passage home to America, as the only solution of the troublesome question. Harmony was impossible. As day-laborers they could not earn more than twenty cents a day, and on that they could not support their families.

Eighteen of the seceders accepted the proposal, under the leadership of Elder Wass, and were forwarded at once to Liverpool by way of Alexandria. But in some cases I met with reproaches, especially from the women, for offering them what they called bribes to desert their church and their leader. They declared their intention never to desert their standard. However, within the next twelve months the remaining colonists accepted the offer of a passage home, and were glad of the opportunity—with only two exceptions. One woman remained, even after Adams abandoned the enterprise, and she is still on the ground, having married a Turkish subject. One man, who adopted the career of guide, also remained.

Less than a score of frame houses now stand, the sole souvenir of the American colony at Jaffa. They teach little of architecture to the natives, for their own limestone houses and flat roofs are better adapted to the climate.

An effort on a smaller scale, with even more disastrous results, was made in 1858.

During the previous year an American family of the name of Dixon established themselves in the outskirts of Jaffa, and lived after the manner of peasants, in the most simple and economical manner. They mingled freely with the town and country people, and the *fellahin* of the vicinity had free access to the premises in the purchase and sale of milk, eggs, and vegetables. Intercourse with the natives was encouraged, with a view to religious influence. This family was a branch of a Sabbatarian mission, whose religious services were held on Saturday, and whose aim was to reach the Hebrews whose Sabbatarian usages might bring them into sympathy. The daughters of the family mingled as freely with their neighbors as they were accustomed to do in their American home, and the honest freedom of their manners was so much in contrast with the usages of the East, which insists upon the seclusion of women, that they were cruelly misunderstood, and were exposed to the greatest dangers. A night attack was made upon their house by five Arab ruffians, and though gallantly defended by Mr. Dixon and his son-in-law, a Prussian, the latter was soon killed, and the old man shot down in the presence of his wife and children. The survivors returned to America as soon as they were able to travel. A money indemnity was obtained for the property stolen and destroyed, and three of the savages were caught and brought to trial. These confessed their crime, but agreed in charging the murder upon a negro companion, who had fled to the desert on the night of the murder. These three were condemned to imprisonment for life, in chains, in the castle at St. Jean d'Acre, but the mission was broken up, and further effort toward missionary colonization was abandoned.

Model farms have been established near Jaffa and Jerusalem by converted Jews, under the auspices of English societies, but no considerable success has attended their efforts. In case of any wholesale attempt at colonization, however, they may serve as valuable nuclei around which the ignorant and the indigent may gather for instruction.

The German Jews at Caipha, with their American associates, under an organization known as The Temple, have adopted a different course, and have met with better success. Their leaders, who are established near Mount Carmel, and their home committees in Germany and the United States, arrange in advance for the shipment of small detachments of colonists, from year to year, but only to such an extent as to comply with the prudential requirements of the governing elders. Mechanics, farm-hands, laborers, and domestics are sent for only when employment has

been duly provided, and thus each colonist becomes self-supporting from the hour of his arrival, and is soon able to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the language of the people to coöperate in promoting the general aims of the colony. Numbering in all about eight hundred, including branches and offshoots in other parts of Palestine, and having about a thousand acres under cultivation, they seem to have avoided the mistakes of the Jaffa colonists, and to have established friendly relations with the people and the local authorities. Should they continue to show the same tact and discretion they may prosper until, by the recurrence of periodical outbreaks of Moslem fury, they are swept away, as the river Kishon, which flows through their farms, sweeps away all accumulations of labor upon its banks when its swollen torrents rush to the sea.

It is doubtful if any effort by Christians toward the colonization of Palestine will succeed in the face of climatic and political complications. Hebrews may find more in the language and customs of the country to harmonize with their history and traditions, yet it is to be doubted if they can achieve any greater success. A pilgrimage to El Khuds is pleasing in anticipation, enjoyable in execution, and charming in retrospect; but a residence and a life career where commerce and traffic is inconsiderable, and where daily bread will depend on daily labor in the open field, is not to

the taste of the fiscal and commercial Hebrew of modern times. While investigating the Jaffa colony, I met at the Jewish hotel a French gentleman who was largely interested in grape-culture and the wines of Bordeaux. In discussing with him the feasibility of a Jewish colony and matters relating to the "return of the Jews," as prophesied in the Old Testament Scriptures, I learned that he was a Hebrew and had given some thought to the subject. He seemed a practical man, and I asked his view of the matter. His reply was emphatic.

"It will be impossible," said he, "to bring Jews of different nationalities together and make them live in harmony. As a matter of fact, a French Jew has his prejudices, and will not affiliate with Englishmen and Germans of the same creed: their national antagonisms are too strong! In my judgment, it will require a greater miracle to bring all the Jews together than was required for their dispersion, and a greater miracle still, each day, to prevent their eager departure to the countries of their birth."

The success of colonies must of necessity depend on the climate and the products of the territory, and history teaches that successful colonies have never been established upon the sites of decayed empires, or upon ground exhausted by the civilizations of the past.

J. Augustus Johnson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

PURITY of heart, directness and simplicity of expression, a fine musical instinct, an extraordinary felicity in the use of images and similes, and a severe artistic conscientiousness characterize the verse of Longfellow, from the earliest beginning down to his latest poem. In his poetry, as in his genial, benevolent life and conversation, there was nothing violent, nothing electric, as in the poetry of Shelley, Browning, or Emerson. He did not crowd a new thought into every line, like the Concord poet. Though more evenly sustained, perhaps, than Bryant, his best poetry does not reach the imaginative height and intensity of those few passages where Bryant is intensely imaginative. His charm is serene and pervasive. Though so simple in structure, many imitators during the last fifty years have found the poetry of Longfellow essentially imitable. For if he used plain and simple speech, it was not because he despised his audience, but because it was his disposition and habit to express his thought fully and with the utmost clearness. This tendency would, of course, have landed him oftener

in sheer commonplace had it not been for the poet's sense of fitness and of beauty, cultivated by a life-time devoted to the study of the highest models in every language.

There never was a better proof than Longfellow of the truism that a poet's individuality does not rest upon eccentricity, nor even upon marked peculiarity of style,—that in order to be one's self it is not necessary to be strange. He had a manner, but very little mannerism; and though this manner consisted largely in a very simple use of language, still it was almost as easy to detect an unsigned poem by Longfellow as by any other poet. We were staying once in a little English village; near the ivy-covered inn was a public fountain, and over the fountain an unsigned poetic inscription of a few lines—trite and commonplace in thought, yet expressed with such clearness and propriety that we thought at once of Longfellow, and were not surprised when afterward we were told that he had written it "for the occasion." Propriety,—taste in the choice of subject, taste in the choice of meter, taste in the choice of words,—a rounded and restful

completeness in telling the story, in expressing the idea: this is a characteristic of the lyrical writings of Longfellow. It is this sense of propriety, joined to imaginative insight, that gives us, in one of Longfellow's most vivid and characteristic poems, such perfect and exquisite lines as these:

"Lo! in that house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room,

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls."*

It is this sense of propriety, allied to the qualities which we have mentioned, which has given to the world so many lines, stanzas, and lyrics that have become actually household words. Other poets of our generation have stirred us more profoundly: from but one other has the English-speaking world accepted, and absorbed into current thought and speech, so many poetic phrases. No other poet of our time has struck out so many pieces which have gone at once, and as a whole, into general intellectual circulation.

Longfellow, we have said, did not "originate ideas" to any great extent. Indeed, we have known a reward to be offered, in heated literary argument, to any one who could discover a single strong, imaginative thought in Longfellow which was not obviously quoted from some other writer. This was a rash wager, but it is evident that, even if he did not often invent ideas, he was a most prolific and felicitous inventor and adapter of images. We could easily cover pages of the magazine with quotations to prove the assertion, but the memory of every reader will supply him at once with a sufficient number of examples. As has recently been said, everything was to him an image of something else; he seemed to think "double, swan and shadow."

The poetry of Longfellow—to read it with care might almost be called a "liberal education," from so many sources of history, of literature, of life, and of nature is its inspiration drawn. We fear there is no one man who can fairly be called a typical American, but Longfellow was a type, certainly, of many Americans—a type of a large part of "the national mind." While loving best, and having the utmost faith in and hope for his own new world, he had the national love and hunger for the picturesque life, the art, and the traditions of the old world. It was long ago pointed out that he scarcely ever wrote a page that did not have in it the words "old," "olden," "ancient," or equivalent expressions. But this, we should say, might be rather a sign of his American nationality than a proof of his being a foreigner at heart. It is true that America was made for Europeans, but it may be said with equal truth that Europe was made for Americans.

The stream of Longfellow's poetry, beautiful from the first, grew broader and deeper to its end. In all his prime he wrote nothing more spirited and vigorous than "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face," "A Ballad of the French Fleet," and "The Leap of Roushan Beg"; among his latest poems nothing more pathetic than "The Chamber over the Gate." It was in his

old age that his harp gave forth those deep tones which move us in "Morituri Salutamus," and the sonnets entitled "Three Friends of Mine." From the latter series we quote the fourth, the one on Charles Sumner—a sonnet which will come home now with a new and more poignant meaning, not only to those of our elders who were his personal companions, but to many others who never saw the poet's face, yet to whom he has always been a living, revered, and beloved presence:

"River, that stealest with such silent pace
Around the City of the Dead, where lies
A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
And say good-night, for now the western skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn."

Practical Education in the Common Schools.

THE perennial demand for "practical" education in the public schools is just now exceptionally strenuous. At a recent conference of teachers and school committees, this question was discussed: "How shall we educate our pupils so as to fit them for the practical duties of life, such as farming and the various industrial pursuits?" That is a fair statement of the problem as it is urged in many quarters.

In trying to solve it, everything depends on the meaning of that short word "fit." If by "fitting" pupils for farming and other industrial pursuits is meant giving them technical instruction in agriculture and the various handicrafts, then it is doubtful whether the public schools can attempt it. It is true that, in some parts of Austria, small "school-gardens" have been established in connection with many of the public schools, in which most of the common grains and other plants of the country are cultivated, the names of which are taught to the children, thus giving them object lessons in botany, by which they become somewhat familiar with the flora of their own neighborhood and learn something, also, of the structure and habits of plants. As much as this might be done in connection with many of our suburban and country schools. But this would go but a little way toward fitting boys to be farmers. In the public schools of Boston, girls are taught sewing; and this branch of "practical" education might well be taught in other places. But it is not easy to see how our schools can undertake to give any instruction in the methods of agriculture, or of those other industrial trades by which men and women earn their livelihood.

It might be possible to establish in every considerable town a public workshop, into which boys could go out of school-hours and learn the use of various mechanical tools, under the instruction of a competent mechanic. Most school-boys in the cities and larger towns have much spare time on their hands, which might well be put to some such use. Perhaps a portion of the funds provided by taxation for public schools could be profitably expended in furnishing such schools as these. To do this would require legislation in most of the States; but it is open

* "Santa Filomena."

to any benevolent gentleman to offer the boys of his own town such an opportunity. If it should be appreciated and improved, the public authorities might be led to adopt the same plan. Beyond some such simple provisions as these, we do not see how industrial education can be furnished to the pupils of our public schools. The handicrafts are so many, and their methods are so constantly changing, as civilization becomes more complex and the practical arts are multiplied and modified, that it would be quite out of the question to teach them all, even if skilled instructors could be obtained, which is equally out of the question.

Besides, it is hardly the function of public schools to impart any kind of special or technical education. We cannot "fit" boys to be ministers, or doctors, or lawyers, or farmers, or carpenters, or shoe-makers; we cannot train girls to be artists in pigments, or in music, or in millinery, or in cookery; all we can undertake to do in our public schools is to train the intellect and develop the character of the pupils so that they shall be intelligent, industrious, contented, and virtuous citizens. It ought to be possible to give the pupils of these schools a mental and moral discipline that shall "fit" them for any calling in life, and not more for one honest calling than for another.

The thing to be first sought, and the thing most often neglected in our public teaching, is the development of a sound character in the pupils. The State cannot teach religion, but it can require its teachers to enforce the virtues of industry, self-reliance, truthfulness, purity, honesty, justice, kindness, and courtesy; it can make the inculcation of these virtues a chief part of the teacher's work. The education that neglects or undervalues morality is worse than worthless; it "fits" the pupil to be a malefactor.

The next thing to be sought is to awaken the minds of the pupils, to stimulate their thirst for knowledge, to train them in habits of inquiry. The successful teacher is the one who makes his pupils think patiently and independently, who stirs them up to original investigation. Any pupil who has had this done for him has been "fitted," so far as his mind is concerned, for success in any calling.

As to the subjects taught in our common schools, it is plain that the old-fashioned rudiments of an English education are essential, though the amount of time given to some of them might well be reduced. Every pupil should learn to read the English language readily and intelligibly, and to speak and write it with a good degree of propriety. Some knowledge of geography is also important, though the time generally devoted to this study is fully twice as much as it is entitled to. Exactly the same thing may be said of arithmetic. In many of our graded-school systems, boys and girls are kept studying arithmetic for ten full years. Half of that time is ample for acquiring all necessary knowledge of that science. Some acquaintance with the history of our own country, and with the forms of our government, indicating the political relations and duties of citizens, is also indispensable. All these subjects must be taught in the public schools. In most of the public schools they are taught, and in the district and grammar schools, where the great majority of the children of the State finish their schooling, not much else is taught. A little music and

sometimes a little drawing may be added; but this is about all that is attempted in the great majority of our common schools. The high-schools are much more ambitious, not to say pretentious, but only a very small minority of the children taught by the State ever reach the high-schools.

Now, doubtless, a teacher who knows how to teach may manage, even in this narrow curriculum, to awaken the mental faculties and broaden the horizon of his pupils; but it is evident that a little wider range of subjects would make this work much easier. For it is not only necessary to awaken the love of study, but also to direct it toward subjects that will afford the student a life-long pursuit. We want to give our boys and girls a training that shall enable them not merely to make a living, but to find contentment and enjoyment in life.

Let us suppose that a boy is to be a farmer. It is notorious that boys in these days do not take kindly to the farmer's life. What is the reason? Is it that the farmer's gains are slow or that his labor is severe? These reasons partly explain the fact, but neither of them is the strongest reason. The loneliness of the farmer's life is a weightier consideration. The girls and boys now growing up, whether in the towns or in the country, do not like the isolation and solitude of the farms. They would rather live in less comfort, and work harder for less net wages, at more disagreeable labor, in the factory villages and in the cities, because they like to be in the crowd. They depend on outside excitements. "There is nothing going on in the country." That is the uniform reason given for preferring life in the city.

The first thing to do in "fitting" a boy for the life of a farmer is, therefore, to get this notion out of his head. The reason why life is so lonely in the country is that his mental resources are so small, and his own knowledge of the objects round about him is so limited. If we could give the boys who are destined for such life as this a kind of training which would enable them to see that there is something going on in the country all the while,—something of marvelous and thrilling interest,—that would help greatly in fitting them to their environment, and in enabling them to find contentment and reward in their work. Would not this result be secured, at least in part, by giving a portion of the years now spent in the everlasting grind of arithmetic and geography to the study of natural history, the materials of which are under the farmer's feet, and on every side of his path, and in the air all about him? Would not some knowledge of the minerals, the plants, and the animals of his own neighborhood, and some enthusiasm in prosecuting his studies among them, wonderfully broaden the farmer's life, and dispel much of its loneliness?

It would be easy to show how the study, in some elementary way, of these and perhaps other sciences of nature would do the same service for those who are to spend their lives in other industrial pursuits, enlarging their horizon, multiplying their resources, and showing them how to extract from the world about them a higher enjoyment than is to be found in the diversions and dissipations on which the multitudes are trying to feed their cravings.

The kind of education that fits the men and women who are to live by agriculture or the various handi-

crafts to find meaning and recompense in life, would be practical education in the highest sense of the word. And it is worth inquiring whether, by reforming the courses of study in our common schools so as to make room for such subjects as have been mentioned above, this end would not in some good degree be gained.

Minister and Citizen.

THERE have been lively discussions lately, in the press and elsewhere, as to the part American clergymen may, can, or do play in public affairs. It has been intimated that a clergyman is partly deprived, in America, of those extra official opportunities of usefulness and influence which, in England, especially abound.

There is a certain correctness in such a view as this. In England, a clergyman—that is, a clergyman of the Established Church (and in England all others are designated simply as ministers)—may be, and in the country often is, a magistrate. In cities he is eligible for election as a school commissioner, as member of the local board of charities, and other similar bodies. No such usage obtains among us, or if it does it is exceptional. Nor is the reason for it obscure. In England there is an Established Church, and bishops sit in Parliament and help, as “peers spiritual,” to make the laws. From such a condition of things the step is natural and easy to a usage which puts both clergymen and ministers in places, as we should say, of “political influence.” But imagine Cardinal McClosky running against Mr. Conkling for the position of United States Senator, or Bishop Simpson contending with his fellow-citizen Mr. Randall for the speakership of the House of Representatives! Such a thing we say is not to be thought of. We have no state Church, though it used to look sometimes in New York, on St. Patrick’s Day, as if we had an Established Church. It is undesirable that clergymen should hold, or be candidates for, positions which make them the nominees of political parties. If a clergyman is to “run” for an office, one who belongs to that class in the community which esteems ministers will be inclined to say, “Let it not be my minister, but some other minister.” We do not want one whose office brings him into such tender and sacred relations with the most serious facts of our lives to subject himself to the rough usage received by a candidate in a lively political campaign.

And yet we do not want him to forget that he is a man, and a citizen, as well as a minister. The best evidence of this is to be found in the fact that ministers who have remembered this, and who have illustrated it by conspicuous and long continued services to the state and to the community, have been those ministers whom we have most of all delighted to honor. There went to his rest, not long since, an eminent citizen of New York who was not less eminent as a citizen than he was as a minister. And yet, as a minister in the communion of which he was a lifelong member he was, distinctly and undeniably, its foremost man,—not by any eminence of self-assertion or of ecclesiastical rank, for he ministered in a fellow-ship which knows no distinctions of ecclesiastical

rank, but simply and supremely by the divine right of his noble gifts and nobler service. The pastor of a large city congregation, which, like other city congregations, expected little from its minister in the way of pastoral service, he yet made his name a proverb for pastoral fidelity. The preacher in a pulpit which demanded from him who undertook to fill it the best that his brain and heart could bring to an exacting and critical people, he never disappointed by meagerness, though he sometimes taxed severely those who listened to him by his seemingly exhaustless fullness. A thinker of genuine insight, and with a mind so open that it welcomed truth from all quarters and honored it, though disguised sometimes in strangest “motley,” he kept himself abreast of the best scholarship of his time, and was as profoundly interested in his ministerial work the day he laid it down as when, more than forty years before, he took it up.

And yet this minister (we are speaking, we need hardly say, of the late Dr. Henry W. Bellows) was no less eminent as a citizen than he was as a divine. The civil war and the organization of the Sanitary Commission gave him, some may say, an opportunity to which he owed much of his subsequent usefulness and fame. But, “the gods give chances, and they who are their children seize them,” the proverb runs, and it was so here. Dr. Bellows had the courage in a great national crisis to see his opportunity to serve his country, and to seize it. In his pulpit, first of all, he spoke such words as helped to decide doubtful men and to nerve timid ones; and then, when he came down out of his pulpit, he took his rare gift of organization and administration and put it to work in the service of his imperiled country.

That preëminent ministry of helpfulness and leadership was but a type of all the rest. There is no good cause that has been contended for, whether on the platform or at the polls, in which Dr. Bellows was not felt and heard. With characteristic modesty, he was wont to wait till his fellow-citizens summoned him before obtruding himself upon the public notice; but when the call came, he never shrank from obeying it. And all this (for this, after all, is the point of our little homily), without the smallest loss of his influence or dignity as a clergyman. Dr. Bellows not only looked his profession (unlike, in this, some modern ministers, especially of the younger generation, whose appearance is a cross between a billiard-marker’s and a commercial traveler’s), he honored and adorned it. He will always be thought of in connection with it. A minister in an unorthodox communion, according to prevailing standards, he yet made himself to be recognized and respected everywhere for his ministerial office as well as for his personal character. And thus he will be remembered and regretted—as an exemplary and faithful divine, and no less as a public-spirited and influential citizen. This, we venture to submit, any minister may be in any American community, in his measure and according to his gifts. His people will not begrudge him the time he gives to public interests, though they may never wish to see him elected to office; and the community will not disesteem him as a minister because he chooses to remember that he also is a citizen and a man.

The Free Library Movement.

NEW ENGLAND has long had a habit of providing for the culture of her people by the free lending of books. A sort of obligation is put upon rich men in the old territory of Puritanism to do something for the public, and especially for the native city or village. The story of the Boston man whose will was contested because he had not left anything to Harvard University, is but a burlesque of a real New England feeling that one who has made a fortune is under obligations to do something for the land that made him a man by pinching his boyhood. When we see such foundations as that in St. Johnsbury, Vermont,—one example of many,—we count that country happy whose sons are grateful, filial, and enlightened. It is from Boston that this spirit has radiated through the hill-country, once considered so forbidding, now rendered so home-like and habitable by domestic virtue and public spirit.

But the *direct* influence of New England on the country at large is not very great, and is growing less. With all its culture, New England is rather provincial. Her early isolation and Puritan sense of divine election seem to have got into her blood. The country at large is only remotely known at Boston, which has never taken the nation fully into its sympathies, and this limitation of view on the part of home-staying New-Englanders makes their metropolis seem half-foreign to the rest of the country. It is only after a New England idea has undergone a transplanting to the metropolis that it becomes national in its influence. Slow as our great mart has been to receive or conceive new ideas beyond the sphere of commerce, it is the real and only center of diffusion. The art movement, the literary movement, the philanthropic movement of this generation have their capital where once the Dutch trade in wampum, beaver-skins, and match-coats had its center, to wit: on Manhattan Island. So that a liberal movement for popular education by free libraries, set afoot in New York and Brooklyn, will produce, perhaps, a wide-spread awakening on the same subject in the towns and villages of the country. The old reproach, that we teach our children how to read in free schools but do not teach them the love of reading, will be in fair way for removal whenever literature shall be as free to the poor in New York as it is in Boston.

As long ago as the colonial time, the complaint was current that literary institutions did not flourish in New York. No doubt the motley origin of the people of the old city had much to do with it. From the very beginning of New Amsterdam, the French Huguenots divided the town with the Dutch, and there were also people of other nations. "English carpenters from Stamford" built the first Dutch church, and when the little village at the lower end of Manhattan was a quarter of a century old, there were eighteen languages spoken within its narrow walls. When, in 1664, an English population and the tyranny of royal governors was overlaid on the Dutch and French background, one cannot wonder that the community was divided into cliques by national prejudices. Public spirit grows with difficulty among people who speak different tongues, go to different churches, and have different traditions. What does grow in such

a place, however, is the metropolitan spirit: national and sectarian prejudices in New York were early blunted by mutual attrition, and that wide and tolerant sympathy so characteristic of the metropolis of to-day came out of the multifarious origins of her early trading population.

We have not wanted for libraries, though they have had other purposes than those proposed in a free library. It is foolish to blame the Astor Library, as many do, for not doing a work for which it was not intended. The Astor is primarily for scholarly people. The student is the people's proxy, the nation's eyes. No library in America, perhaps, offers such conveniences to special students as the Astor. He whose researches are not very extensive can there consult any works he may ask for, without cost or ceremony of introduction. The scholar pursuing a given line of study, and bringing proper credentials, may gain admittance to classified alcoves, where he can have the invaluable privilege of seeing and examining all that the library affords on his theme; and some of our writers have come to have a sentimental home attachment to the quiet alcoves of the Astor. Even the British Museum Library, a sort of paradise for scholars, where everybody is incredibly obliging and polite, has no such arrangement as that by which the Astor permits the accredited scholar to range at will among its treasures. This privilege we possibly owe to Washington Irving, who had much to do with the early plans of the library, and who knew a scholar's wants; and though the privilege has no doubt been abused by impostors, it is to be hoped that it will never be taken away. To the gentlemen of the Astor family we owe this substantial gift, and it would be ungrateful to find fault that they have not made a popular library out of what was meant to serve another purpose. It is a pity that a building holding such treasures is not quite fire-proof, and that the light in the old halls is not better. The most valuable eyes in America are injured by its dusky twilight on dark days. And it is to be hoped that the liberality of some wealthy men may enable it to complete its collections, particularly in the important department of American history, since the Astor is the main source of information to scholars in New York City. It is to be regretted that the fine collection on American history made by the State Library at Albany could not be located where it would be more accessible to students. Neither Albany high-school pupils nor members of the State Legislature, who are its most numerous clients, seem quite capable of using to advantage its rare treasures, which are hardly known to many special students.

There are, besides the Astor Library, other public libraries, such as the Mercantile, with its vast membership, the Society Library,—a joint stock association,—with an ancient history, high prices, and an aristocratic patronage. The Lenox is not to be accounted among public libraries in any other sense than that it is exempt from taxation. It is open neither to the public nor to scholars engaged in special research, nor does there seem to be any warrant for believing that it ever will be opened as a working library. A library founded and managed in this exclusive spirit works injury to scholarship; it makes the rare and expensive books needed by scholars and authors more rare and expensive, by retiring a large

number of them from use. Private collectors, who buy books only as curiosities, render a similar disservice to letters. Nor can the libraries of learned associations, such as the Historical Society, be fairly accounted public, since their books are for the use of members and the acquaintances of members. For practical purposes, this great metropolis has but two or three public libraries: the Mercantile, which is a lending library, charging a rate that is not high, but out of the reach of the poor; the free reading-room of the Cooper Institute, whose books are to be used only in the rooms; and the Astor Library, which is accessible to all, but only in hours which practically confine its benefits to students, since its books are never loaned to be carried out of the building.

Brooklyn seems to be in a fair way to realize the project of a free lending library through Mr. Seney's liberality, and Baltimore has been tendered a munificent gift for the same purpose by Mr. Pratt. New York's free library is yet in the brain of projectors, not having up to this time touched the pockets of givers. But the great merchants—the burgher princes of the metropolis—have never failed in these later years to sustain any movement having reasonable prospect of serving the city and the world, and we do not doubt of the ultimate success of the Free Library, now that it is fairly propounded and advocated by influential men. It is to be hoped that the proposition to distribute books through the police-stations will not be accepted. A free library ought to guard itself carefully against all appearance of shabbiness; and to the poor the station-house seems a sort of porter's lodge to perdition. The distribution through the public schools would be less objectionable, but tendency of this might be to lower the standard of books purchased and the public estimation of the library. We think that means can easily be devised for distributing over the wide territorial extent of New York without calling in the aid of other institutions. It is important that a strict censorship be kept upon the books of such a library, that it may not become a fountain of corruption instead of a source of enlightenment.

But why should the movement for free libraries be confined to great cities? A library is of more use in an educational way than a high-school. The taste for good reading is the true door to culture, and if the taste for good reading be once established in a young person, there is an absolute certainty of the attainment of a degree of culture which persevering years in school cannot give. It is not enough to have free schools. A wide-spread movement for libraries, which shall be either wholly free or exceeding cheap, would be a most wholesome one. The abolition of the low-priced pirated productions, which we hope to see brought about by copyright, would leave the field free for libraries, and libraries would render American as well as English literature of easy access to the humblest.

A Third Offer of Prizes for Wood-engraving.

BY reference to page 230 of the present number, the reader will find the report of the Committee of Award setting forth the results of the second annual competition for the prizes for wood-engraving offered by this magazine in April, 1881. These results are of so successful and promising a nature that, in making a third offer, we are induced to add an additional prize to competitors of the first and second year. The demand for first-rate engravers continues to keep pace with the rapid growth in public favor of the best American work, and the reasons urged by us, a year ago, for the establishment of instruction in the art in technical and art schools have gained rather than lost in cogency. In Philadelphia, by the efforts of Miss Emily Sartain, a class in wood-engraving has been organized in connection with the Academy of Design, and, we are told, is fully justifying the faith of those who united in its establishment. The number of those from Boston who have already competed for these prizes is so large that we shall not be surprised to hear that a similar experiment is to be set on foot in that city.

In Cincinnati, a city of most liberal investments in art,—investments which have already produced a large return of good designers and artists,—the project has been favorably considered, but, we believe, has been dropped for want of funds. The past year has seen, as every succeeding year is likely to see, such improvement of individual engravers, that it is safe to regard as confirmed that the present high state of the art in America is not accidental, but is in the constitution of the national mind and hand. So long as there are good paintings, there will be a popular demand for their reproduction by the wood-cut, and with the spread of a taste for the former will come an increased demand that the latter shall always be as good as the best. With this desire in view, we announce herewith the

TERMS OF THE THIRD COMPETITION.

I. To the engravers of the first, second, and third best blocks to be made during the current year by persons who, before June 1st, 1882, have never engraved for pay or taken part in former competitions—the proofs to be submitted to us by Dec. 1st, 1882—we will pay respectively \$100, \$75, and \$50

II. For the best block engraved during the year by any one who has taken part in former competitions, except prize winners \$50

III. For the best block to be done during the year by any prize winner in former competitions \$50

IV. Competing blocks must be accompanied by two fine press-proofs and by the original.

V. No subject must be chosen by an engraver until he has secured permission from the owner of the original, or, if copyrighted in America or Europe, from the holder of the copyright, to publish the engraving in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE without cost to the magazine.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Whittier's Poem of "Mogg Megone."

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, January 18, 1882.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: Some time ago you published in your magazine an article, from the pen of Mr. R. H. Stoddard, on the life and poetry of John Greenleaf Whittier, who, next to Longfellow, is the best known American poet in Australia. In that article reference was made to "Mogg Megone," which is an Indian story based on the early history of the State of Maine. Mr. Stoddard mentioned as two of the principal characters in the poem John Bonython and his daughter Ruth. These were real personages. The former, I may explain, was the son of Captain Richard Bonython, one of the original landed proprietors of the colony, and a member of the first council appointed to administer its affairs, as well as "a most efficient and able magistrate." Being a descendant of the old Cornish family of which Richard Bonython was a member, I lately wrote to Mr. Whittier, asking as to the sources of his information respecting John Bonython, and expressing a strong doubt as to whether he was at all an outlaw of the kind described in "Mogg Megone," although he was unquestionably outlawed for setting at defiance the general court of Massachusetts. But it should be remembered that the poem carries the reader back to the old Puritan days, when the records show that a woman was ordered "to be publicly whipped for abusing Captain Bonython," and that a fine was inflicted for the serious offense of saying "that Major Phillips's mare was as lean as an Indian dog." I suggested to Mr. Whittier that if he shared my opinion as to there being no sufficient historical foundation for the John Bonython of "Mogg Megone," the fact might be more distinctly stated in a note to future editions of his poems. Mr. Whittier promptly replied to my inquiries in the generous and characteristic letter which I inclose.

Yours, faithfully,

JOHN LANGDON BONYTHON.

The following is Mr. Whittier's letter:

"AMESBURY, MASS., U. S., 9th mo. 15, 1881.

"JOHN LANGDON BONYTHON, ESQ'RE.

"DEAR FRIEND: Thy letter has just reached me. The poem referred to was written in my boyish days, when I knew little of colonial history or anything else, and was included in my collected writings by my publishers against my wishes. I think thou art right in regard to John Bonython. I knew nothing of him save what I found in the 'History of Saco,' and supposed the name and race extinct, as I never heard of the name on this side of the water. If possible, I shall have the entire poem omitted; if not, I will cheerfully add the note suggested. I thank thee for calling my attention to the matter, as I would not knowingly do injustice to any one, living or dead.

"I am very truly thy friend,

"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

More about the Pitcairn Islanders.

WE are courteously permitted to print the following letter from Miss Rosalind Young, whom our readers will remember as the author of the curious article on the "Mutineers of the *Bounty*," in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for May, 1881:

"PITCAIRN ISLAND, Aug. 26, 1881.

"DEAR FRIEND: Your letter, bearing date May 22d, reached me safely on the 19th ultimo, and I was really pleased with it. * * *

"Now I am going to reply to your various questions. In the first place, as regards our quiet life, we are in general quite contented with living in this little world by itself, although at times there is a desire to go and see the outside world.

"Three of our young men left this island, in the early part of this year, in three several ships, bound for Liverpool, so on their return we shall doubtless have plenty to ask and hear about. Amongst the older portion of our community there is, as you think, a deep-seated love for this little island.

"When your letter reached me there was a shipwrecked crew with us, and it amused me not a little that one of them, a young Englishman, should tell us that we seemed to be living in an antediluvian period, as our ways are so primitive and we are so far behind the rest of the world.

"The only photographer that has penetrated to this obscure spot was the captain of a British man-of-war, who was here two years ago and took several photographs, three of which only reached us, and as one of them happened to be mine I will send you one. * * *

"As regards music, the present young generation were taught vocal music by my dear father, who received his own very limited musical education from a passing stranger, a music-teacher, thirty-one years ago, who came ashore on a visit. * * * The result of his six days' teaching gave him much satisfaction, and the people, who are naturally music-loving, have tried to educate themselves to the best of their ability ever since. The knowledge we have of instrumental music is certainly small. We first taught ourselves by the ear and then play over some simple pieces by sight, and in that way manage to gain a little day by day. * * *

"Your next question is how the speech has been kept pure. I do not think any difficulty has ever been experienced in communicating with vessels that happened to call in here, even from the very first, for we read in Mr. Murray's 'History of Pitcairn' how surprised were the first people that came here to receive a greeting in hearty English from the two young men who went on board. * * * Still we do have a dialect of our own, which strangers who visit us can scarcely understand. It is made up of the unsuccessful attempts to speak English which our maternal ancestors made, intermingled with a few half Tahitian words still retained amongst us.

"Money is an article that can well be dispensed with here, as we grow our own food, and then to obtain clothing we trade off the produce of the island, and get its worth in what we require—from whale-ships mostly. * * * Every woman here is her own dress-maker. We fashion our dresses from patterns that are sent ashore from time to time by ladies, both English and American, who call in here on their way to and from San Francisco.

"We manufacture our own hats, made into different shapes, from the leaf of a kind of palm-tree. To make straw, the leaves are cut from the tree when young, and then laid out in the sun to dry. Each leaf is about two or three inches broad. As I write, one of my sisters is trimming one for our married sister. I wish it were possible to do so, then I would send you one just for you to see.

"For reading matter we have enough to last a lifetime. As I do a great deal of correspondence, I am sometimes in want of paper and envelopes; if you can, send me some, please. We all smiled at that paragraph in your letter which says you feel as if writing to another world.

"The time your letter took to get here was scarcely two months, and should this soon have an opportunity of being sent, it will probably reach you in less time than that. Letters sent to us often miscarry, and when a mail does reach us it is a time of great pleasure. Messrs. Hanley & Snow, 126 California street, San Francisco, always kindly forward our letters to us. When you write me again, please inclose your photograph.

"I hope you will like my letter as well as I do yours. I know I can learn to love you, because your name is Lucy, my favorite name.

"Yours most sincerely,

"ROSALIND YOUNG."

LITERATURE.

Nordenskiöld's "Voyage of the Vega."

THE recent disaster to the Arctic exploring steamer *Jeannette*—a disaster which seems likely to result in a greater loss of life than has ever before attended an American polar expedition—will, in all probability, revive again the old questions, "Of what use is Arctic discovery?" "What has ever been gained by Arctic exploration which is at all commensurate with its cost in money, suffering, and lives?" The questions are not very hard to answer, at least to the satisfaction of science; but as the popular mind does not fully appreciate the value of scientific knowledge until such knowledge is shown to have some bearing upon everyday life, and as the scientific and practical results of the great Arctic expeditions, even of the last twenty-five years, are already half forgotten, it may perhaps be regarded as a fortunate circumstance that Baron Nordenskiöld's history of the successful voyage of the *Vega* comes just in time to break the discouraging force of the bad news from the *Jeannette*, and to furnish the advocates of Arctic exploration with new answers to the questions and objections of its opponents.

It would be hard to point to a book of travel or exploration written within the last quarter of a century which has added more to the world's stock of accurate and valuable knowledge than this history of the voyage of the *Vega* around the northern coasts of Europe and Asia. It is not merely a narrative of Arctic exploration, or a series of sketches of Arctic life. It is an exhaustive historical and scientific study of the whole Arctic region lying along the North-Asiatic coast. The material which it contains might be divided into at least four separate and independent books, as follows: first, "A History of the Attempts to Discover a North-east Passage"; second, "The Narrative of the Voyage of the *Vega*"; third, "The Physical Geography and Natural History of the North-Siberian coast"; and, fourth, "A Study of the Siberian Chookchees." Each of these books would contain from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred octavo pages, each would be com-

plete in itself and almost exhaustive of its subject, and any one of the last three might fairly be regarded, not only as an adequate return for the money invested in the expedition, but as a complete and satisfactory answer to the question, "Of what use is Arctic exploration?"

If full and accurate knowledge of the world in which we live, and of the people who inhabit it, is valuable and desirable for its own sake, then Arctic exploration may stand justified by its results as set forth in Baron Nordenskiöld's book. But even if this be not admitted, and if Arctic exploration be tried by the severer test of immediate practical utility, the voyage of the *Vega* must still be regarded as a great and important achievement, since it has demonstrated the possibility of opening communication by water with the whole interior of Northern Asia, and of thus developing and making available the vast mineral and agricultural resources of Southern Siberia.

The salient features of the voyage of the *Vega* are familiar to all readers of periodical literature, and it is hardly necessary in the present review to do more than briefly refer to them. The cruise of the Swedes along the Asiatic coast from the frontier of Europe to Bering Strait was comparatively an uneventful one, and does not seem to have been attended with any great difficulty or danger. In fact, Baron Nordenskiöld himself says (p. 451) that "it may be accomplished again in most, perhaps in all, years, in the course of a few weeks." The *Vega* followed everywhere the narrow lane of open water between the Siberian coast and the main pack, rarely venturing out of sight of land, and never dashing hastily or imprudently into the fields of ice which at times seemed to bar further progress. The commander of the expedition was apparently guided throughout in the management of his ship by the rule which he states on page 222 of his book, that "the polar navigator ought above everything to avoid being beset." When the pack drifted in against the coast and temporarily closed the narrow channel which he was following, he did not attempt to force his way through, at the risk of having his ship imprisoned and carried helplessly northward in the ice, as were the *Tegethoff* and the *Jeannette*, but waited patiently until the ice barrier had been broken up or removed by a change of wind. It was this prudent management, combined with thorough and accurate foreknowledge of all the conditions of Arctic

*The Voyage of the Vega round Asia and Europe, with a historical review of previous journeys along the north coast of the Old World. By A. E. Nordenskiöld. Translated by Alexander Leslie. With five steel portraits, numerous maps, and illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

navigation, which enabled Nordenskiöld to take the *Vega*, in a little more than two months, from Tromsø through the Arctic Ocean to a point distant only one hundred and twenty miles from Bering Strait; to winter there in perfect safety; and, in the following year, to complete the north-east passage by sailing through Bering Strait into the Pacific.

In preparing the present record of the *Vega's* voyage and its results, Baron Nordenskiöld has worked on a far more comprehensive plan than that usually adopted by Arctic narrators. He has not contented himself with a mere statement of the *Vega's* fortunes and achievements, and of the personal experience, work, and impressions of her officers. The narrative of every stage of her progress eastward is preceded by an exhaustive historical review of all previous explorations in the same field, and is enriched by a multitude of facts, comparisons, and conclusions, drawn from the author's wide experience as an explorer in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and other parts of the Arctic regions. This method of treatment, although it breaks the continuity of the narrative, throws a flood of illustrative light upon the facts narrated, by bringing each one into its proper place in the existing body of Arctic knowledge, and thus showing its comparative importance or significance. Nearly half of Baron Nordenskiöld's bulky volume is taken up by information which is not a direct result of the work of the *Vega's* officers and naturalists, but which is indispensable to a proper understanding of that work and its value.

It is, of course, impossible within the narrow limits of a review to give more than the barest outline of the contents of a closely printed volume of eight hundred octavo pages. Attention can be called only to particular subjects here and there which are made prominent by unusual fullness of treatment, or which open new and interesting fields of investigation. Among such are the history, customs, and present condition of the Samoyades; the animal world of Novaya Zemlya; the topography, climate, and material resources of Siberia; the fossil remains of extinct animals found in the frozen soil of Northern Asia; the flora of the North-Siberian coast; the submarine fauna of the Asiatic Arctic Ocean; and the history, mode of life, customs and characteristics of the Siberian Chookchees.

Among original investigations of great scientific interest made by Baron Nordenskiöld, are those with regard to the aurora, and to the fall of cosmic dust from interplanetary space upon the great Siberian plains. From observations made at the winter quarters of the *Vega* in 1878-9, Baron Nordenskiöld draws the conclusions that the aurora of the high north is a permanent natural phenomenon; that our globe is adorned with an almost constant single, double, or multiple luminous crown, whose inner edge is situated at a height of about one hundred and twenty-five miles above the surface of the earth, and whose center—the aurora pole—lies somewhat under the surface and a little north of the magnetic pole. This luminous crown, which the author calls "the aurora glory," is permanent, or nearly so, and bears the same relation to the irregular ray and drapery-auroras of more southerly latitudes that the steady trade and monsoon winds of the south bear to the irregular storms and hurricanes of the north. The observations upon which these conclusions rest have been made the subject of a

special paper, which is printed in the official record of the scientific work of the *Vega* expedition.

The fall of "cosmic dust," or meteoric matter in the form of an invisible and impalpable powder, is another subject of great scientific interest to which the author has devoted particular attention. From careful observations, made originally in Spitzbergen and repeated with the same results in Greenland and at the mouth of the Yenesei, Baron Nordenskiöld is convinced that there is falling upon the earth, from interplanetary space, a steady although imperceptible rain of meteoric particles, which when collected and analyzed are found to consist of the same elements which occur in aerolites. The author says "it may appear to many that it is beneath the dignity of science to concern itself with so trifling an affair as the fall of a small quantity of dust"; but he gives facts which go to show that the amount of matter which reaches the earth annually in this way from interplanetary space exceeds five hundred thousand tons, and that such an amount falling uniformly and steadily every year throughout past geologic ages must have profoundly affected the constitution of the globe. Baron Nordenskiöld will doubtless be gratified to know that, since his return to Europe, his observations and experiments have been repeated by Russian scientists in the interior of Siberia, with the result of fully confirming his conclusions. On the 31st of last October, M. Marks, a Russian meteorologist, collected at Venesayisk, in Central Siberia, a considerable quantity of the same dust which Baron Nordenskiöld discovered in Spitzbergen, in Greenland, and on the Arctic coast of Northern Asia, and found it, upon analysis, to consist of the elements which are distinctively characteristic of meteors, viz., cobalt, nickel, and iron.

The chapters of Baron Nordenskiöld's book which will perhaps interest the largest number of readers are those relating to the Siberian Chookchees. The picture which he gives us of this small but interesting Arctic tribe is a peculiar and, in some respects, an anomalous one. Here are a few thousand people, living in the extreme north-eastern part of Asia in a state of savagery, or at most on a low level of barbarism, without any form of government, without any kind of social restraint except public opinion, without any religion except a vague fetishism, and without any hope or expectation of a future life. Such a state of society we should naturally call the most complete anarchy; and yet in this social state are found among the Chookchees peace, a certain degree of comfort, perfect security for life and property, unbounded hospitality, and a strong feeling of mutual sympathy and good-will. If it be thought that this picture of Chookchee life is too favorably drawn, let the reader compare it with the statements made by Baron Nordenskiöld on pages 501 to 508. The women, he says, are invariably well treated, are consulted by the men with regard to matters of business, and may hold property in their own right. "Within the family, the most remarkable unanimity prevails, so that we never heard a hard word exchanged either between man and wife, parents and children, or between the married pair who own the tent, and the unmarried who occasionally live in it. The children are neither chastised nor scolded, and yet they are the best behaved I have ever seen.

Their behavior in the tent is equal to that of the best brought-up European children in the parlor." The men are honest, good humored, and obliging, and "criminal statistics of the tribe are impossible for want of crimes." Judged by the highest European and American standards, this is clearly the ideal society in a realized form. The question naturally arises, what is the secret of the general amiability which seems to prevail throughout the Chookchee nation. The author does not tell us to what he attributes it, but leaves us to infer that the Chookchees are happy, honest, cheerful, and harmonious because they have no system of theology and are not over-governed. We are surprised, however, to learn that, in Baron Nordenskiöld's opinion, the virtues and amiable characteristics of this Arctic tribe are so many evidences of a change in the direction of decadence; that, in other words, as soon as a savage stops beating his wife, abusing his children, and robbing his neighbors, he is degenerating in character, and is on the way to speedy extinction. This is certainly a blow at the root of all heathen reform societies and missionary enterprises, if not at the root of Christian civilization itself.

In summarizing the general characteristics of Baron Nordenskiöld's book, it must be frankly said that, while it is a perfect treasury of scientific information, it cannot be compared, as far as dramatic interest and descriptive power are concerned, with such a book as that of Payer. This is due, in part, to the fact that the voyage of the *Vega* was not diversified by any stirring incidents or relieved by any picturesque circumstances, and partly to the fact that all the grace and descriptive force of Baron Nordenskiöld's style have been eliminated by the English translator. The translation is not only hard to read, on account of the frequent recurrence of non-English idioms and bad syntax, but it is often absolutely unintelligible. The following sentence, which will be found on page 348, is a fair specimen of the translator's English style:

"These accounts show that I indeed might have reason to be uneasy at my ill-luck, in again losing some days at a place at whose bare coast, exposed to the winds of the Polar Sea, there was little of scientific interest to employ ourselves with, little, at least, in comparison with what one could do in a few days, for instance, at the islands in Behring Straits or in St. Lawrence Bay, lying as it does south of the easternmost promontory of Asia, and therefore sheltered from the winds of the Arctic Ocean, but that there were no grounds for fearing that it would be necessary to winter there."

When to such syntax as this are added such obsolete, technical, or provincial words as "terrain," "druse," "fairway," "gazon," "louvre-case," and "leister," and such compounds as "self-dead," "self-colored," "ice-casts," "fowl-fell," "strand-bank," "train-drenched," and "stomach-cold," the English reader can hardly be charged with lack of intelligence if he fails to understand the author's meaning. It is furthermore very irritating to find the words "exceedingly inconsiderable" used everywhere for "small," and "not inconsiderable" for "large." The translator seems for some reason to have taken a violent prejudice against monosyllabic English adjectives, and systematically avoids using them. In-

stead of "high," he always writes "lofty" or "stately," as "lofty ice-casts" (high hummocks) and a "stately cairn." Many of the errors which occur most frequently, and are most annoying,—such as the failures of verbs to agree with their nouns, the use of adjectives to modify verbs, the reference to "soup" as "them," and to "work" as "these,"—should and would have been corrected by an intelligent proof-reader; but of intelligent proof-reading there is not the slightest evidence.

The spelling of proper names throughout the book is as irregular and inconsistent as it well could be. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that a translator who is not familiar with the Russian language will adopt and follow a definite and coherent system of spelling Russian names; but he might at least spell or transliterate with uniformity. Almost every proper name in this entire volume is spelled in two, three, and sometimes four different ways. There are, for instance, four variations of Yakootsk: viz., "Yakutsk," "Yakoutska," "Yakootsk," and "Jakoutska"; three variations of Kamchatka: viz., "Kamchatka," "Kamschatka," and "Kamschatska"; and three variations of Chookchee: viz., "Chukch," "Chukchi," and "Chukche." Zemlya is spelled on the same page "Zemlya" and "Semlja"; Chaoon appears as "Chaun" and "Tschaun"; and Pyasina masquerades in the forms "Pjaesina," "Pjasina," and "Pjaïsna." Even common and well-known names such as Tartar, Lütke, Erman, and Quatrefages are given in their correct forms, and also in the forms "Tatar," "Litke," "Erman," and "Quatrefage." This varying orthography of foreign names can be attributed only to carelessness, and it is to be regretted that a defect so easily remedied should have been permitted to mar the general accuracy and trustworthiness of a volume which is otherwise so creditable to author and publishers. The book is well printed and tastefully bound, and is beautifully illustrated with more than three hundred engravings and maps.

Warner's "Washington Irving" and Scudder's "Noah Webster" ("American Men of Letters" Series).

THE "American Men of Letters" series opens pleasantly with its editor's life of Irving; a somewhat sketchy little volume, expanded from the introductory essay that Mr. Warner supplied to a recent edition of Irving, and swelled to the required dimensions by citations from the latter's writings which take up a third of the book. There remains, indeed, very little that is new to say about Irving. His biography has been written in full, and readers have come to an agreement about the quality of his genius. It is significant of the distance to which the literary intellect has drifted from that placid Addisonian tradition of which Irving was the American heir, that Mr. Warner finds it necessary to adopt the tone of apologist. The greater depth and stress of our post-Knickerbocker literature has perhaps made us forgetful how enduring a quality there is, after all, in Irving's gentle and cordial charm. The effect of Mr. Warner's sympathetic criticism will be to recall this once more to the recollection of many who, having cried or

* Washington Irving. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. Noah Webster. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

laughed in boyhood over the "Sketch-Book" and the "History of New York," have since allowed those immortal works to grow dusty on their book-shelves.

The biographer recognizes in his subject a congenial nature. He finds that humor and sentiment are his prominent traits, and yet he vindicates his title to imagination—a quality that has sometimes been denied him. "It seems to me," he says, "that the transmutation of the crude and therefore unpoetical materials which he found in the New World, into what is as absolute a creation as exists in literature, was a distinct work of the imagination. Its humorous quality does not interfere with its largeness of outline, nor with its essential poetic coloring." "The Knickerbocker Legend and the romance with which Irving has invested the Hudson are a priceless legacy. . . . New York is the Knickerbocker city; its whole social life remains colored by his fiction; and the romantic background it owes to him, in some measure lends to it what great age has given to European cities."

We are glad, too, to see Mr. Warner resenting the slighting estimate which the Philistine puts on "light literature," as he densely calls all writings whose aim is to move rather than to instruct. Irving's biographer claims for the "Sketch-Book" and the "History of New York" a solid claim to importance than books like his "Columbus" or his "Washington" can present, though it was the latter and not the former that gained him a D. C. L. from Oxford. "All the learning of Oxford and Cambridge together would not enable a man to draw the whimsical portrait of Ichabod Crane, or to outline the fascinating legend of Rip Van Winkle; while Europe was full of scholars of more learning than Irving, and writers of equal skill in narrative, who might have told the story of Columbus as well as he told it, and perhaps better." In other words, it is the characteristic thing about a man that is important: the thing that he can do and no one else can.

The summary of Irving's character as man and author, in Mr. Warner's closing chapter, is appreciative and modest, though it gives no new insights. The preliminary sketch of the condition of American literature before Irving is interesting but meager. Room might well have been made for more of such, even at the sacrifice of the hundred pages of "filling" in chapter eight.

Noah Webster doubtless comes under the definition of a "man of letters" in his own dictionary; but he was not a man of letters at all in the sense in which Irving was, or in the common meaning of the term. He had no grace of style, no literary taste, not even that sense of the niceties of language which might be looked for in an eminent philologist. No man endowed with a really literary gift could have suggested such verbal changes as he made in his revision of the Bible. He was a school-master and a dictionary maker, with a strong business side to him, rather than a man of literature, or of elegant scholarship even. Nevertheless, we have found Mr. Scudder's life of Webster unexpectedly juicy, considering the dryness of his subject. For one thing, he breaks fresh ground, no life of the great lexicographer having yet appeared except the memoir by Chauncey Goodrich prefixed to "The Unabridged." Mr. Scudder, moreover, has had the skill to abandon

the formal biographic method, and to make Webster the text of an essay on the condition of American society and literature in his generation. It was the day of few books, scant population, and small colleges. The biographer begins with an air of amusement, as he quotes from the diary of President Stiles of Yale College, how "the students disputed forensically this day a twofold question: whether the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, and the ignorance of the Middle Ages, caused by the inundation of the Goths and the Vandals, were events unfortunate to literature. They disputed imitatively well, particularly Barlow, Swift, and Webster." But as he goes on, he seems to conceive a real respect for the admirable qualities of his subject, and his tone becomes more earnest. The portrait of Webster gradually takes shape under his hands as that of the typical Connecticut Yankee—a quite different species from the Massachusetts Yankee; more intensely practical and less prone to idealism; in many things more conservative and orthodox, yet in others more given to innovation; restless, and readily inclined to wander away to the South, the West, or even to Europe, and adapt himself to new habits. Joel Barlow was another typical Connecticut Yankee of Webster's generation—indeed, a classmate of Webster's at college—who had the same adventurous, adaptive spirit. It was just a hundred years ago, and at Goshen, Orange Co., N. Y., that Webster, then a young school-teacher, compiled the first part of his "Grammatical Institute," better known as the famous "Webster's Spelling Book," which has instructed many millions of school children, of which indeed some sixty millions of copies have been issued up to date. The innovations which Webster proposed, and in part carried out in his "American Dictionary of the English Language" (begun in 1806 and published in 1828), were highly characteristic of the man and of the race to which he belonged. He took the mechanical view of language; it was an invention, a machine, and might be improved like any other machine. With his Yankee instinct for the useful and the simple, he accordingly set to work to reduce our chaotic spelling to regularity. The outcry raised against what now seem the very moderate changes proposed by Webster, and the battle of the dictionaries that followed on the publication of Worcester's Dictionary, are matters of general note, and Mr. Scudder wisely declines to discuss the points at issue. The victory at one time certainly seemed to be with the Worcesterians, and in the latest editions of Webster the conservative spellings have been silently restored. But lately the combat has re-opened with bigger artillery. The etymological stronghold of the Worcesterians has been stormed, and Dr. Holmes, who once made brilliant fun of *center* and *melter*, sees himself compelled to "hedge" in a printed letter—the professor of English at his own university having come out in favor of a spelling reform which would have seemed radical even to Noah Webster.

Webster's restless activity found vent in other directions than lexicography. He started the "American Magazine" in New York; contributed political articles—on the Federal side, of course—to the Hartford "Courant"; procured the printing of Winthrop's valuable "Journal"; and issued, himself, a current

volume of common-sense reflections on popular proverbs, entitled "The Prompter." Mr. Scudder draws a comparison between Webster and Franklin. "He had Franklin's common sense and homeliness, by which he gained a hearing from plain men and women; but he had not Franklin's crystal style, his instinct for the fewest and best words, his happy use of a language which seemed made for his thoughts." Another of Webster's practical achievements was his pushing through copyright laws, first in the legislatures of the several colonies, and afterward in the Congress of the United States. In pursuit of this object, which he undertook to protect his spelling-book, he displayed his usual energy and shrewdness, traveling many miles, memorializing legislatures, and interviewing Congressmen till the law was passed.

In his dictionary enterprise, as in all his writing and thinking, Mr. Scudder discovers as a prominent trait in Webster a bumptious and somewhat provincial Americanism. In this he was a true representative of his generation. Having proclaimed independence of Great Britain politically, we were to be independent in everything else. Had not Joel Barlow written a great American epic? Was there not Roman eloquence in the orations of Hancock, Warren, Livingston, etc.? Why should we not have an American spelling, an American pronunciation—nay, an American language—distinct from that of the mother country? This kind of patriotism has become a thing of the past; but it may be questioned whether the cosmopolitanism which has taken its place can quite afford to laugh at it.

Altogether, Mr. Scudder has made out of rather jejune materials a clever and instructive study, and one not wanting in original remarks, as where he says of the Puritan Sabbath: "Never, perhaps, has there been a religion which succeeded so completely in investing time with the sacredness which elsewhere had been appropriated by place."

Froude's "Carlyle."

THE long review of Carlyle's "Reminiscences," in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for May, 1881, renders needless any extended notice of this more formal biography. What Mr. Froude has done is to fill up the interstices between the "Reminiscences" from the abundant material in his possession, and to supply an orderly narrative as a setting to the extracts from Carlyle's journals and correspondence. The history is brought down to the year 1835, when its subject had settled down for life in London, and begun the writing of his "French Revolution," the work which first clearly established his reputation. The letters of Mrs. Carlyle—which Mr. Froude promises at an early day—will continue the story to the time of her death, and the editor of the "Reminiscences" will then add his own recollections of Carlyle during his last years, thus completing what will be, if not a methodical biography, at least most ample material for that future biographer who will only appear when the evidence is all in; that is to say, when the last person who knew

the great Scotchman, and has anything to say about him publicly, shall have spoken and passed away.

Meanwhile, Mr. Froude's history deepens and confirms the impression of Carlyle's personal character produced by the "Reminiscences"—an impression, we need hardly say, not so favorable as the admirers of his writings might have hoped to receive, when the circumstances of his life should finally be made known. The feeling is more than ever borne in upon us, as we read, that here was a nature in essentials sound, but in its outward aspects frightfully marred by intolerance, arrogance, impatience of suffering or contradiction, and even—what seems at first sight incredible—by vanity. For it becomes sadly evident to the reader of these volumes that Carlyle's attitude toward individuals of his acquaintance depended not so much on "the eternal verities" as on *their* attitude toward *him*—as it does in the case of ordinary mortals. His disparaging estimate of Scott seems due in part to a personal slight which he conceived himself to have received from the latter. Carlyle had been made the medium of a communication and a little present from Goethe to Scott, and had accompanied the delivery of these with a letter of his own, which Sir Walter had left unnoticed. "To me," writes Carlyle, "he is and has been an object of very minor interest for many, many years. The novelwright of his time, its favorite child, and therefore an almost worthless one." De Quincey had reviewed unfavorably his translation of "Wilhelm Meister," and accordingly he says of him—with ludicrous exaggeration, for the little opium-eater was the gentlest of souls—"He carries a laudanum bottle in his pocket and the venom of a wasp in his heart." The anecdote about Lamb and Carlyle ("Perhaps you are a p-p-poulterer") which has been going the rounds of the press may not be authentic, and can scarcely account for the savage grudge which the philosopher bore the harmless Elia, but the passage about Lamb in this history looks on the face of it even more vindictive than the one in the "Reminiscences":

"A more pitiful, ricketty, gasping, staggering, stammering Tomfool I do not know. * * * He is now a confirmed, shameless drunkard; asks vehemently for gin and water in strangers' houses, tipsles till he is utterly mad, and is only not thrown out of doors because he is too much despised for taking such trouble with him. Poor Lamb! Poor England, when such a despicable abortion is named genius!"

The only reason why "poor Hunt" got any better treatment from Carlyle than "poor Lamb" and "poor De Quincey," would seem to be that Hunt liked Carlyle, and showed his liking; the others perhaps not.

A little drama hinted at in the "Reminiscences" is here more distinctly brought out. Mrs. Carlyle, we now learn for a certainty, had been passionately in love with Edward Irving before she had ever met her future husband. The feeling was returned, but Irving had already engaged himself to another woman, who declined to release him. The custom of Scotland made betrothal only less binding than wedlock. The lovers accordingly took the only honorable course and renounced each other, with consequences to both that may without exaggeration be called tragic. Had Irving married Jane Welsh, her clear, penetrating sense and mocking wit would have kept him free from the mis-

* Thomas Carlyle: A History of the First Forty Years of his Life. By James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

erable delusions and fanaticisms that overtook the close of his career. She said herself that if Irving had married her "the tongues" would never have been heard of. On the other hand, it is Mr. Froude's deliberately expressed opinion that her marriage with Carlyle was a misfortune, certainly for her, perhaps for both. Toward the end of her life she said: "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him—and I am miserable." She had given Carlyle to understand, when he sought her hand, that though she loved him, she was not *in love* with him. They were neither of them under any romantic illusion as to the state of the other's feelings. She became his brave, uncomplaining helpmate through years of self-denial and household drudgery. His intellectual companion, in the sense that she had hoped, she never became. The devil that possessed him was a solitary fiend, and his work had to be done—as probably all creative work has to be done—apart from all companionship. That Carlyle loved his wife and came after her death to worship her memory no reader of his "Reminiscences" and his letters can doubt. But he was, as his mother described him, "gey ill to live wi"; and in his plucky fight against poverty and dyspepsia, he dragged his wife along over smooth and rough, an unflinching sacrifice to the egotism of genius. The suspicion excited by the "Reminiscences" and strengthened by Miss Jewsbury's recollections is confirmed by this history: the suspicion, viz., that the repeated and almost exaggerated expressions of love and grief which Carlyle uttered after the death of his wife were in great part the effect of remorse. He saw too late that he had been self-absorbed, inconsiderate, and often irritable. But she who had suffered that he might become great had passed beyond the reach of his atonement.

Socially, the best side of Carlyle was his strong family affections. All that part of his correspondence which displays his filial love and fraternal helpfulness is very beautiful. Here there is nothing but forbearance, unselfishness, and simplicity. One cannot help wondering why he did not turn toward the world a little of that "sweet reasonableness" which he kept for his somewhat feckless brothers John and Alick, who were a sore burden to him in his poverty.

Carlyle's journals, which were rather intermittent, bear no such important relation to his books as Hawthorne's note-books do to his. Yet there are some seed thoughts in them here and there, interesting to note. And both in the journals and the correspondence are passages now of deep tenderness and awe, and now of sharp, humorous observation. "I am often very calm and quiet. I delight to see these old mountains lying in the calm sleep of twilight, stirless as death, pure as disembodied spirits, or floating like cerulean islands, while the white vapours of the morning have hidden all the lower earth." This from Craigenputtock. The following, of a different kind, is a sketch of two fellow passengers on the boat from Leith to London. Sir David Innes "had a large, long head like a sepulchral urn. His face, pock-pitted, hirsute and bristly, was at once vast and hatchet-shaped. He stood for many hours together with his left hand laid upon the boat on the middle of the deck and the thumb of his right hand stuck firmly with its point on the hip joint; his large blue

and rheumy eyes gazing on vacancy, the very image of thick-lipped misery. Captain Smith was of quite an opposite species, brisk, lean, whisking, smart of speech and quick in bowing; but, if possible, still more inane than dullness. * * * These two, dullness and inanity, contrived to tell me in the course of the voyage nearly all the truisms which natural and moral science have yet enriched the world withal. They demonstrated to me that sea-sickness was painful, that sea-captains ought to be expert, that London was a great city, that the Turks eat opium, that the Irish were discontented, that brandy would intoxicate."

Here is that exaggeration of the characteristic which produces caricature—a gift Carlyle had in common with Dickens, and which explains his admiration for Dickens.

In general, this biographical fragment exhibits the philosopher as he is already known, burning no clear flame (*Terrar ut proximi* the motto of him), but rolling up volumes of red volcanic fire mixed with pitchy smoke. A phenomenon rather than an illumination; a spirit of destruction and negation quite as much as of "the eternal Yea."

"Dorothy."*

THE APOTHEOSIS OF BRAWN.

THIS is not simply an idyl, but a sermon preached on the ironical text of Hobbes in Clough's "Bothie":

"Scrubbing requires for true grace but frank and artistical handling.
And the removal of slops to be ornamentally treated."

The author has a two-fold mission: first, to preach the beauty of hard hands and red arms; secondly, to denounce the Bill to Regulate Female Employment—of which piece of legislation Colonel St. Quentin, the villain of the story—if he merits so strong a title—is, significantly enough, the great promoter. The heroine is a farm-servant at White Rose Farm, the natural and unacknowledged child of the Colonel by a milk-maid employed at the farm, who dies on giving birth to her. Dorothy, or "Dolly," is reared upon the farm; she does the coarsest out-door and in-door work, and has the "strong, coarse frame of a farm wench":

"Rough were her broad brown hands, and within, ah me! they were horny:
Rough were her thick ruddy arms, shapely and round as they were:
Rough too her glowing cheeks; and her sunburnt face and forehead
Browner than cairngorm seemed, set in her amber-bright hair."

Her employments are described with a defiant minuteness. The fastidious reader who wishes to be shocked shall be shocked to the top of his bent. Nothing shall be withheld, however homely or seemingly unpoetic. If Dorothy is sweaty or greasy at her work; if her handsome face has a smudge on it; if she absorbs a substantial quantity of bacon and beer, the reader shall know it. It shall be thrust down his throat by repetition and emphasis, until he has no lingering illusion on the matter. She carries coal, chops wood, blackens the grates and her master's boots, harnesses the horse, cuts turnips for the

* Dorothy: A Country Story in Elegiac Verse. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

sheep, helps at the pig-killing, and cleans out the pigsty afterward.

"Then she can scrub and scour, and swill with the bucket and besom,
Flinging her pailfuls afar mightily over the yard."

She can even plow, and the process is described in a very fine passage, one of the most graphic and truthful in the poem:

"Ah, what a joy for her, at early morn, in the spring-time,
Driving from hedge to hedge furrows as straight as a line!
Seeing the crisp brown earth, like waves at the bow of a vessel,
Rise, curl over, and fall, under the thrust of the share;
Orderly falling and still, its edges all creamy and crumbling,
But, on the sloping side, polished and purple as steel;
And, ere the ridges were done, there was gossamer woven
above them,
Gossamer dewy and white, shining like foam on the sea."

This is good poetry, written "with the eye upon the object," and there is plenty more of it in the book. Dorothy's accomplishments and good qualities win her the love of a desirable *parti*, Master Robert, the head game-keeper at the castle, and the story of the courtship and marriage is simply and sweetly told.

But from the doctrine of the poem and, in consequence, from a large part of its execution, we must dissent. One has not to read far to discover that the poet is not content to let his poetry rest on its naturally poetic qualities. He must be preaching: he is eager to make proselytes to his view that the coarsest manual labor is in and of itself a lovely thing. He might have profited by reading what Hawthorne said of his experience at pitching manure in the farmyard of Brook Farm. Or he might have taken to heart the wise caution with which the tutor in Clough's "Bothie" checks the youthful Chartist who chants the praises of his ideal Dorothy:

"Washing, cooking, scouring,
Or, if you please, with the fork in the garden, uprooting potatoes."

To which "the grave man, Adam," answers:

"Education and manners, accomplishments and refinements,
Waltz peradventure, and polka, the knowledge of music and
drawing,
All these things are Nature's, to Nature dear and precious."

This, we take it, is the moral of Clough's poem—if any moral there be; and it is identical with that deep saying of Shakspeare's, who makes *Prince Florisel* reply to *Perdita's* dislike of garden-flowers as being the artificial creations of the gardener's art:

"Yet Nature is made better by no mean
But Nature makes that mean."

Our complaint is that the author of Dorothy has too narrow a conception of nature. In particular he insists with a snappish tenacity on the hardness of his heroine's hand, its gray palm and rugged edges. Let it be that the hand was hard. We will agree to waive that objection; but why should the poet make a merit of it? In Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," to which this poem has a manifest likeness in verse, name, and narrative, the heroine's hand was doubtless equally hard, but Goethe makes no fuss over it. His method is the simpler and more truly natural. But our author in a somewhat truculent appendix again challenges our admiration for hard hands. He gives a sort of historical sketch of the horny hand in literature, and uncon-

sciously condemns himself when he says naively of Wordsworth, "Wordsworth, whose rustic women and girls are so many, was concerned rather with their moral character and atmosphere than with their physical frame." Of course, and so was Goethe, and so was Clough, and so is every poet who has a right sense of proportion and of the proper business of poetry. In "Dorothy," on the other hand, the elevation of this petty detail into a matter of prime importance becomes ludicrous. We cannot see the heroine by reason of her hand. That inoffensive member gradually swells and broadens till it becomes a gigantic screen covering heaven and earth, just as in reality one's hand held up before his eyes shuts out the whole landscape. In particular it is made a sort of touch-stone. All the good characters in the poem admire it; all the wicked ones are afraid of it. The lover wins the heroine's love by fondling her crooked fingers and kissing her "cold, gray palm, cooling his lips with the horn"! On the other hand, a wicked young gentleman, who is bothering Dolly with his attentions, has his real baseness exposed by a sudden application of the test.

"The touch of her hands cured him completely of love."

For white hands, for "soft pink palms," and their owners, male or female, the poet has nothing but contempt and distrust.

If it is weak to feel repelled by a healthy physical coarseness in a woman, it is yet no sign of strength to insist on coarseness as a charm. The latter state of mind is an artificial reaction against the artificial. The common-sense view we take to be the natural one, viz., that delicacy and grace are physically necessary to the highest womanly charm; and that wholesome, handsome farm wenches, like Dorothy, please in spite of their lack of delicacy, not in consequence of it. Moreover, we refuse to accept the heroine of this poem as a type of character. It will be found that coarseness of sentiment usually accompanies coarse bodies and coarse employments. "The hand of less employment hath the daintier sense."

Milner's "Country Pleasures."

WHEN one remembers that the Englishman is first and last essentially a countryman, that his tastes and pleasures are thoroughly bucolic, that in England the class of greatest leisure and culture is rooted like the oaks to the soil, that the English landscape is more mellow and bosky and more redolent of human qualities than any other in the world, it is singular that English literature contains so few good books expressive of the national taste and temperament in this respect—books that are the outcome of simple country content and delight in the presence of rural nature; few, we should say, outside of the works of her poets. The muse of English poetry, from Chaucer down, has reveled in country scenes and pleasures as that of no other nation has; but the muse of English prose, when it turned to nature, has, for the most part, looked to distant lands, to Africa, America, Asia, and been subservient to the instinct of the sportsman and traveler.

* Country Pleasures. The chronicle of a year, chiefly in a garden. By George Milner. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

Gilbert White's "Selborne" is the first prose work of note that is the fruit of this native contentment and love. Then a hundred years elapses before another prose work is produced, of conspicuous merit, informed with essentially the same spirit. Mr. Jefferies' recent books, "The Gamekeeper at Home," "Wild Life," and "Round About a Great Estate," etc., are the product of the same quiet contemplation and familiar intercourse with the ripe, half-domestic English nature as the work of the Selborne naturalist.

The work before us, Mr. George Milner's "Country Pleasures," while it hardly deserves to be mentioned in the same list with the above named works, is yet a fair expression of that unostentatious love of country life—the pleasure in trees, fields, flowers, birds, lanes, paths, frost, rain, the clouds, etc.—so characteristic of the English mind. A very good idea or picture of

the procession of the seasons in the mother country may be had from its pages.

The bird and the flower are given, not so much from the point of view of the naturalist as from the point of view of the casual country sojourner. The record is tame and uneventful, and to the readers of such a writer as Henry Thoreau will seem positively flat and tasteless. Mr. Milner does not look at Nature with an intense and absorbing gaze, but he sees with good, appreciative, wholesome eyes. He never offends one, is not patronizing nor gushing, but writes down his observations and impressions in a genial and sympathetic, if not in an ardent and poetic, frame of mind. His volume is richly fraught with quotations from the poets, and it is in these two hundred gems gathered from the whole field of English song that, to our thinking, the chief value of the book consists.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

HOUSE CONSTRUCTION. II.

Sanitary Arrangements.

THE art of house-building is, perhaps, the oldest of the arts, dating from before Tubal Cain, yet, judging from the average structure in most civilized communities, it seems to be, like Milton's "great first cause," least understood, and is apparently becoming another of the "lost arts." A modern dwelling should be a tight, solid, durable structure, located upon a site free from damp, sheltered from inclement winds, yet with an abundance of sunlight and pure air, the interior spacious and comfortably warm, but not over-heated, and the whole absolutely free from all objectionable odors, whether from plumbing fixtures, the kitchen, laundry, cellar, or other sources. All of these requisites may be had with due care and moderate outlay. That they are not more common in the community is largely due to ignorance, false economy, or neglect.

The first consideration before preparing to build a house is the choice of a suitable site. Too much care cannot be taken to secure a healthful location, and to make sure that there are no hidden drawbacks to be discovered when it is too late to correct them. Bacon said: "He who builds a fair house upon an ill-seat, committeth himself to prison." All retentive soils contain more or less water in their interstitial spaces. To insure salubrity there should always be a deep crust of open, dry soil between the foundation of a house and the subterranean water level below. While it is desirable to avoid a site which is naturally wet or polluted, even such a site may be made dry and wholesome by proper precautions. Yet even upon a dry, porous soil, danger is incurred by carelessness in allowing water to soak into the ground adjacent to houses, from waste-pipes, leaching cess-pools, and from dripping roofs. In consequence, such dwellings become filled with "dry rot" and unfit for human habitation, while the soil is thoroughly polluted. The risks to health from these causes are greater where there is a public water supply, and insufficient

or no sewerage. The abundance of water encourages its lavish use, and the soil soon becomes saturated with the fluid waste.

Sunlight is another essential. There are hundreds of dwellings which are as deficient in sunlight as an average tenement house. Scores of families of ample means and refinement seem content to live in rooms which have no outlook beyond a blank wall or the rear windows of their neighbors. Human beings, like plants, need an abundance of light.

The reason why modern houses are so ill constructed is 'not far to seek. The blame rests partly upon the builder and the various mechanics employed by him; but a large share properly belongs to the owner's ignorance of what is essential to a perfect house, or to his unwillingness to pay for it when pointed out by others. While the architect has a recognized superiority in matters of taste and design, he is also better fitted to direct the great variety of artisans employed about a house than any one of their own number. It is a common, but mistaken, custom to give this direction to a contractor or builder, who is usually a mason or carpenter, and who is not thorough in his own trade, while lamentably ignorant of the details of other men's work which he has to superintend. The sole interest of such a man is to get through each job as soon as possible, and with the least trouble and outlay. He is the plumber's worst friend, when he winks at the latter's failure to do justice to the owner's interest, while, as he has no comprehension of the importance of good plumbing, he takes no pains to secure it. The practice of sub-letting plumbing to such men, or to any "lump contractor," is very objectionable, and all sanitary details should have the personal supervision of the owner or architect. The same reasoning will apply in the case of other departments of house construction, and proves the necessity of competent superintendence.

Again, the owner should not be in too great haste either to begin a building, or, when begun, to get

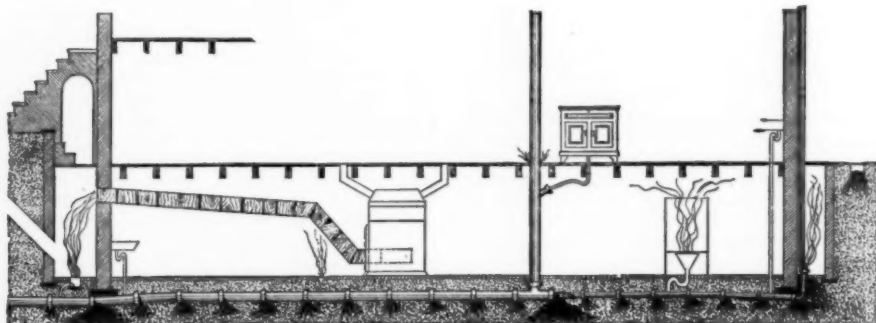
through with it. In English professional phrase such impatience is called being in a "jackass hurry." In one case in my experience, a gentleman asked a plumber in Newark to make a bid for the work in a ten-thousand dollar house in *half an hour's time*, which he very properly refused to do. Before undertaking any building or other like work, it is always best to draw up a detailed specification, with plans, to insure against errors or misunderstandings, which create disputes in settling accounts, and to thus make it clear just what it is proposed to do, and what are the duties and obligations of all parties concerned. Detailed sketches and working-plans will be found useful, especially for explaining designs to persons not familiar with building operations. A building specification should be concise and clear; nothing should be stated in general terms, as "the work to be done in a proper manner," or, "proper material to be provided," but the terms should be specific, particularly those relating to plumbing and drainage; the kind and character of each article of the material named should be defined, so as to prevent the substitution of an inferior article; and the weight of pipes, etc., should be stated. Care should be taken to have a distinct understanding in regard to "extras," so that in case of an advance or decline in the rates of labor or materials, there need be no question as to the price. In contracting for plumbing, it should be understood that the plumber's estimate does not include the carpenter's or laborer's work unless specially stipulated. And here it should be said that it is always safest and cheapest in the end to specify the best materials, especially for plumbing work. The difference in first cost, for example, between medium and heavy water, supply, or waste pipe, or between light and heavy lining for tanks or baths, is slight compared to the durability and safety of the better material. A chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and the quality of the material has a far more important bearing in plumbing than in other work. This is a matter of great importance, and one in which owners and even architects are liable to be deceived. It is a common thing for unscrupulous plumbers to substitute light weight pipe, full of sand-holes, where sound material was specified; and as there are no official tests for such material, only great watchfulness will guard against frauds of this kind. A few years ago, whole car-loads of condemned soil-pipes of this description were bought by "jerry" builders in New York and shipped to Boston, where they may be found in some of the finest residences in the Back Bay region—with what results the reader may easily imagine. In this connection, the rules of the New York Board of Health regarding the weight and quality of plumbing materials to be used in new houses may be consulted with advantage. In making contracts for plumbing, it should be remembered that the lowest bidder may be the most expensive man in the end. No bid should be accepted at so low a rate that the mechanic who takes the contract must either suffer loss or "scamp" the job, and therefore be tempted to cheat at every step. Let the owner inquire about the cost of materials and labor, and make sure for his own protection that there is a living profit left for the contractor, for the latter will "get even with him" in some way.

Two facts should be specially borne in mind by property owners. First, that a great saving can be made by having sanitary arrangements made right in the first place, instead of correcting them afterward; and, secondly, that a house in first-class sanitary condition will bring a much higher price than another which has only ordinary drainage arrangements. To illustrate the first point: The expense of putting in a proper drain when a house is constructed would be about half what it would cost to tear up a concreted floor, take out a defective drain and substitute another. The same ratio would occur in the case of carrying a soil-pipe to the roof for ventilation. When the house is building, it is easy to run pipes in any direction, but when plastering must be torn down and replaced, double expense is incurred. It is estimated that the difference between good plumbing and the average work of this kind does not exceed twenty-five per cent. of the original outlay. An average city house can be piped scientifically, with the best materials and in the best way, for about twelve hundred dollars, while the house could not be plumbed at all, provided the same plan were followed, for less than nine hundred dollars. If a compromise must be made because the owner's purse cannot afford the best plumbing, then let the amount of the work be reduced, not the quality. It is far wiser to be satisfied with one really good plumbing appliance than with two inferior articles. Get the best under any circumstances. If it is asked, "How am I to know a good plumber from another?" I answer how are you to know a good doctor or lawyer or architect,—simply by taking pains to inquire, and by avoiding the too common delusion that the cheapest man is the best. The only safeguard is to employ a mechanic of good character, who has a reputation to lose, and who will be guided by his interest and his probity to do only first-class work. If the public will insist on having good plumbing, they will get it. If a man persists in buying sour bread or diseased meat, no one pities him—why then should we condole with one who engages the first plumber who comes along, without taking the least pains to learn his capacity or honesty, and who in consequence gets cheated?

Prime sources of soil pollution are defective cess-pools, or, rather, we may say, the ordinary cess-pools, as they are universally bad in design and worse in execution. A proper cess-pool should be cemented tight, so as not to contaminate the soil in the vicinity; it should be well ventilated, and disconnected from any dwelling or building; it should be regularly cleaned out and disinfected, and not overflow into streams where its contents may cause a nuisance; it should not be within a hundred feet of any well, unless absolutely water-tight, nor near a house. But how many cess-pools fulfill these conditions? They are constantly found under houses and close to windows. They are built of brick or stone, with loose joints, so that their fluid contents leach into the ground about foundations, poison the air, penetrate through the soil to distant wells or water-courses, and breed infection on all sides. They are not ventilated, except by the waste-pipes, which carry the gases of decomposition directly into the living rooms; they are rarely large enough to retain any amount of

material, and hence must of necessity overflow somewhere, while they are seldom cleaned. At Princeton College three years elapsed without a cleaning, and they are usually forgotten until they force themselves on the attention. Householders trust to the permeability of the soil around their cess-pools to convey away their fluid contents, without a thought of what becomes of the material, or what evil influence it may exert on other people's premises. A physician traced a case of typhoid fever to the pollution of a well by a cess-pool one hundred feet distant. In another case the salt used in packing an ice-cream freezer, which was thrown on the ground after the ice had melted, penetrated to a well two hundred feet away. At Princeton a gentleman, suspecting that his well was too near a cess-pool, ordered another to be dug at what seemed to be a point far enough away; but before the excavation was completed the fluid sewage began to flow through a rift in the under-ground rock, and the site had to be abandoned. Where a cess-pool is constantly leaching into the ground, the soil becomes so saturated that the organic matter cannot get

during heavy storms. A supply of coal giving off noxious gases fills one side of the cellar. Barrels crammed with ashes, and too often with garbage, are found in another place. The cold-air box of the furnace is of unseasoned wood and full of cracks, through which the cellar air, laden with coal-dust, ashes, and damp, readily finds entrance. It is just the place for rats or cats to nest. The cold-air box ends at the front or rear area on a level with the surface of the ground, so that the air that enters it is liable to be saturated with soil moisture and surrounding impurities. If a wire netting is placed over the opening it usually becomes choked with dirt. In hundreds of cases these visible defects are enhanced by the hidden evils of broken drains under-ground, or open joints through which sewer-gas finds its way and pollutes the air. It is very probable that the cellar itself has a drain, either without a trap or with no means to keep the trap fed with water, if it exists. A favorite fashion is to carry this drain to the depression around the furnace, and thus create a strong suction from the furnace to draw sewer air into the house. The refriger-



AN UNSANITARY CELLAR.

oxidized. All authorities agree that it is necessary to absolutely forbid all leaching cess-pools. Colonel Waring says, better run the house waste into street gutters than into "unventilated and leaky caverns called cess-pools."

A dry, tight, well-ventilated cellar is a prime necessity to a healthful house, yet Professor Chandler declares, with all the weight of his experience as a chemist and as president of the New York Board of Health, that "not one house in a hundred has a properly constructed cellar"; and the experience of every one who has opportunities of forming a judgment in the matter will sustain this statement. From my own experience in examining houses in both large and small communities, I do not hesitate to say that the risk to health in most modern dwellings is far greater from bad cellars than from sewer gas and all other unsanitary conditions.

A photographic sketch of the ordinary city cellar would astonish most householders. Let me set down some of its leading features. It is dark—a prime defect. It has little, if any, ventilation, and hence smells musty and damp. Even if floored with concrete it is not dry, for it is liable to be flooded

also, commonly has a waste-pipe connecting with the sewer. A sharp eye will usually discover openings in the walls or ceiling leading up through the house, by which the cellar air may enter the living rooms. Where these are missing the dumb-waiter supplies a ready substitute. If, in addition, the gas-meter leaks, and there is a foul water-closet for the use of the domestics, the cellar may be pronounced a model of neglect and bad arrangement.

All of these defects can be easily remedied. The cellar can be made and kept dry. The tile-drain can be replaced by an iron drain carried along the side wall in full view, so that any leaks will at once be visible. All surface-drains can be trapped securely, and the traps kept full of water. The walls and ceiling can be whitewashed, and, if kept scrupulously clean and well-ventilated, the cellar will be pure and sweet. The cold-air box to the furnace should be carried up several feet above the ground level, and the box made of galvanized iron instead of wood, or, if of wood, with tongued and grooved joints. Refrigerator wastes can be disconnected from the sewer, and a vast improvement thus effected.

Are modern improvements safe? The ravages of

disease, ascribed by physicians to the influence of sewer-gas in dwellings, has created wide-spread alarm. There is general distrust of plumbing arrangements, and undoubtedly there is much ground for this. But it should not lead to wholesale denunciation of, or total abolition of, what is undoubtedly a great domestic convenience and health preservative. A solution of the whole problem may be found by answering the simple question, Why is it that sewer gas is a comparatively new evil, whose bad effects have only recently attracted attention? Twenty years ago, the average dwelling was much better built than at present. The masonry was more substantial, the interior fittings better constructed, and the plumbing, though less in amount, was more thoroughly executed than is the rule now. The cause of the change which has since taken place is the development of the "speculative" builder, who has built most of the leased houses in New York, as in all our other large cities, and has found a ready market for them. Like Peter Pindar's razors, they have been constructed "to sell," and not for permanent occupation. Cheap, showy, and flimsy, their miserable deficiencies are known to every householder. Leaky roofs, flaking-off plaster, damp cellars, cracked walls, and unseasoned wood-work are a few of their ear-marks. But worst of all is the plumbing, which, being hidden behind partitions and below floors, is easily "scamped," and made to appear elegant and elaborate on the surface, while it is criminally deficient beneath. Marble basins and silver-plated faucets are poor equivalents for trap-less and unjointed pipes, often with leaks from which sewer-gas pours with insidious flow, and for the countless other defects common in ordinary houses.

The blame for such unsanitary conditions should not be charged alone upon the underpaid and unappreciated plumber, who has no voice usually in regulating the quality of his work, but upon the unscrupulous contractor who employed him. A share of the blame also rests upon the householder, who rents or buys houses of this class without guarantees of their healthfulness. But the presence of sewer-gas and disease from the bad plumbing in contract-built houses is no argument against having good plumbing in other dwellings. Modern improvements are popular because they are "improvements." A copious supply of water is vital to health and essential to every household. The serious proposal to abandon these common features of modern civilization and return to the primitive and offensive sanitary practices of our forefathers is simply absurd. As well abolish stoves, the telegraph, the newspaper, and the use of steam, because each have their drawbacks. The present reaction regarding these matters is inconsistent and inexcusable. Progress is the order of the age, and so long as it is possible to make plumbing absolutely safe and wholesome it is folly to give it up. A properly plumbed house is the safest place to live in, and it is paradoxical to deny it. It must also be borne in mind that modern plumbing practice is not mere theory, nor the result of the whim or interested invention of the plumbing craft, but is the product of the experience of hundreds of keen and watchful observers, many of them with scientific training, and including not only plumbers and builders, but architects, engineers, and physicians.

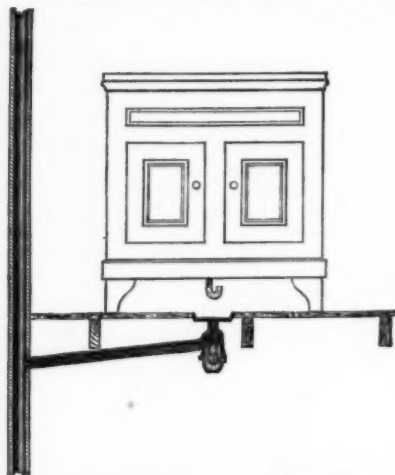
The following general recommendations are suitable for plumbing most modern dwellings: (1) A trap on the main drain, between the house and sewer or cess-pool, with an air inlet open where it will not cause offense, so as to flush the entire system of plumbing with pure atmospheric air; (2) the soil-pipe to be extended through the roof, at its full size, and ending away from chimneys or windows. If any one has any doubt of the necessity of this provision, let him simply take note of the obnoxious vapors which pour out of any of these openings, and which sometimes find their way into neighbors' windows, when the latter chance to be higher than the top of the soil-pipe; (3) traps to be placed on all fixtures, with suitable vent-pipes to prevent siphonage; (4) securing absolute freedom from soil dampness in cellar or vicinity of foundations by proper drains; (5) the furnace cold-air box to be raised above the ground to exclude soil moisture; (6) all under-ground drains to be tested when laid, to insure that they are not broken, and preference given to tarred iron pipe, with gas-tight joints carried along the cellar wall; (7) the tank overflow, refrigerator, and safe-wastes not to connect with the sewer under any circumstances, but to run direct to the cellar or to end over the kitchen sink; (8) no soil-pipe to connect with a chimney flue; (9) no pan water-closet to be countenanced, or any closet, without a cistern to keep it well flushed; (10) no well to be located within two hundred feet of a cess-pool; (11) no garbage or vegetables to be stored in a damp or unventilated cellar; (12) all cess-pools to be ventilated by two openings.

Sewer-gas has been frequently analyzed, and its chemical constituents are well known. Where a sewer is clean, ventilated, and well flushed with water it does not create hurtful gases. If the sewer is laid without a proper grade, so that its contents stagnate and do not flow off easily, or if it gets choked, then it becomes merely an "elongated cess-pool," and foul gases are thrown off in great volume. Decomposition is promoted by the hot water and waste steam from houses and factories which mingle with the sewage. The germs of human diseases that find their way into the sewers are light and almost infinitesimal in size, so that they may be borne with the impalpable and expansive sewer-gas through the house-drain connections along the line of the sewer and into living rooms. It is these germs of disease, of which the sewer-gas is the vehicle or carrier, that are so often the source of sickness.

Hence it is the duty of the authorities to ventilate the sewers by perforated man-holes, and it is the duty of the householder to bar the entrance of the sewer-gases into his house by a trap, and to ventilate his own plumbing as well.

How far disease can be traced to sewer-gas is yet an unsettled question. Men employed in the sewer department state that they can spend days and weeks in the sewers without ill effects. Again, some plumbers assert that they experience no discomfort from working near open connections and the sewer. Others state just the contrary, and I have heard repeatedly of instances of nausea, headache, and other like effects caused by inhaling the air from an open joint or disconnected pipe. In regard to the first statement, it should be borne in mind that it is made by men of vigorous constitution, leading out-door lives, who are actively engaged when in the sewer. The same

influences acting upon persons of less vitality, and engaged in sedentary pursuits, might produce very different results. It is just this class, particularly women and children, who suffer most from such



PROPER FORM OF REFRIGERATOR WASTE-PIPE.

causes, especially while sleeping at night in the average close, unventilated, American bed-rooms with adjacent and defective plumbing fixtures.

Sewer-gas may be created in the waste-pipes of a wash-basin or sink, by the decomposition of the soapy slime which forms the lining of these pipes, just as readily as in the sewer. Hence it is very important to place traps upon these pipes to prevent the gases getting into the rooms, and to ventilate them.

To avoid the chance of their contents being contaminated by foul gases, refrigerators should never be connected directly with any drain or cess-pool. Most food, and particularly milk and meat, is easily tainted if exposed to such influences, and, in repeated instances, cases of sickness have been traced to this cause. The proper method is to allow the refrigerator waste-pipe, with the end turned up, to discharge over an open pan, and this can have its own drain, with a trap to prevent any foul odors returning. Such odors have been created merely from the slime of melted ice adhering to the sides of the waste-pipe.

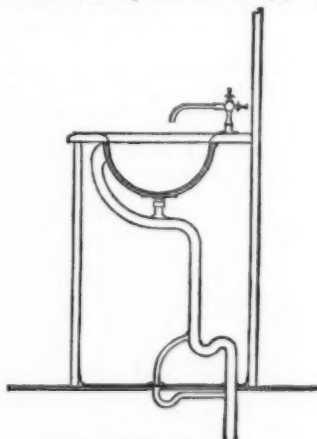
A sanitary water-closet should be durable, compact, with gas and water tight joints, free from all odors, well-flushed, cleanly, simple in action, with no hidden receiver to store up and decompose filth. The valves ought not to leak or fail to provide a sufficient scour of the bowl; there should be no pan to wear loose or corrode with gases so as not to retain water; there should be no putty-joints to dry and crumble or be gnawed by rats, nor half-made fastenings to rack and break; and, finally, it should be ventilated in every part, and if the compartment where it stands can be ventilated and isolated as well, so much the better. In many English cities, the location and arrangement of water-closets is strictly regulated. In some places they are not permitted under an occupied room, while they must also adjoin an outer wall so as

to be readily ventilated. The too common American custom of having the bath-room in the center of the dwelling, with a light-shaft conveniently arranged to ventilate it *into* living rooms above, would not be countenanced by any English sanitarian. Wherever practicable, water-closets should be shut off from the rest of the house by double doors, and have plenty of sunlight and air. The English official requirement that all closets shall be supplied from a cistern and not direct from the main, might advantageously be enforced everywhere.

Even in the best houses water-closets need constant care. All parts should be accessible to the housemaid's scrubbing-brush and soap and hot water. The most absurd extravagance will sometimes be shown in the surroundings of water-closets when more essential matters may be neglected. I have found cheap pan-closets in bath-rooms superbly fitted with marble tiles and other luxuries. The warning about making the outside of the platter clean while the interior is vile should be commended to persons who wish to indulge in luxuriousness in sanitary arrangements.

Nothing is more objectionable, both on the score of neatness and of healthfulness, than the universal plan of boxing in all water-closets with wood-work, which is never taken down except when repairs are necessary, and which becomes, in nine cases out of ten, a receptacle for drip from joints, damp, rust, etc.

With Hopper closets, where the cost is not an obstacle, it is best to line the sides and floor about the closet with enameled tiles, and to remove all the wood-work except a hinged seat, which can be raised. Every water-closet should have a safe made of sheet lead, with the sides turned up and soldered to catch any moisture from leaks or dripping. Where there is risk of ceilings being damaged in case of a break, it is usual to have a small pipe to drain the safe. This is often connected directly with the waste-pipe by means



COMMON ARRANGEMENT OF BASINS.

of a trap supplied by a small pipe connecting with the valve of the closet, so that it is supposed to be filled every time the handle is raised. These feed-pipes, which are the size of a lead-pencil, are apt to clog with

sediment, or fail to act from some other cause, and then the water-seal of the trap on the safe-waste dries up, and there is nothing to prevent sewer-gas passing through it. This little trap may also be siphoned by the discharge of the closet or other fixture, when the same ill results will follow. In good plumbing work, therefore, it is the rule to carry the safe-wastes down to the cellar, or to empty them over a sink where they can do no harm.

Care should be taken to prevent rats nesting about plumbing fixtures, as they will gnaw the pipes if impelled by thirst, and sometimes they will eat into vent-pipes and thus leave openings for sewer-gas, which will not show themselves, as in ordinary cases, by leaks. It is also important to see that the openings in the floor below a water-closet to admit the plumber's pipes are closed at the top, as they may admit cellar air, and also increase the risk of freezing the supply-pipes.

Servants' water-closets are difficult to keep in order, both from their poor quality and the want of care in looking after them. Being out of sight, they are easily out of the mistress's mind. It is rare to find them cleanly or in good repair, but it seems to be thought that anything is good enough for servants. They should never be placed in a cellar unless the latter is well lighted and warmed. Any appliance that is to receive hard usage should be of the best construction and material; hence the servants' water-closets should be of the best make instead of the reverse, and located where the comfort of the domestics will be considered as far as possible. Much might be said regarding the sanitary provisions for domestics. Householders should reflect that their own and their children's welfare is involved in the health of their servants. More than one serious outbreak of sickness in families has been traced to the failure to care for the health of servants.

Charles F. Wingate.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Protection for Workmen.

WE have already referred to mica masks for the protection of workmen exposed to great heat.* Among the new devices for economizing the cost of labor by making the laborer more comfortable, or in guarding him from injury, is a water shield for furnaces. It consists of an apron of sheet-iron, suspended before the furnace, over which a film of cold water is allowed to flow continuously. The apron may be of any size or shape desired, and may be hinged at one side, or suspended on rollers, so that it can be pushed out of the way when it is necessary to open the furnace doors. The upper edge of the apron is bent slightly back, and just above the receding portion is placed a pipe pierced with holes along the lower side. This pipe is joined by means of a piece of hose to the water supply of the place. The lower edge of the apron is bent upward so as to form a trough, and this is connected at one end with a hose for carrying off the waste water. When the shield is in place before the furnace, water is let on through the hose, and escaping from the pipe it flows in a film down the outside of the shield, absorbing the heat of the furnace, cooling the air in front of the furnace, and catching much of the dust that may be in the air. The waste water from the trough may be used for cooling tools used in the furnace, or for any other purpose, or it may be run into a reservoir, and after cooling may be used again. The cost of the shield is very slight. Among appliances for protecting workmen while placing belts over driving pulleys while in motion, is a piece of sheet-iron formed in the shape of a spiral flange, fastened to the edge of the pulley for half its circumference. At one end it is as wide as the face of the pulley and at the

other end it narrows to a point. It thus makes a supplemental face for half the circumference of the pulley, and having a spiral edge. On directing the belt, by means of a rod carrying an arm at the top, over the pulley, it meets this attachment, and is, as it were, screwed into place. If it fails to catch the first time it may be taken at the next revolution, and is then easily pressed over upon the face of the pulley. The device has been examined by experts, and is highly recommended as a cheap and ready means of preventing the accidents that so often arise in placing large belts in position. It does not appear to be patented. In lubricating appliances for engines or reciprocating machinery in motion, an automatic oiler, sometimes used in marine engines, deserves notice. It consists of an oil-cup of any convenient shape, having a hollow tube or pipe extending through the bottom, and reaching nearly to the top or cover. A wick, regulated by a screw, is passed through this pipe, and, dipping in the oil by being bent over the top of the pipe, hangs down below the cup. By capillary action the oil gathers at the lower end of the wick, the flow being regulated by the screw. The cup is intended to be suspended over a crank for lubricating the pin, or over any moving machinery, where the occasional delivery of a drop of oil is required. The flexible wick touches the crank-pin, cross-head, or other part of the machinery as it passes it, and thus all the dangers that attend oiling by hand are avoided. The wick in some forms of cups is replaced by a flexible metal strip, or spring, down which the oil flows. The end of the spring just touches the moving machinery, as it passes under it, and the oil is dashed or knocked off upon the place where it is needed. The wick would seem to be the safer and more economical plan, as it will yield most readily to any irregularity in the motion of the machinery. No patent appears to have been

* See "The World's Work" for February, 1880.

taken out on this form of oil-cup. A safety shield for circular saws has also been invented, that deserves commendation. It consists of a hood or shield, designed to fit over the upper part of the saw that projects above the table. The hood is pivoted upon an arm over the saw, and is kept in place by a weight when the saw is not in use. The end of the hood in front of the saw has a lip or projection, designed to slip over the log or other piece of wood that is to be cut by the saw. The log, as it advances toward the saw, thus lifts the shield, and passes under it, supporting it till the cut has been made, when the shield falls back over the saw. The shield is so arranged that it will fit over any size of saw, and can be adjusted to fit the saw as it is worn away.

Novel Application of Photography.

LANTERN slides are now made directly from photographic negatives by the use of a special kind of dry plate (quarter size), which is laid upon the negative in a printing frame and exposed for a few seconds to the light of an oil lamp. The plate may then be developed with ferros-oxalate in the usual manner. By a new application of this process, lantern slides of many natural objects may be made directly from nature, without the use of a camera. Anything that is more or less transparent or translucent, and that may be pressed quite thin, such as the leaves of plants, sections of wood or other organic formations, sections of minerals, metals, fossils, or the thin parts of insects, wings, etc., may be copied directly. In the experiments made, young leaves from a rose bush were laid upon a sheet of clear glass in a printing frame. The dry plate was laid face down over the leaves and the printing frame was closed. On exposure for three seconds to the light of an oil lamp, the dry plate was developed strongly to get great intensity in the film. The result was a lantern slide having the rose leaves as a positive image sharply defined. The light also passed through the leaves, and every rib and vein in the tissue of the leaves was accurately copied in the minutest detail. In a lantern the slide gave a greatly magnified picture of the leaf, showing the minute views that were not visible to the eye in the leaves. This offers a cheap and ready means of copying natural objects for study or for illustration of lectures, and by projecting the picture upon a screen a large number of people may examine enlarged copies of small natural objects. Negative prints can also be taken on ferro-prussiate paper or on silver paper, as in printing ordinary photographs. In this case, the leaves would appear black on a white ground, while in a lantern they would be white on a black ground. Further experiments are being made in this direction.

Improved Elevators.

A NUMBER of patents have been taken out in this country on appliances for closing elevator shafts above and below the elevator, as it moves up and down. The most recent of these inventions employs a series of movable floors or covers in the shaft that are controlled by the movement of the elevator car. Half of these,

corresponding to the number of floors in the building, are above the car and half below. If the car is at the bottom of the shaft, all the covers above are in place, each one resting securely on ledges or projections at the corners or sides of the shaft. The other set of covers are at the same time laid in a heap on the floor of the shaft, under the car. At the four corners of the shaft, both at the top and bottom, are pulleys, or grooved wheels, and over each pair, above and below, is carried a small wire rope. One end is fastened to the top of the car and the other end is fastened to the bottom of the car. By this arrangement, each rope becomes an endless band, moving easily up and down with the car. These ropes pass through holes in the corners of the platforms or covers, and do not affect them in any way till required. Just above the top of the car is a knot in each rope, and when the car rises from the bottom of the shaft the ropes pass through the holes in all the covers above till the knots meet the covers on the second floor. As the knot cannot pass, the cover is raised and is supported by the ropes. At each floor, in turn, this cover takes up each of the covers till all are raised, and the car is at the top floor. All the covers above now rest above the car, and in descending each in turn is left behind in its proper place, resting on the supports fitted for it, these supports being arranged to support only the cover intended for that place. The covers below are also provided with holes at the corners, through which the ropes pass. On the ropes are fixed balls or knots of different sizes, and as the car rises, dragging the ropes after it, all the floors are raised, and each is supported by its proper set of knots on a level with the floors of the building.

New Exploder for Firing Blasts.

A SIMPLE mechanical device for firing explosives of all kinds has been introduced, that is designed to prevent all danger that might arise from firing blasts by means of a fuse or fire in any form. It consists of a small metal cylinder containing a piston or hammer, designed to strike an anvil or nipple at the end of the cylinder. This hammer is moved by a spring, and, to prevent the hammer from striking on the anvil, it is securely soldered to the other end of the cylinder. When ready for use, a fulminating cap is placed on the anvil, and the other end of the cylinder is closed by a cap containing a small quantity of quicksilver. The solder used to fasten the hammer is composed of materials that are readily decomposed by quicksilver. When the exploder is to be fired, the quicksilver is brought in contact with the solder, either by turning the cylinder upside down, or by any other simple arrangement of the parts; the solder is softened and the spring released. The spring then drives the hammer upon the anvil, striking the cap and firing the explosive. The apparatus has the merit of getting rid of fire in such exploders and making it possible to regulate the time of firing.

Novel Application of the Expansion of Metals.

THE fact that different metals expand differently under the influence of heat has recently and, it is believed for the first time, been made of use in the arts.

For instance, gun metal exposed to a certain temperature will expand a certain amount. Steel exposed to the same temperature will expand less. This difference of expansion between two materials has been made of use in a new oil-cup for lubricating machinery. The oil-cup is of gun metal, and has double walls and double cover, etc., as in other forms of cups. The novel feature of the apparatus is a hole in the bottom of the cup, through which the oil is to pass when required. This opening is closed by a steel plug, that fits tightly into the hole so long as the cup is cold and not in use. On admitting hot steam to the under side of the cup the two metals are heated and expand, but as the ratio of expansion of the gun metal is the greater, the hole becomes larger than the steel plug. The plug has expanded, but in a lesser degree, and this difference of expansion leaves an annular opening between the plug and the hole or its seat. Through this opening the oil escapes. When the engine stops and the oil is no longer needed, the steam is withdrawn. The oil-cup then contracts, and the plug again fits tightly upon its seat and cuts off the flow of oil. The apparatus gets rid of all wicks or other movable parts liable to wear out, and has the merit of being self-acting. It would seem that this application of the unequal expansion of different metals might prove of use in many other ways. Hot liquids could in the same manner be used to open escape or relief valves for their own passage, by arranging the valves in such a way that the heat of the liquids would operate on metals of different degrees of expansion.

Controlling the Waves at Dock Gates.

OIL spread upon the surface of the water tends to prevent the cresting or breaking of the waves in storms, and thus, in a measure, renders the waves less dangerous to vessels. Oil-springs under the sea have in the same way caused "slicks," or spots of comparatively still water, to appear on the sea over the springs. This familiar fact has never been made of any use, except in isolated cases of shipwreck, until recently. Many artificial ports or small harbors of refuge have very narrow entrances, and these are often exposed to heavy seas, which make the passage of vessels trying to enter the port very dangerous. For the experiment we are about to describe, the narrow entrance of such a port was selected and pipes were laid into the water from the beach, the pipes resting on the bottom and being left open at a point under the entrance where the waves were generally most dangerous. A small hand-pump was connected with the land end of the pipes, and a supply of cheap oil provided. On the appearance of a storm the apparatus was got ready, and when the waves were breaking badly at the entrance of the port, oil was pumped into the sea through the pipes. In a short time, the oil began to rise and spread in a film over the water, preventing the wind from breaking or feathering the waves. The billows were made sufficiently smooth to render the water perfectly safe for the smallest boats. The experiment was regarded as entirely satisfactory, and it is suggested that oil-pipes be laid under water at all dock and port entrances where the waves are a

source of danger. One hundred gallons of oil were used in the experiment, but this would be a very small expense in case of an emergency when the fate of a ship and crew might depend on the character of the seas to be met in seeking the port in a storm.

New Milling Appliances.

THE most radical changes that have been made within the last few years in the art of grinding or milling appear to be toward some substitute for mill-stones. Disintegrating machines, attrition and atomizing apparatus have been introduced, with the view of performing the work of grinding without the aid of burr-stones. Among the more recent of these attrition mills is an invention in which the material to be ground is broken against itself instead of being broken against stones, as in the old methods, or against revolving paddles or arms, as in some forms of disintegrators. The new apparatus consists essentially of a revolving chamber, some simple form of air-exhaust for removing the fine dust or flour as fast as it is ground, and a settling chamber where the flour may be separated from the finer dust. The mill consists of a cylinder of metal, supported at one side by a horizontal shaft which causes it to revolve. There is an opening at the opposite side, through which the material to be ground is put in the mill or drawn out when floured. Through this opening may also be inserted a curved arm, or plow, which reaches nearly to the sides of the cylinder. When the apparatus is started, the material to be ground is allowed to run into the cylinder while it is revolving rapidly. By centrifugal action, the material is quickly gathered in a ring clinging to the outer sides of the cylinder. In position, no action of any kind takes place. The curved arm is then moved into the cylinder, where it nearly touches the sides, the ring of material moving round with the cylinder passing under it untouched. More material is then added, and, as it increases the thickness of the ring, a part is caught in front of the arm. The arm now acts as a plow, stirring up the material moving in the cylinder. The heap that gathers in front of it is brought into violent attrition with the material that passes under the plow, and in this way it is ground against itself. Neither the sides of the cylinder nor the plow are much worn, for the grinding action appears to be between the belt of material clinging to the sides of the cylinder and the mass in front of the plow. As fast as the material is reduced enough to cause it to float in the air, it is drawn out by the exhaust and is conveyed through pipes to the settling-chamber. Any excess of flour or finer dust is carried on to a still larger settling-room, where it may be collected. The details of the invention, as applied to the work of grinding phosphates, etc., appear to be well worked out.

Recording Music.

A GREAT deal of time and money have been spent by different inventors in the effort to make some kind of a machine that would record the action of keyed musical instruments. None of these experiments has hitherto proved of any practical value to the musician.

The action of the keys has been mechanically recorded upon a strip of paper, but the marks do not appear to represent the music produced by the movements of the keys in anything like an intelligible manner. The most recent experiments in this direction have combined the use of electricity and a novel application of the automatic musical instruments invented in this country a few years since. These musical instruments (already described in this department) depend on the use of a perforated band of paper and a set of reeds or pipes. The paper band is drawn over openings that admit air to the reeds, each of the perforations admitting air and causing the reed to sound. In the new apparatus, the movement of an organ key makes or breaks an electric circuit. On depressing the key, the circuit is closed in a wire leading to the recording machine. This consists essentially of a series of knives and a band of paper that is arranged to pass by means of rollers over the knives. The closing of the electrical circuit brings one knife into action, and a perforation is cut in the paper corresponding to the length of the note in the music. As each key has its own electric circuit and knife, a number of perforations may be made at the same time, and thus several notes

may be recorded at once. The perforated band may then be placed in an automatic instrument and used to reproduce the music played on the organ. The perforations may also be translated into ordinary musical characters. It may be suggested that, while this apparatus is reported to be a practical success, it is much too complicated. If the keys of a piano or organ can be used to close an electrical circuit, it would appear a much better plan to cause the electricity to record a mark by staining a band of chemically prepared paper, as in the familiar chemical systems of telegraphy. By previously making the band of prepared paper in parallel lines corresponding to the musical staff, the reading of the stains on the paper would be comparatively simple. To secure the marking of the time a separate circuit might be closed by a pedal, a touch of the pedal by the foot marking the accent or beginning of each measure by a distinct and separate stain on the paper. This suggestion is made in the hope that the idea will be made the subject of experiment. A cheap and trustworthy recorder of music, that will give a report that can be played at sight, as from ordinary music, would, no doubt, prove of great scientific interest, and perhaps of some commercial value.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Longfellow's Inscription on the Shanklin Fountain.

THE following quotation from a private letter, dated Shanklin, Isle of Wight, Oct. 1st, 1879, will explain an allusion in the editorial on Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in "Topics of the Time":

"Just look at this group of thatched cottages! The one on the right is a library where we go for books. In the middle is the Crab Inn. Do you see what looks like a pile of stones to the right of it? That is a fountain for the use of the public. I read some verses painted there on a piece of tin, and said to myself: 'That must be from Longfellow.' I found afterward that they were written by him, by request, when he was here, some years ago:

'O traveller, stay thy weary feet;
Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet;
It flows for rich and poor the same.
Then go thy way, remembering still
The wayside well beneath the hill
The cup of water in His name.'

Parson Murray, of James City, in Virginia.

HEAD peruked and shaven face,
Stately step, and air of grace,
Suit severe of somber black,—
Smiles across his lips go fleeting
While he gives My Lady greeting,
With a swift bend of his back.

"Dine on Thursday. What could be
More delightful? Then, D. V.,
I shall be here on that day;"
And a lowlier bow then made he,
Kissed his gloved hand to My Lady,
Mounted steed and rode away.

Parson Murray. Past the road
Where the fallow fields lie broad,
In the grove of trees up there
Parson's house-lights faintly glimmer,
As the evening light grows dimmer,
And more cool the evening air.

Never voice of scolding wife
Maketh sad the parson's life,
Never voice of crying child.
And the winter evenings closing
Find him dreaming, reading, dozing—
Drinking knowledge undefiled.

Slippers for the parson's feet
(Which, in sooth, are slim and neat)
Soft white hands have made a score;
And the bright eyes on him glancing
Sometimes set his heart a-dancing;
This they do—but nothing more.

All the men the country 'round
Fear his small-sword's lightest wound;
In a fox-hunt no one's horn
Is so lusty in its warning,
On the fine November morning,
Just before the sun is born.

At the ball where all the girls—
White arms bare and shining curls,
Sparkling teeth, and heavenly eyes—
Set the young bucks' hearts a-tremble,
Where the county's best assemble,
Parson carries off the prize.

To the gay young gallants there,
Buckled pumps and powdered hair,
Parson Murray yields no whit
In the stately dance, whose measure
Is the cadenced throb of pleasure—
Grand old dance, the minuet.

Never any yeoman wight
Stripped more gladly to a fight
Than he to the boxing-glove;
And a brooklet's voice at vesper
Is not sweeter than his whisper
When a lady lists his love.

In the dining-room, My Lord,
Standing by the huge side-board,
Watches with admiring eyes
How the parson brews the toddy,
Saying it is very odd *he*
Cannot make it in such wise!

Tithe and cummin, anise, mint,
Hath the parson without stint,
Hath, as well, the people's trust.
Many, in his years spent there,
Hath he christened, and with prayer
Many given back to dust.

Not a kindlier heart than his
Ever stirred a breast, I wis;
Never smiled a sweeter face;
And his pure, unselfish nature
Works delight for every creature—
Beast, and bird, and human race.

Well he knoweth hymn and psalm;
When the Sabbath's holy calm
Spreads its benison o'er earth,
Well he reads "Good Lord, deliver!"
Well for life's gifts thanks life's Giver,
Praises God for death and birth.

Many years have passed away
Since, in old colonial day,
Knelt the people at his word.
In the county of James City—
(On his tombstone: "Christ, have pity!")—
Sleeps the parson with the Lord.

A. C. Gordon.

Song of the Spring.

De spring-time is on us an' de March wind squallin',
De lorg-rollin' comin' an' de dead tree's fallin';
De lan' is dryin' an' de huge groun's callin',
Callin' mighty strong!

De red-head peckerwood's beatin' an' a-drummin',
De butterflies swarmin' an' de bumble-bee bummin';
De apple-trees buddin' an' de peach-blossoms comin',
Comin' right erlong!

De breeze keep a-blowin' an' de pine-trees rockin',
De sap-sucker peckin' an' de yaller-hammer knockin';
De bull-frog's jumpin' an' de black-bird's flockin',
Flockin' up de tree!

Don't you hear de music dat de spring-time bringin'?
De fiel's gittin' green an' de bushes keep a-ringin',
De sparrer-hawk is sailin' an' de morkin'-bird singin',
Singin' mighty free!

Oh! wake up, wake up, 'arly in de mornin',
De time is a-comin' for to git dat corn in;
Go, hitch dem mules while de daylight dawnin',
Dawnin' in de sky;

Go, git dem colters when de teams done drinkin',
Start dat plantin' while de jew-draps' blinkin';
An' wuk till de ebenin' sun go to sinkin',
Sinkin' bimeby!

J. A. Macom.

Love's Inquisition.

"How often have I been in love?"
What an exhaustive query!
To count the stars that shine above
Not more my mind would weary.

"You blush for me!"—I see you do:
Your blushes are becoming!
"You want to hear the whole list through!"
Well, I'll attempt the summing.

My first love!—Oh, those cunning curls,
The wind blew all about so!
My rose of roses! Pearl of pearls!—
I wish you wouldn't pout so!

"I'm not a stoic!"—She is fair:
Not tall, but very stately;
She's sweet and kind beyond compare:
She's—Yes, I've seen her lately.

"My second?"—This is like charades.
Well, she at first was icy,
As I was warm; but like all maids:
Time made things *versé-vice*.

"I ought to be ashamed?"—I'm not!
I didn't start the question!
You asked me to describe the lot!—
"You're sure 'twas my suggestion!"

Well, I'll—"Go on!"—Of course I will:
Let's see: The third was impish—
As bright as steel and never still;
Her hair inclined to crimpish.

She used to dote on me, I know;
At least, she said so often.
A heart as hard as rock, to dough
Her sunny smile would soften!

I loved the rustle of her dress!
I loved the—"Don't be silly!"
All right: I won't! But don't distress
Yourself, to be so chilly!

"Don't be sarcastic, but proceed
To number four!"—With pleasure!
She was the sort of girl you read
About! A perfect treasure!

Her eyes would thrill me through and through:
And—shade of General Harrison!—
When she first kissed me, honey-dew
Was acid by comparison!

I loved that girl with all my heart!
I'll love her to my dying
Day!—"You and I had better part!"
"You hate me!"—Why, you're crying!

Don't, dear! The list that I repeat
I only mean in fun, love!
Fair, icy, impish, sunny-sweet,—
You're all of them in one, love!

You are my first love and my last!
I never loved another!
Kiss me, and say the storm is past!
—Confound it! Here's your mother!

J. Cheever Goodwin.

Tableaux.

THE sun of Austerlitz had set
 Behind the pantry door;
 Napoleon sheathed his gleaming blade
 And laid it on the floor;
 The Iron Mask took off his wig—
 It hurt his ear, he said;
 And Queen Elizabeth removed
 Three-quarters of her head.

The next thing was Iniquitous,
 Which seemed to please them all;
 And then we played The Prodigal,
 And then tableau'd The Fall;
 But Snipes, who took The Serpent's part,
 Got hungry probably;
 At least he ate The Apple up
 And quarreled with The Tree.

A lark spirit was abroad
 Which spoiled the serious things,
 And led the girls to giggle at
 Apollyon's awful wings;
 And when the final scene was set
 Of Mary Stuart's death,
 Poor Mary was in such a gale
 She couldn't catch her breath.

A gloomy court, a headsman's block
 All hung with weeds of woe,
 An Executioner in black,
 And tapers burning low;
 A weird, funereal, solemn scene,
 Impressive, gloomy, dark;
 With all the tragic retinue
 Just bursting for a lark.

Too bad! but Mary looked so sweet,
 And had such pretty hair,
 The headsman leaned upon his ax
 And kissed her plump and square;
 Then Perky Jones, the cowl'd monk,
 So grim, and stern, and slow,
 Turned somersaults across the block
 And spoiled the whole tableau.

Then buzz of talk, and change of seats,
 And laughter's merry peal,
 Broke up the show, and all the boys
 Took partners for a reel.
 And we at Jones's Corners think
 That trying to be jolly
 Is better, thirteen months a year,
 Than limp, æsthetic folly.

David L. Proudfit.

Afterglow.

TO ONE abstruse conundrum much serious thought I give—
 Why is it that the good men die, and all the bad ones live?
 Or why is it we never know our neighbor's rare perfections
 Till his last will and testament is read to his connections?

Ah, then the daily papers spread his virtues all abroad:
 They say he was "an honest man—the noblest work of God";
 How good he was, how wise he was, how honest in his dealing;
 What tenderness of heart he had, and what a depth of feeling!

Perhaps the man was one of those—ah, would that they were fewer!—
 Who all his life ground hard and close the faces of the poor;
 Who drove his debtors to despair by premature foreclosure,
 Then paid his pew-rent in advance, with infinite composure.

Perhaps he was the lordly "head" of some unhappy place
 Called "home" by use and courtesy, but lacking all its grace,
 Who held his children criminals for every trifling error,
 Who pinched his household half to death, and kept his wife in terror.

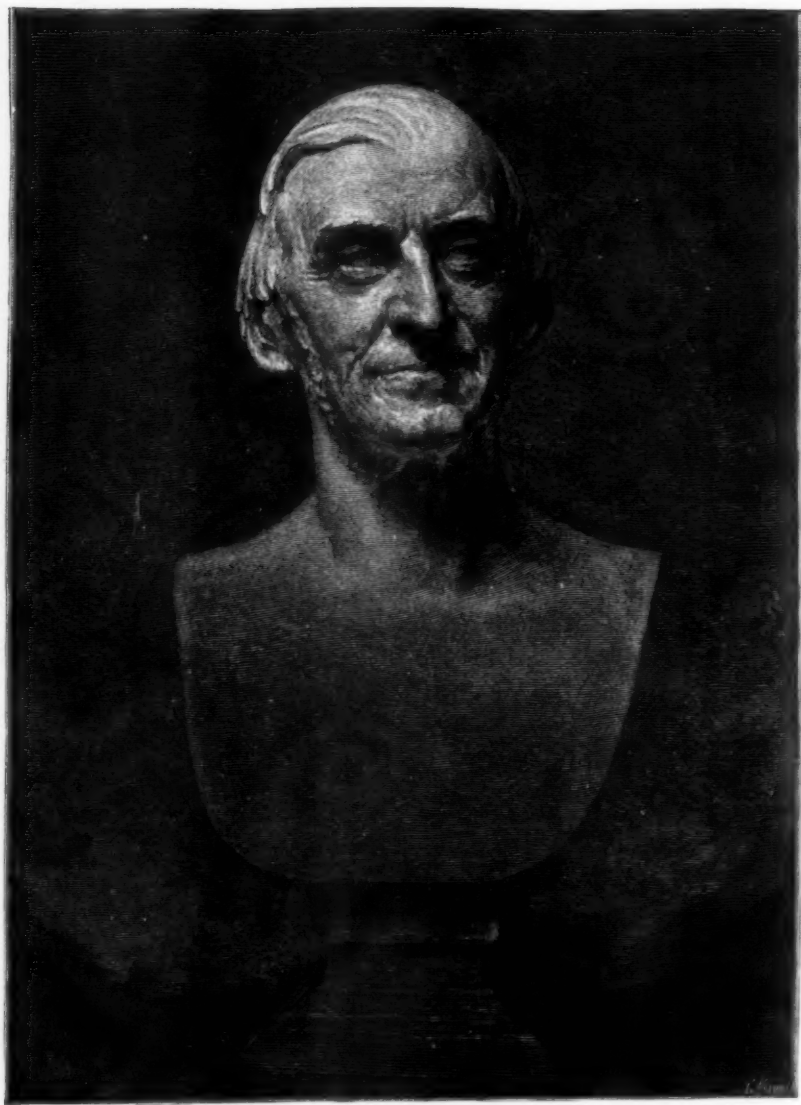
Perhaps he was a lawyer deep, whose quibbling tricks and words
 Helped base executors to rob poor widows of their thirds;
 Perhaps a thrifty grocer-man, whose wheedling, false palaver
 Sold toughest steak for porter-house, and chicory for Java.

Any of these he might have been—the types are nowise rare—
 But when he dies, behold, we passed an angel unaware!
 Since type and tongue proclaim his worth, what cynic shall dispute them?
 "Many there be who meet the gods," we read, "but few salute them!"

Why don't the papers say fine things of men *before* they die,
 And indicate these saintly souls ere yet they soar on high?
 Then we might recognize them ere grim death and "cold obstruction"
 Have made it quite impossible to get an introduction.

Ah, well—perhaps when I at last beneath my burden faint,
 I, too, shall win the title of a paragon and saint,
 And be, when death's cold breath has blown aside life's dust and soiling,
 A grain of that superior salt which keeps the world from spoiling!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.



R. Waldo Emerson